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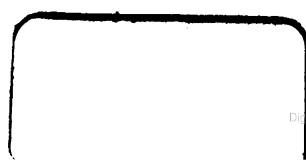

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Frontispiece to Vol. 2.

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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH

NOTES,

BY JOHN HOOLE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

ORLANDO seeking Angelica, hears of the cruel custom of the people of Ebuda, who every day sacrificed a virgin to a sea-monster. He resolves to go against those Islanders, but, in his way, being cast ashore by a tempest, meets with Olympia, who relates to him a melancholy tale of her misfortunes and expulsion from her hereditary dominions. Orlando undertakes to restore her to her possessions, and revenge her on her enemy.

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THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

To what will cruel treacherous love constrain
A heart once taken captive in his chain,
Since he can thus Orlando's breast divide,
And turn his duty from his lord aside?
He, who once with deepest wisdom stor'd,
The holy church defending with his sword,
Ere since in Love's bewildering path he trod,
Forgets himself, his sovereign, and his God!
Yet would I gladly here acquit his fame,
O'erjoy'd, with mine, to find so great a name:
For still with eyes averse the right I view,
But with a ready will the wrong pursue.
Now, cloth'd in sable arms, his course he took,
Without remorse his dearest friends forsook,
And saw the troops of Africa and Spain
Encamp'd unnumber'd o'er the spacious plain:

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In shelters from the storm dispers'd they lay;
Some distant far, and some a nearer way:
Deep sunk in sleep was every weary band,
These stretch'd on earth, those leaning on the hand.
Then might the earl have slain a numerous crew,
Nor yet his Durindana once he drew.
Too noble was Orlando's soul, to show
Inglorious hatred on a slumbering foe!
Through every part he sought the royal maid,
While those, he waking found, he gently pray'd
(Her form describing and her garb) to tell,
What chance the virgin, whom he lov'd, befel.
The next returning morn the knight again
Explor'd the camp of Agramant in vain:
Where in th' Arabian dress from all conceal'd,
And in the language of the country skill'd,
Three days he rov'd secure from place to place,
And seem'd a native of the Moorish race.

Ver. 17. *In shelters from the storm—*] See General View of Boyardo's Story.

Ver. 28.—*Durindana—*] Durindana, or Durlindana, the name of Orlando's sword, so called in Pulci and Boyardo; this sword was made by enchantment, and would penetrate every kind of armour. See Note to Book I. ver. 202.

"Durinda is the name of Roland's sword in Turpin's romance, which Ariosto and Boyardo copy so faithfully. As a specimen of that historian's style and manner, I shall present the reader with Roland's soliloquy addressed to his sword, when he was mortally wounded by a Saracen giant. "O! ensis pulcherrime! sed semper "lucidissime, capulo eburneo candidissime, cruce aurea splendissime, "superficie deaurate, pomo beryllino deaurate, magno nomine Dei "insculpte, acumine legitime, virtute omni prædite, quis amplius "virtute tua utetur? Quis, &c." Turpini Hist. de Gestis Caroli Mag. cap. xxii.

Warton's Observ. on Spenser.

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Through towns and cities next his course he bends,
Where'er proud France her ample realm extends;
Through Britanny, Provence, the Gascon's reign;
From fruitful Picardy to distant Spain.
What time November strips the flowery field,
And bids the earth her verdant covering yield
To hoary frost; when trees dishonour'd stand,
And birds in clusters seek a foreign land;
His friends he left; nor yet his labours ceas'd
With wintry skies; nor spring his cares releas'd.
While thus the knight his eager search pursu'd,
He came one day to where a stream he view'd
That slowly to the seas was wont to glide,
And Britanny from Normandy divide.
But now the waters, swell'd with heavy rains
And melted snows, had delug'd all the plains;
And loudly foaming, with resistless force,
Had borne the bridge before them in their course.
Orlando pausing here, awhile explor'd
Each neighbouring part to cross th' opposing ford:
As thus he linger'd, midst the flood appear'd
A slender bark, whose helm a damsel steer'd:
The Paladin besought her from the land
To give him passage to the further strand.
This bark (she answer'd) ne'er receives a knight
Unless he first his sacred promise plight,
At my request, the noblest war to wage,
That ever can a champion's arms engage.
If here, sir knight, you seek the further shore,
First give your faith that, ere this month is o'er,
You to th' Hibernian monarch will unite
Your force, who now assembles all his might

The fatal isle Ebuda to confound,
The most inhuman which the seas surround.
Know that afar, midst many a neighbouring isle,
Ebuda lies beyond the Irish soil;
That, by an ancient law, to foreign lands
Sends many a vessel fill'd with warlike bands,
To seize and bear unhappy dames away,
Doom'd for a dreadful monster's living prey:
Merchants and corsairs to the coast repair,
And traffic with them for the wretched fair:
There, on the strand, each day a virgin dies;
Think then what numbers fall a sacrifice!
But if soft pity can your bosom move,
Or if your soul is not averse to love,
Consent your name with those allies to join,
Who now for such a glorious cause combine.
  Scarce had she ended, when the impatient knight
Vow'd to be foremost in so just a fight;
As one whose soul detested cruel deeds:
And soon a new alarm his fancy breeds;
He fears, lest, thither by ill fate betray'd,
That island crew had seiz'd the lovely maid
Whom late he sought; and now his anxious mind
Resolves with speed the cruel realm to find.
Then, ere the sun descended to the deep,
He reach'd Saint Malo, and procur'd a ship.
The bellying canvas catch'd the driving blast,
And in the night Saint Michael's mount they past:
Breco and Landriglier, behind they leave,
And now by Britanny the billows cleave;
Then steer directly tow'rd the chalky shore
Whence England once the name of Albion bore.

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But soon the southern breeze begins to fail,
And adverse winds from west and north prevail:
The sails are furl'd to shun the furious force,
That drives the vessel from its destin'd course.
Four days in vain they plough the foamy sea,
In one they measure back their former way:
While from the land the careful pilot steers,
Where secret shelves and dangerous rocks he fears.
At length the wind that o'er the stormy main
Four days had driv'n them, chang'd its course again;
And let the shatter'd bark securely ride
Where Antwerp's river seeks the briny tide.
  Soon as the crew, reliev'd from care and toil,
Had safely anchor'd on the friendly soil,
Lo! from the right, before them, came in view
An ancient sire with locks of silver hue,
Who, first to each his courteous greeting paid,
Bespoke Orlando, whom he deem'd their head;
And, in his mistress' name, besought the knight,
To glad her sorrows with his welcome sight;
Who not alone the prize of beauty held,
But all her kind in virtuous gifts excell'd:
Or, if he rather chose awhile to stay,
Herself would to his vessel take her way:
For never warrior yet, by tempests tost,
Or led by land to that unhappy coast,
Refus'd to hear the dame her tale relate,
And give her counsel in her woeful state.
  The gallant chief, whose pitying aid to gain
Misfortune never su'd, and su'd in vain,
Consents to quit the vessel, and pursue
The sage's steps, till near a pile they drew

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Of stately frame, but fill'd with mournful gloom,
Where funeral black was held in every room.
Orlando here beheld a damsel fair,
Whose looks and gesture spoke her deep despair:
With gentle welcome she receiv'd the knight,
Then thus began her sorrows to recite.

Know, first, my lord, the hapless wretch you view
From Holland's earl her birth disastrous drew:
Two brothers did with me the blessing prove
Which children find in fond paternal love.
While thus domestic peace each hour endear'd,
The duke of Zealand at our court appear'd;
Who went a war against the Moors to wage,
In flower of beauty, and in blooming age:
His person pleas'd, but more his passion gain'd,
And soon my easy heart in fetters chain'd.
While adverse winds forbade his purpos'd way,
Our mutual love beguil'd his lingering stay:
The time an age to his impatient crew,
With me, alas! how swift the moments flew!
And oft we vows exchang'd to join our hands,
At his return, in solemn nuptial bands.
Scarce from our country was Bireno gone,
(The name by which my faithful love was known)
When Friza's king, who long with artful mind
To wed me to his only son design'd,
Arbantes nam'd, dispatch'd a courtly train
My hand in marriage of my sire to gain:
But I, who ne'er could change my constant love,
Or so ungrateful to Bireno prove,
Soon with my father all my power apply'd
To set this fatal embassy aside:

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And said, I rather far would yield my life,
Than e'er in Friza's realms be made a wife.
My loving sire, who all I ask'd approv'd,
Who ne'er would view my breast with sorrow mov'd,
To make me from my tears and plaints desist,
Without consent th' ambassadors dismiss'd.
At this with rage the king of Friza burn'd,
And all his haughty soul to vengeance turn'd.
Our lands he enter'd, and with carnage fill'd,
In which, alas! my kindred all were kill'd.
Besides his mighty strength, in arms beheld,
That few his vigour, in our age, excell'd;
He weapons us'd, to former times unknown,
And, in the present, us'd by him alone.
An iron tube he bore, whose womb enclos'd
A ball and nitrous grain, with art compos'd.
Now to a vent, scarce obvious to the sight,
Behind the barrel he directs a light:
A surgeon thus the lancet's point applies;
The fatal bullet from the concave flies,
With lightening flashes and with thunder's sound,
And scatters death and desolation round.
With this device our bands he twice o'erthrew
In open field, and both my brethren slew.
The elder first was doom'd the stroke to feel,
His heart transpierc'd through plates of jointed steel:
In vain the second strove from fate to fly;
He, like his brother, was condemn'd to die.
Sent from afar, the ball its force impress'd
Full at his back and issu'd at his breast.
One only castle to my sire remain'd,
Each other part the cruel king had gain'd.

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This while he sought to guard with fruitless care,
He fell the last sad victim of the war.
The traitor mark'd him as he walk'd the round,
And pierc'd his forehead with a mortal wound.
My sire and brethren slaughter'd, I remain'd
The hapless heiress of my father's land.
The king of Friza, who desir'd to gain
A lasting footing in his new domain,
On friendly terms propos'd the war to cease,
And grant to me and mine a lasting peace,
Would I consent to what I late deny'd,
And yield to be his son Arbantes' bride.
But this I still refus'd—my steadfast mind
Detested justly him and all his kind.
By him my sire and brethren's death I mourn'd,
My country wasted, and my cities burn'd.
Still was I fix'd to shun the marriage bed,
Till he return'd whom I had sworn to wed.
To shake my stern resolves my people try,
And every art of prayers and threats employ:
When all their prayers and threats they found in vain,
But saw me still my purpose firm maintain,
The terms with him agreed, themselves to save,
Me and the fort into his hands they gave.
The king receiv'd me mildly, and assur'd
My life and lands alike should rest secur'd,
Would I my stubborn purpose yet forsake,
And, for my spouse, his son Arbantes take.
Thus cruelly beset on every side,
I gladly would t' escape his power have dy'd.
Yet unreveng'd to die, had griev'd me more
Than all the sufferings I indur'd before:

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But finding, when I every thought had weigh'd,
Dissembling could alone my purpose aid;
To ask forgiveness of the past I feign'd,
And gave consent to take Arbantes' hand.
Two brethren in my father's court were bred
Of loyal heart and of inventive head:
To these my thoughts disclos'd, they vow'd to join
Their mutual aid to second my design.
One, to secure my flight, a ship retain'd:
One, near my person, at the court remain'd.
While strangers now, and natives all were led
T' attend the nuptial rites, a rumour spread
That, in Biscaia rais'd, a naval power
Bireno brought t' invade the Holland shore:
For when in luckless fight our army fail'd,
In which I first a brother's death bewail'd,
With speed I sent to let my lover know
The fatal inroad of our barbarous foe.
Meanwhile the ruthless king his course pursu'd,
Till all our realm his conquering arms subdu'd.
Bireno, now, who heard not all was lost,
Had loos'd his vessels from Biscaia's coast:
These tidings to the king of Friza known,
He left the approaching nuptials to his son;
And sailing with his fleet, engag'd the duke,
His ships destroy'd, and him a prisoner took.
Now had the youth my hand receiv'd, and led
At night impatient to the nuptial bed.
Soon as my faithful friend, who stood beside
Conceal'd, the bridegroom drawing near espy'd,
Behind him with an axe so fierce he struck,
That life and speech at once the wretch forsook;

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As sinks the slaughter'd ox besmear'd with gore,
So fell Arbantes, born in luckless hour!
Spite of Cymosco, doom'd his end to find,
So call the king, the basest of mankind!
By whom my sire and brethren found their fate,
Who now, t' ensure possession of my state,
Espous'd me to his son—some future day
To take perhaps my wretched life away.
My choicest treasures then secur'd, I flew
The hated place, and with my guide withdrew,
Whose trusty care my hasty steps convey'd
To where his brother with the vessel stay'd.
We court the winds, our oars divide the main,
Till Heaven decrees us safe this land to gain.
'Twere hard to tell which bore a greater part,
Or grief, or rage, in fell Cymosco's heart:
Grief for his hapless son depriv'd of breath,
Or rage against the author of his death.
He, with his joyful fleet, the land regain'd,
Elate with conquest, and Bireno chain'd.
He came prepar'd a nuptial feast to share,
And view'd his triumph chang'd to black despair.
Nor day, nor night he found a moment's rest,
Revenge and sorrow rankling in his breast:
But since the dead regard not all our grief,
And hate from vengeance only finds relief;
He murder'd those that friends to me were held,
Their wealth he seiz'd; or from the realm expell'd
The hapless train; a thousand schemes engage
His cruel thoughts on me to sate his rage.
The tyrant doubtless had Bireno slain,
The greatest woe he knew I could sustain:

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But while he spar'd his life, he surely thought
He held a net by which I might be caught.
Before the youth he sets these terms severe:
His fate he respites for a single year.
But death denounces then with lingering pain,
Unless he first, by fraud or force, attain,
By any means, my person to secure,
And, sacrificing mine, his life ensure.
Whate'er I could, except myself, I gave,
Each art I try'd his dearest life to save.
Six castles have I since in Flanders sold,
And part employ'd in secret sums of gold
To bribe his guards; and part employ'd t' excite
German and English powers to do me right.
Whether my envoys us'd their charge but ill,
Or wanted means their purpose to fulfil,
Instead of succour, words I found alone,
Till with my riches all my hopes were flown.
And now the fatal time is nearly clos'd,
The period to Bireno's life propos'd,
When force or gold will come too late to save
My plighted consort from th' untimely grave.
For him my all is lost;—and nought remains
But now to yield these hands to cruel chains!
Yet, ah! could this redeem the youth I love,
My bosom dares the stern condition prove!
But when th' usurper has my person gain'd,
When I have all his vengeful wrath sustain'd,
I fear he ne'er will set Bireno free,
To owe his freedom and his life to me;
That all I feel of slow-consuming pain
Unblest Bireno must endure again.

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For this to you my fortune I unfold,
And thus with many a warrior counsel hold,
In hopes that some their succour may engage,
That when I'm yielded to the tyrant's rage,
He may not still in bonds my love detain,
Or, when I'm dead, command him to be slain.
But to this hour I ne'er have found a knight
Who durst the sacred faith of knighthood plight,
To guard me from the king Cymosco's power
Should he refuse Bireno to restore.
So much his fatal arms their courage quell'd,
Whose force no temper'd cuirass e'er repell'd.
Now, if your valour not unlike is seen
To your fierce semblance and Herculean mien;
Vouchsafe with me to seek the Holland strand,
And there resign me to his hated hand:
So shall I firmly on your aid rely,
That, though I fall, my lover will not die.

The damsel here her mournful story clos'd,
While oft her sighs and tears were interpos'd.
Orlando then no time in speech affords,
As one by nature little us'd to words;
But instant vows, by generous pity fir'd,
To grant that aid her helpless state requir'd;
Nor means she shall, to save Bireno, go
A willing prisoner to her cruel foe;

Ver. 341.—*her mournful story clos'd,*] A French story on this subject was published in 1584, called Olympie; and another in 1605, called Les Amours d'Olympie e de Birene.

Ver. 344.—*little us'd to words;*] Orlando is painted in the same manner in the Innamorato, ever ready to succour the distressed, but sparing of professions.

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But thinks them both to safety to restore,
If still his sword retain its wonted power.
Now tow'rds the port they bend their eager way,
The prosperous winds their vessel swift convey:
Orlando hastened, whose impatient mind,
To seek Ebuda's island had design'd.
Now here, now there, the pilot shifts the sails,
And cuts the deep before the driving gales.
The isles of Zealand soon appear'd in view,
Some sunk behind, as others nearer drew.
The third auspicious morn the coast they gain'd:
The champion landed, but the dame remain'd:
Orlando will'd her, ere she trod the shore,
To hear her foe Cymosco was no more.
Himself descends the deck with ready speed,
And sheath'd in armour, mounts a dappled steed,
In Flanders nourish'd, and of Danish race,
More strong and bold than active in the chace:
For when to cross the stream the bark he took,
In Britanny his courser he forsook;
The gallant Brigliadoro, who for fame,
Alone was equall'd by Bayardo's name.
Orlando soon the guarded fortress view'd,
Where ready arm'd the hostile squadron stood
T' oppose invading force: for fame declar'd,
A kinsman to th' imprison'd lord prepar'd
From Zealand with a fleet and numerous host,
To make a bold incursion on the coast.
Orlando, fearless, one of these requir'd
To tell the king, a wandering knight desir'd
With sword or pointed spear to prove his might,
On these conditions to commence the fight:

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The king, if he the challenger o'erthrew,
Should have the lady that Arbantes slew:
But on the other part the king should swear,
That if himself were vanquish'd in the war,
He would Bireno from his chains release,
And give the youth to leave the realm in peace.
The soldier swift the bold defiance bore:
But he, who ne'er was train'd to virtuous lore,
Whose churlish soul no courteous deeds could bind,
To fraudful arts apply'd his treacherous mind,
In hopes, if first his arms the knight detain,
The hated damsel in his power to gain.
Now from the gate he sends a chosen force
That wheeling round the plain with silent course,
Cut off the foe's retreat; while vainly there
Orlando waits to wage an equal war.
The king deludes him still with fraudful lies,
Till he the foot and cavalry espies
Rang'd at the destin'd place; and then in view
Himself with others from the portal drew.
As crafty fishers in Volana's tide
Surround the fish with nets on every side;
Thus all his guile to seize alive the knight,
With care providing to prevent his flight,
Cymosco proves; and thinks the deed to find
So certain, that he leaves his tube behind.
Nor would he now those thundering arms employ,
Where here he meant t' imprison, not destroy.

Ver. 401.—*Volana's tide*] Volana, a town situated on the Po, near Primaio and Volano, two branches of that river. See Note to B. iii. ver. 295.

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So cautious fowlers, bent on greater gain,
Preserve the birds that first their arts detain,
Whose sportive play and songs may lure from far
Their thoughtless fellows to the fatal snare.
But little here his treacherous schemes avail'd;
Against Orlando every treason fail'd.
The knight of Anglant now has couch'd his spear
Where closely prest the men and arms appear:
First one, and then another, helpless dies;
Through six at once the lance impetuous flies,
And in the seventh inflicts so deep a wound,
That prone he tumbles lifeless to the ground.
Thus by some standing pool or marshy place,
We see an archer slay the croaking race
With pointed arrow, nor the slaughter leave
Till the full weapon can no more receive.
Orlando now his broken spear forsakes,
Grasp'd in his hand his fatal sword he takes.
That sword, which never yet in vain he drew,
Whene'er it fell, a foot or horseman slew:
At every blow he aims, the streaming blood
Stains their gay armour with a crimson flood.
Cymosco wishes now his tube and fire,
Where present dangers most their aid require;
He bids them straight be brought; but bids in vain,
Who once a shelter in the walls can gain,
Returns no more: when thus their fears he view'd,
The king, with equal fear, their steps pursu'd:
Swift through the gate he bent his eager flight,
And bade the bridge be rais'd t' oppose the knight;
But close behind, the knight with equal haste
Had gain'd the bridge and through the portal pass'd.

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First of the troops the king impels his speed,
Blest in the excelling swiftness of his steed.
Orlando heeded not th' ignoble crowd,
His vengeance only on the traitor vow'd;
But now the chace his horse so slowly plies,
One scarcely seems to move, while t'other flies.
Cymosco now is vanish'd from the view,
Yet soon, with different arms, returns anew;
With dreaded engine to resume the fight,
And lies in secret ambush for the knight.
The huntsman thus with dogs and sylvan war
Expects the boar descending from afar,
Whose rage upturns the soil, the trees destroys,
While all the wood rebellows to the noise!
Soon as the king the warrior near espies,
He fires the tube, and swift the bullet flies:
At once the lightening flashes, shakes the ground,
The trembling bulwarks echo to the sound.
The pest, that never spends in vain its force,
But shatters all that dares oppose its course,
Whizzing impetuous flies along the wind,
Yet miss'd the fatal mark the wretch design'd:
Whether his eagerness or haste conspir'd,
To make him fail where he so much desir'd;
Or whether, inly prest with panic fear,
His trembling heart had caus'd his hand to err;
Or whether Heaven's high will might so ordain,
That his lov'd champion should not thus be slain;
Beneath the knight the ball resistless flew,
And, through the belly pierc'd, the courser slew.
Both horse and horseman fell with clashing sound;
One press'd, the other scarcely touch'd the ground:

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As once Antæus, on the Lybian strand,
More fierce recover'd when he reach'd the sand:
So seem'd to rise again with added might,
Soon as he felt the earth, the Christian knight.
Whoe'er has seen the winged lightening fly
By Jove in thunder brandish'd from the sky,
And penetrate some secret cavern, stor'd
With nitrous powder and a sulphurous hoard,
At once inflam'd, with vast explosion driven,
The ruin seems to mingle earth and heaven;
The bursting fires the walls and buildings rend,
And to the stars the shatter'd stones ascend!
Resistless thus th' indignant chief appear'd,
When from the plain his mighty limbs he rear'd;
And with such rage to instant vengeance flew,
That Mars had trembled at the dreadful view.
The Frizeland monarch, struck with pale affright,
Wheel'd round his horse to urge his eager flight:
With rapid speed his feet Orlando plies;
Less swift an arrow from the bowstring flies!
And where before his tardy courser fail'd,
(Wondrous to see!) his lighter feet prevail'd.

Ver. 494.—*his lighter feet prevail'd.*] As bold as this hyperbole may appear in Ariosto, instances may be found equally strong in the poets. Aruns, in Virgil, terrified at the slaughter made by Camilla in the Trojan army, in order to escape, craftily urges her to alight from her horse to engage him on foot: Aruns then claps spurs to his horse, and flies with all speed from the battle: but the virgin, though on foot, soon outstrips him, and kills him in the same manner as is here related of Orlando and Cymosco:

> He, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
> (At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)
> Cries out aloud—What courage have you shown,
> Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?

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Full soon th' impatient knight o'ertook the foe,
Then at his helmet aim'd a deadly blow:
Deep in his head the sword a passage found,
And sent the lifeless body to the ground.
Within the city now was heard afar
A different clamour and alarm of war:
Bireno's kinsman, who had gain'd the coast,
And found the guards deserted from their post,
The portal enter'd with his eager band,
And scour'd the city round on every hand:
While none attempt his purpose to molest,
Such dread Orlando on their minds impress'd:
Nor less the Holland troops confess their fear,
Unconscious whence or why these foes appear:

Forego the vantage of your horse, alight
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When foot to foot you combat with a man.
He said: she glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain;
And leaves her horse at large among her train;
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
And marching lifts aloft her maiden shield:
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse and urges all his speed,
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
Vain fool, and coward! (said the lofty maid)
Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid:
On others practise thy Ligurian arts:
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious sire.
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head;
Then, turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grovelling on the plain.

Dryden, Æn. B. xi. ver. 1038.

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But when they noted by their speech and dress,
These came from Zealand's isle, they su'd for peace;
And proffer'd to the chief their willing aid
'Gainst those who had their lord in prison laid.
This people ever to the Frizeland power,
And to their king a settled hatred bore;
Urg'd by his avarice, cruelty, and pride,
By whom their lov'd, their hapless sovereign died.
Orlando, friend to either, interpos'd;
And soon in lasting peace the parties clos'd;
Thus join'd, they then their common foes pursue,
And all of Friza prisoners made or slew.
The prison gates they from their hinges broke,
And threw to earth: Bireno now forsook
His dreary cell; and gave, for life restor'd,
His grateful praises to Anglante's lord.
Then, with a numerous train, he sought the strand
Where fair Olympia in the ship remain'd:
So was the virgin nam'd, whose rightful sway
The Holland realms should by descent obey.
The people honour her with duteous zeal;
What fond endearments pass'd, were long to tell;
How oft with joy the tender pair caress'd;
Or to the valiant earl their thanks express'd.
Her subjects then, their vow'd allegiance paid,
To her paternal seat restor'd the maid;
While she consign'd to love Bireno's hand
Herself, her people, and recover'd land.
He, other thoughts revolving in his mind,
The earldom to his cousin's care resign'd.
To Zealand thence he purpos'd to remove
With her the dearest object of his love;

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To tempt his fortune next in Friza's land,
For which he held a precious pledge in hand,
A daughter to the king deceas'd, whom there
A captive found, he took beneath his care,
And to his brother meant to wed the blooming fair.
The Roman warrior now the place forsook,
The day Bireno he from prison took:
But nothing would the champion bear away,
From all the spoils of that victorious day,
Save that device, whose unresisted force
Resembled thunder in its rapid course.
Yet not for his defence the gallant knight
E'er meant t' avail him of such arms in fight:
His generous soul th' ignoble thought disdain'd,
To seek the field, with such an aid sustain'd;
For different purpose thence the prize he bore,
The powder, balls, and all the deathful store;
Resolv'd the murdering engine to remove,
Where man might never more its fury prove.
Soon as he saw the ship forsake the coast,
When to the sight the lessening land was lost;
When nought appear'd but waves on every side;
He held it in his hand, and thus he cry'd:
That ne'er again a knight by thee may dare,
Or dastard cowards, by thy help in war,
With vantage base, assault a nobler foe,
Here lie for ever in th' abyss below!

Ver. 546. *The Roman warrior*—] Orlando, called by Pulci and Boyardo, *Il senator Romano, il cavalier Romano*: the Roman senator, the Roman knight.

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O! curst device! base implement of death!
Fram'd in the black Tartarean realms beneath!
By Beelzebub's malicious art design'd
To ruin all the race of human-kind;
Hence, to thy native seat!—He said, and gave
The ponderous engine to the greedy wave.
Now the swift winds the swelling sails extend
And to the cruel isle their course they bend.
So burns the knight impatient to explore
The fatal prisons of Ebuda's shore,
For her, whose charms above the world he priz'd,
For whom he every joy of life despis'd!
He fears to touch Hibernia in his way,
Lest some adventure should prolong his stay:
Nor England then, nor Ireland's coast he makes,
Nor any respite in his voyage takes.
But let him go, with Love his blindfold guide,
Whose arrows in his bleeding heart are dy'd.
Of him no further here the muse proceeds,
But now our steps again to Holland leads:

Ver. 568. *O! curst device!*-] Mr. Mickle observes very well on this passage. "Orlando, having taken the first invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the sea with the most heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no disgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides and enchanted armour." Note to xth Lusiad.

On this subject see further note to Book xi. ver. 170. of this translation.

Ver. 570. *By Beelzebub's malicious art*—] Thus Milton imputes the invention of artillery to the devil.

See *Paradise Lost*, B. vi.

It is very extraordinary that Mr. Addison, in his observations on Paradise Lost, should take no notice, that Milton apparently took the hint of his artillery among the devils from Ariosto; but the truth I believe is, that Italian literature was then little attended to.

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For 'twould displease us to be absent thence,
When festive mirth and sport their joys dispense.
Though the bright pomp that riches can display
Was us'd to celebrate the nuptial day,
With more magnificence the Zealand race
Prepar'd the union of their lord to grace.
Yet all in vain such thoughts their mind employ,
A sudden change must damp each promis'd joy!
Which in th' ensuing book shall next appear;
If you th' ensuing book vouchsafe to hear.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

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THE

TENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the story of Olympia. Rogero travels towards the country of Logistilla, and arrives safely at her castle, Alcina in vain endeavouring to oppose him. Description of the beauties of the habitation of Logistilla. The departure of Rogero and Astolpho, the former of whom returns with the griffin-horse to Europe; in his flight he visits England, where he is present at a review of the forces that had been raised to assist Charlemain. He then passes near the island of Ebuda, where he sees Angelica bound to a rock, ready to be devoured by the sea-monster.

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THE

TENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

AMONG the faithful hearts whose constant love
Nor time can change, nor fortune's frowns remove,
Olympia fair may boast the brightest name:
Or should another equal merit claim,
Yet past nor present days e'er set to view,
A flame more tender and a breast more true.
What stronger tokens could Bireno find
To speak the firmness of a lover's mind?
Whose faith untainted, for its just reward,
Requir'd his gratitude and sole regard.
No other dame should lure him from her arms,
Not she, whose face fill'd Asia with alarms;
Or one, could one be found, of more exalted charms,
Far rather let him quit his life and fame,
And every good that bears the dearest name.
But if Bireno, faithful to the maid,
With equal warmth her matchless truth repay'd;

Ver. 12. *Not she, whose face—*] The celebrated Helen, wife to Menelaus king of Sparta.

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If, join'd with her, he stemm'd the constant tide,
Nor ever turn'd his changing sails aside,
Soon shall we tell; and when the truth you know,
Rage shall contract the lip and bend the brow.
Who, gentle virgins! will again receive
The words of lovers, or their oaths believe!
The youth, who pants to gain the amorous prize,
Forgets that Heaven with all-discerning eyes
Surveys the secret heart; and when desire
Has, in possession, quench'd its short-liv'd fire,
The devious winds aside each promise bear,
And scatter all his solemn vows in air!
Warn'd by the muse's voice, with cautious ear,
The well-feign'd plaints and seeming sorrows hear!
Reflect, ye gentle dames! that much they know,
Who gain experience from another's woe.
Ah! fly the dangerous train, whose looks disclose
The flowery bloom that early youth bestows;
Where each warm passion bursts with sudden blaze,
Which soon again, like stubble fir'd, decays.
As on the hill or plain, the hunter's race
The trembling hare, in every season, chase;
But view, when taken, with a cold survey,
And only seek with joy the flying prey:
So while you shun their love, the youthful crew
Attend your every glance, with ardour sue,
To gain your smiles—but when your smiles they gain,
Lost are the trophies of your boasted reign!
From your high state to abject slaves debas'd,
While on another's charms their wavering hearts are plac'd!

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Yet think not that my verse forbids to love,
Such thoughts far distant from your bard remove!
The lonely maid is like the vine, that knows
No friendly elm with tendrils to enclose,
But creeps neglected—yet, ye virgin-fair,
The down of young inconstancy beware;
Let not th' unripen'd fruits your care engage,
Nor gather those too far matur'd with age.

Bireno, as my tale before explain'd,
Cymosco's daughter in his power detain'd,
Whom, in his secret soul, he first design'd
In marriage with his brother to be join'd.
But soon new passions in his bosom rise,
He views, and envies him so rich a prize;
Nor thinks another should by him obtain
That treasure, which himself aspires to gain.
Scarce fourteen summers had the virgin seen,
Sweet were her looks, her gesture and her mien.
So infant roses from the bud display
Their opening beauties to the genial ray.
When first he view'd her lovely features spread
With pious tears to 'wail a father dead,
What sudden warmth possess'd his beating heart!
Not half so swift the flames their rage impart,
Where hostile force, or envious hands conspire,
To give the ripen'd corn to wasting fire!
Satiate with love and cloy'd with full delight,
Olympia now was hateful in his sight:
But yet so far he veil'd his guileful thought,
Till time his purpos'd scheme to action brought,

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He seem'd for fair Olympia still to prove
A tender truth that answer'd all her love!
Or if, perchance by sudden impulse sway'd,
Unguarded he caress'd the Frizeland maid,
None censur'd what they saw, but each inclin'd
T' ascribe it to a good and pious mind.
To every generous deed our praise we owe
To raise the wretch whom fortune whirls below;
To sooth the anguish of a heart distress'd;
Much more an orphan with her woes oppress'd.
O! gracious Heaven! how oft do clouds abuse
Weak mortals' eyes, and bound their partial views!
Bireno's foul and impious deeds appear
The pious tokens of a soul sincere.
Now seize the ready mariners their oars,
And, launching in the waves, forsake the shores;
With joyful strokes they cleave the briny main
To bear along Bireno and his train.
Behind they leave low Holland's marshy coast,
Which quickly to the flying sight is lost:
To shun the Frizeland realm aside they steer,
While nearer Scotland to the left they veer.
At length o'ertaken by a devious blast,
Three days uncertain, o'er the billows cast,
The third they saw, as near the evening drew,
A wild and desart isle arise to view.
Soon as the vessel to a creek they bore,
Bireno with Olympia went on shore:
Beneath a tent the slaves their cates prepar'd
The unsuspecting dame the banquet shar'd,
Then to the couch, for gentle slumber drest,
Contented, with her lord retir'd to rest;

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While to their bark the weary crew retreat,
And, sunk in sleep, their former toils forget.
In sweet oblivion lost, Olympia lay,
Tir'd with the labours of the watery way:
In her calm breast no irksome fears arose;
Such fears as once had banish'd her repose.
Herself she view'd in safety on the shore,
'Midst the deep silence of the midnight hour,
Her lover at her side: but slumber fled
His eyes, whose waking thoughts deep treason bred.
Soon as he sees her wrapt in sleep, he takes
With speed his vesture, and the bed forsakes;
Then, as if borne along the wings of wind,
Flies to the ship, and leaves the tent behind:
Silent he wakes his mates, and gives command
To launch into the deep and quit the land.
Unblest Olympia on the shore remain'd,
Whom long the pleasing bands of sleep restrain'd,
Till from her golden wheels Aurora threw,
On verdant meads, the drops of sparkling dew;
And on the margin of the wavy flood,
Alcyone her ancient plaints renew'd:

Ver. 120. *Soon as he sees her wrapt in sleep,*—] The reader will see that this whole passage, where Bireno forsakes Olympia, is copied from the story of Theseus and Ariadne.

See Ovid's Epistles, Ariadne to Theseus.

Ver. 128. *Till from her golden wheels*—] Thus Ovid:

Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terra pruina
Spargitur, et tectæ fronde queruntur aves.

Now earth first glitters with the morning dew,
And birds, in bowery shades, their plaints renew.

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When now, nor scarce asleep, nor yet awake,
She thought Bireno in her arms to take:
Her touch deceiv'd; again she backward drew;
Then fondly stretch'd her longing arms anew.
At length, dispell'd by fear, her slumber fled;
She looks, and looking sees the abandon'd bed.
Her griefs increasing as her fears augment,
She quits the couch and issues from the tent.
While to the sea she runs with headlong pace,
And finds, alas! too certain her disgrace.
She beats her breast and face, her hair she rends,
While on the shore her frighted look she bends.
The favouring moon her trembling beam supplies,
Yet nought but sea and desert land she spies;
She calls Bireno's name; the caves around
With pity to Bireno's name resound!
A rock beside the ocean's limits stood,
That, worn by surges, belly'd o'er the flood:
To the high summit swift Olympia flew,
Such added vigour from despair she drew:
Thence from afar beheld the parting sails
Of false Bireno drive before the gales:
She saw, or seem'd to see: for yet the light
Could scarce dispel the sullen shades of night.
Trembling she falls: a chilly sweat invades
Her alter'd visage, and her colour fades.

Ver. 132. *When now, nor scarce asleep,*—] Ovid exactly:

Incertum vigilans, a somno languida, movi,
Thesea prensuras semisupina manus.
Nullus erat: referoque manus, iterumque retento,
Perque torum moveo brachia: nullus erat.

See the whole Epistle.

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But, when recover'd, with her fruitless cries
She calls the vessel, while the vessel flies;
And where her lips refuse their accents weak,
Her clasping hands and frantic gestures speak.
O whither fly'st thou! treacherous and unkind!
Thy bark has left her dearest freight behind!
Return—return—and since thou bear'st away
My better part; O! take this lifeless clay.
While thus she spoke, her garments in her hand
She wav'd, to lure the vessel back to land.
But the same winds that through the billows bear
His swelling sails, disperse her plaints in air.
Thrice, cruel to herself, she thought to throw
Her wretched body in the seas below.
At length she ceas'd to view the shores in vain,
And sought, with feeble steps, the tent again.
Her face reclining on the conscious bed,
She pour'd a show'r of plenteous tears, and said:
Last night in thee, alas! two lovers lay;
Why did not two together rise to-day!
Forsworn Bireno! fatal was the birth,
That gave accurst Olympia to the earth!
Where shall I turn!—no human forms appear,
No marks of human industry are here!
From pining hunger must I find my doom,
Where none shall lay me in the silent tomb;
But savage wolves, that howl in every cave,
Shall in their wombs afford a dreadful grave!
Now, now, methinks, so swift is fear, I view
Yon dreary shades send forth their murderous crew:
Bears, lions, tigers, beasts that nature arms
With sharpen'd teeth and claws for human harms.

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But ah! what death so dire can these bestow,
As thou, ungrateful author of my woe!
These will but once my wretched carcase tear,
By thee, alas! a thousand deaths I bear.
What if some pilot, wandering o'er the deep,
Should take me hence in safety to his ship;
That thus the lions, bears, and wolves I 'scape,
Or want, and death in every horrid shape;
Shall I to Holland fly, where thy command
Defends the harbour, and forbids to land?
How shall I seek again my natal shore,
When thou, by fraud, hast made it mine no more?
How ready did thy troops their post maintain,
To take possession of their new-found reign!
Shall I to Flanders turn? for thee, the rest
I sold, the little that I there possess'd:
All was employ'd, ingrate! to set thee free—
What clime will now receive unhappy me!
Shall I the realm of Friza seek to gain,
Where once for thee I scorn'd a queen to reign,
And hence my brethren and my sire were slain?
But wherefore should I seek my deeds to tell,
Or paint the affection thou hast known so well!
Then claims a love like mine no more regard,
Is this, unjust Bireno, my reward!
Perhaps some pirate, that infests the wave,
May seize and snatch me hence a helpless slave:
Ah! rather, come each roaring savage here!
Let dreadful lions, tigers, wolves appear;
With rending claws this panting body tear,
And to their den my limbs dismember'd bear!

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While thus she spoke, her furious hands she spread,
And rent the golden tresses from her head:
Again she sought the beach in wild despair,
Loose to the breezes flow'd her scatter'd hair.
With more than mortal rage she seem'd possest,
As if some demon struggled in her breast:
Like Hecuba, when on the Thracian shore
Breathless she view'd her murder'd Polydore;
Till, seated on a rock, in doleful mood
She seem'd a statue hanging o'er the flood.

But let her for awhile her sorrows mourn,
Now to Rogero must the story turn;
Who midst the burning of meridian day
Along the sands pursu'd his weary way.
On his bright arms the sun its beams impress'd,
And his hot cuirass glow'd upon his breast.
While thus beside the ocean fled the knight,
Fatigue and thirst companions of his flight;
Beneath the shadow of an ancient tower,
He saw three damsels landed on the shore,
Whom, by their vestments and their outward port,
He knew belong'd to false Alcina's court.
On Alexandrian carpets vases plac'd,
With wines and costly cates allur'd the taste.
Their bark attending at the strand was ty'd,
Where the calm waters gently lav'd its side,
In expectation till the sleeping gales
Should rise again to fill the flagging sails.

Ver. 231. *But let her for awhile*—] He returns to Olympia in the next book, ver. 216.

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When near Rogero drew, whose lips appear'd
All parch'd with thirst, his face with dust besmear'd,
With courteous mien the dames address'd the knight,
And begg'd him from his courser to alight,
With them awhile in sweet retirement laid,
To rest his weary limbs beneath the shade.
And now prepar'd a smiling damsel stands
To hold his stirrup with officious hands;
Another lifts on high the sparkling bowl,
And with a fiercer thirst inflames his soul.
But he, who knew the time forbade delay,
Regardless of their wiles, still held his way.
Not with such fury, touch'd by sudden fire,
From nitrous salt or sulphur, flames expire:
Not with such rage the foamy waves ascend,
When o'er the deep tempestuous clouds extend;
As one amidst the damsel train, with spite,
And vow'd revenge, pursu'd the warrior's flight.
Thou art not (loud exclaiming thus she cry'd)
A knight, nor yet to gentle blood ally'd!
The arms thou wear'st, thy theft alone could gain;
Thy theft alone that generous steed obtain:
Soon shall I see thee yield thy dastard breath
By caitiff hands and by a shameful death!
Thy worthless ashes scatter'd to the wind,
Ingrate and proud! the scandal of thy kind!
These words and more, from passions swelling high,
Rogero heard, but deign'd not to reply:
Then, with her sisters, where their vessel lay,
She went on board, and through the watery way

Ver. 277. *Then, with her sisters,*—] "By these three damsels are figured the allurements and flatteries of the world; and by Rogero,

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Urg'd all her speed, and hastening every oar,
Pursu'd his course along the winding shore;
While her foul lips, accustom'd well to rail,
With every keen reproach his ears assail.
Now view'd Rogero, with a glad survey,
Where 'cross the narrow seas his passage lay
To Logistilla; whence he soon espy'd
An ancient sire, that from the adverse side
Unmoor'd his bark: the knight's approach he knew,
And gladly waited till he came in view.
Soon as he saw him pacing o'er the sand,
He came prepar'd to waft him from the land.
A man might in the pilot's features find,
The traces of a just, benignant mind.
With thanks to Heaven the bark Rogero takes,
And issuing to the sea the strand forsakes;
Still as he pass'd discoursing with the sage
By long experience taught and wise with age.
The pilot much extoll'd the youthful knight
Who timely from Alcina took his flight,
T' escape her snares; and now with purer thought
The virtuous domes of Logistilla sought;
Whose everlasting joys such sweets dispense,
As feed the soul, yet never cloy the sense.
Where she (he cry'd) can once her power impart,
With reverential awe she fills the heart:

---

who refuses to comply with their invitation, a wise man, who adheres to the path of virtue: the ill langnage given to Rogero is the abuse thrown out by the vulgar on those who despise common pleasures: the pilot, that takes him on board, denotes perfect judgment."

Valvasori Porcacchi.

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Till by her beauties fir'd, the purer mind
Casts every abject pleasure far behind!
Reverse from earthly love her love appears,
That fills the breast with anxious hopes and fears;
In this, desire can claim no greater store,
It views, is happy, and can ask no more!
She will to nobler feats your thoughts advance,
Than singing, bathing, tilting, and the dance;
Teach how th' expanded soul can mount on high,
Beyond the cloudy vapours of the sky;
And how on earth the mortal part may prove
A taste of peace that crowns the blest above.
Thus speaking, through the flood the pilot steer'd,
While distant yet the safer shore appear'd:
When lo! a numerous sail of ships they 'spy'd,
That with spread canvas skimm'd along the tide.
With these Alcina came; and with her drew,
Fir'd with her past affront, a powerful crew;
Resolv'd t' expose her person and her reign,
Her lately ravish'd treasure to regain.
Though love not slightly urg'd her secret heart,
Yet indignation bore an equal part:
Their dashing oars so swift the seamen ply;
To either land the frothy waters fly:
Resound the seas; resounds each crooked shore,
And echo, from her caves, returns the roar.
Now, now, thy magic shield, Rogero, show,
Or yield thy life, or freedom to the foe!
Thus Logistilla's pilot eager cry'd,
And, at the word, he threw the veil aside,
Reveal'd the dazzling light, whose beams expos'd
In darkness every hostile eye-lid clos'd:

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Some headlong quit the prow; while others fall
From the high poop: one sleep o'erwhelms them all!
A centinel, that on the watch-tower stood,
Beheld Alcina's vessels in the flood:
The bell then gave th' alarm—a warrior band
Pour'd from the fort and crowded all the strand;
Th' artillery from the walls its rage employ'd,
Which, like a storm, Rogero's foes annoy'd;
And thus from every part assistance came,
To save his life, his liberty and fame.
Of beauteous form, four virgins trod the shore,
Whom Logistilla timely sent before:
Fair Andronica, first in valour plac'd,
The wise Phronesia, and Dicilla chaste,
With pure Sophrosyne, who ever press'd
In sacred virtue's cause above the rest.
Beneath the castle, in the sheltering bay,
A numerous fleet of mighty vessels lay:
At every signal given by day or night,
Prepar'd to sail, and ready mann'd for fight.
Thus either force once more to combat drew,
And both by land and sea the war renew;
By which the kingdom was again restor'd
Which once Alcina conquer'd by the sword.
What various chances in the field are try'd,
And who the fate of battles can decide!

Ver. 343. *Th' artillery*—] It appears doubtful what the poet here means by artillery; some commentators explain it to be the machines used by the ancients for throwing great stones.

Ver. 347.—*four virgins*—] "Andronica represents Fortitude; Phronesia, Prudence; Sophrosyne, Temperance; and Dicilla, Justice: these are the four virtues that deliver men from the hands of Alcina or Vice."

Dolce.

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Alcina anxious to prevent his flight,
Not only lost her lover and her knight,
But from that fleet, whose countless sails display'd,
Cast o'er the subject seas a dreadful shade,
While on the rest the flames resistless fed,
Scarce with one bark, alone, escaping fled.
Thus fled Alcina, while her bands were slain,
Enslav'd, or burnt, or whelm'd beneath the main.
But for Rogero most her plaints she pour'd,
His loss, o'er every woe, her soul deplor'd.
For this, each night, each day she breath'd her sighs,
For this the sorrows trickled from her eyes;
While oft reflection added to her grief,
That death refus'd to yield her pains relief.
No fairy's life the hand of fate restrains,
While Phœbus shifts his place or Heaven remains;
Else Clotho sure a welcome aid had sped,
And parted with the shears her fatal thread:
Her own right hand had rais'd the sword, t' expel
Her sufferings, as Phœnician Dido fell:
Or like the queen of Nilus, had she prov'd
The poisonous asp, and every care remov'd!
But let us leave Alcina in her pain,
And to renown'd Rogero turn the strain,

Ver. 379.—*Clotho*—] One of the Parcæ, or three fatal sisters, whose office was to preside over the thread of life; their names were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. Clotho held the distaff; Lachesis wound off the wool; and Atropos cut the thread; but Ariosto has ascribed this task to Clotho.

Ver. 383.—*the queen of Nilus*,—] Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.

Ver. 385. *But let us leave Alcina*—] Alcina appears no more in the course of this work.

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Who, disembarking, trod the friendly shore
With grateful thanks to Heaven's protecting power,
And with impatient steps his way pursu'd
To where the fairy's stately palace stood.
For strength or show no place with this could vie,
But the bright mansions of th' eternal sky.
Thick set with stones that dart their mingled rays,
The walls, with more than mortal lustre, blaze!
Not so the diamond shifts its trembling beam;
Not so the ruby flames with ruddy gleam.
On these immortal gems who turns his eyes,
Beholds the mind in all her colours rise;
Each fault, each virtue views; nor flattery's dress
Can bind his soul, nor envy's tongue depress.
And he, O Phœbus! who can these display,
Without thy aid, creates another day:
'Twere hard to tell which claim'd the nobler part,
The rich materials, or the forming art!
Here rais'd aloft, on sumptuous arches high,
That seem'd the vast supporters of the sky,
Were spacious gardens, which for beauteous show
Might vanquish others stretch'd on plains below.
Amidst the shining battlements were seen
The trees, of odorous scent, with branches green,
Where the fruit ripens, and the blossom blows,
Through every season that the sun bestows.
No plants like these in earthly soils arise,
Nor autumn there such grateful shade supplies;
Like these no violets or lilies bloom,
No roses breathe like these a rich perfume;
Not such the mortal amaranthine bowers,
Or fragrant jessamine, where short-liv'd flowers

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Shrunk with each blast, with every heat decay'd,
Ere yet they flourish, droop their heads and fade:
But here perpetual verdure clothes the ground,
And with perpetual sweets the flowers are crown'd.
Not that benignant Nature so ordains,
Or with a kindlier power their life sustains,
But Logistilla, by her skilful care,
Without the help of suns or genial air,
What to a vulgar thought may strange appear,
Maintains eternal spring throughout the year.
The fairy-dame her pleasure testify'd
To see with her so brave a knight reside:
While every one by her example strove
To show the warrior greater marks of love.
Astolpho, who ere this her palace gain'd,
With friendly looks Rogero entertain'd;
Soon came the rest, who, in a happy hour,
Regain'd their shapes by sage Melissa's power.
Rogero and Astolpho now address
The dame with grateful thanks, and humbly press
Their fair dismission thence: Melissa joins
The just request, and seconds their designs.
To whom the fairy courteously reply'd,
She would for either warrior's way provide.
Then with herself she secret counsel took
How best to assist Rogero and the duke;
At length resolv'd the horse that soar'd in air,
To Aquitanian shores the first should bear.
She now prepar'd a bit, with curbing rein,
To rule the courser and his speed restrain;
This done, with care she next instructs the knight
To bid him rise or lower in his flight;

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To urge his swifter pace, or in a ring
To make him wheel, or hang upon the wing:
Till as the experienc'd horseman rules the horse,
And o'er the plains below directs his course,
With equal ease the warrior soon bestrides,
And through the fields of air the courser guides.
Then brave Rogero hasten'd to depart,
But first his leave he took with grateful heart,
And flying, left her pleasing seats behind,
Her goodness ever treasur'd in his mind.
Now let us follow his adventurous flight,
And after tell how England's noble knight,
With greater length of time and heavier pain,
Return'd to Gallia's court and Charlemain.
A different way the champion meant to soar
Than that which late compell'd he pass'd before,
When the fierce griffin whirl'd him first away,
While lands and pathless seas beneath him lay.
In his first flight he left the Spanish strands,
And pass'd direct to India's distant lands;
To India's lands where swells the Eastern main,
Where the two fairies held divided reign;
But now would visit other climes than those
Where blustering Eolus for ever blows;
Nor thinks his purpos'd journey to conclude,
Till, like the sun, he round the earth has view'd.
O'er spacious Quinsai he directs his way,
Thence viewing Mongiana and Cathay;

Ver. 474. *Where blustering Eolus for ever blows;*] Rogero, in his first flight, had passed over the vast Atlantic ocean, where Eolus is said to blow continually, as the sea is supposed to be more particularly under the dominion of the winds.

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And now o'er Imaüs his flight he takes,
Then Sericana to the left forsakes:
Still more declining from the Scythian cold,
To where th' Hircanian sea his billows roll'd;
At length Salmatia's ample realm he found,
And, leaving Asia, enter'd Europe's bound;
There, stretch'd beneath his eyes in wide survey,
Russia, Prutenia, and Pomeria lay.
Though Bradamant with love Rogero fir'd,
Though every hope to see the maid conspir'd;
Yet could he not the pleasure now restrain
To journey thus o'er cities, land, and main,
But he to Poland and Hungaria flew,
Till wide Germania's plains appear'd in view;
And every other barbarous region crost,
He came at length to England's distant coast.
Yet deem not here (my lord) th' advent'rous knight
Unceasing still pursu'd so long a flight,
Each closing eve, his courser's speed represt,
He chose some fair retreat for ease and rest:
One morn he reach'd fair London's stately towers,
And stay'd his course by Thames' fair winding shores,
Whose neighbouring meads display'd a mighty force
Of hardy warriors, mingled foot and horse,
That to the martial fife and trumpets sound
In beauteous order stretch'd their ranks around.

Ver. 494.—*England's distant coast.*] L'ultima Inghilterra....

Thus Horace:

.....in ultimos
Orbis Britannos.....

Likewise Virgil, Eclog. 1.

.....penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

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The good Rinaldo these to battle led,
The first of knights, and of a host the head!
Who came ambassador from Charlemain,
Assistance on the British coast to gain.
Rogero near the place, by fortune, drew,
Just as each squadron pass'd in fair review:
And now alighting with a swift descent,
He ask'd a warrior what the concourse meant.
To him the courteous stranger thus reply'd:
These troops, whose banners all the country hide,
From Scotland, Ireland, and from England's soil
Arrive, and some from every neighbouring isle:
The ready vessels in the harbour stand,
To waft them safely to the Gallic land.
The powers of France, besieg'd by Pagan force,
In these supplies have plac'd their last resource:
But that your eyes may every squadron know,
Attend while I their different nations show.

Ver. 505. *The good Rinaldo—*] Rinaldo is mentioned again in the xivth book, ver. 705.

Ver. 522.—*their different nations show.*] The following review of the forces, it is feared, will appear but ungraceful in English, from the familiarity of the names and titles, which are with difficulty to be reduced to English verse, though they have a different effect in the original: the Italians, from the genius of their language, and the liberty they are accustomed to take with proper names, give a uniformity to different sounds, and soften them to their own tongue: but it was thought a licence of this kind could not be taken in the translation with the well-known English titles.

This passage is imagined by some to be intended by the poet as a compliment to the British nobility. The description of the several leaders, with their arms, banners, and whimsical devices, is exactly in the spirit of chivalry: thus Don Quixote, taking the two flocks of sheep for armies, paints their fancied appearance, in the following manner, to Sancho: "The knight you see yonder with the gilded

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Yon ensign view, where waving in the wind
Appear the fleur-de-lys and leopards join'd:
That trophy'd sign the gallant chief displays,
Whose sovereign rule each subject band obeys:
Amidst these warriors mighty is his fame,
And Lionel his ever honour'd name;
The duke of Lancaster, of valour try'd,
In counsel sage and to the king ally'd.
The banner next behold, that rang'd behind
Streams tow'rds the hills and trembles in the wind;
With three white wings upon a verdant field,
By mighty Richard, Earl of Warwick, held.
Intrepid Gloster's duke the standard rears,
Where the stag's head with branching horns appears.
The duke of Clarence brings a torch of light;
The duke of York reveals a tree in sight:
See! Norfolk's duke the banner'd sign advance,
That, in three pieces, gives a shiver'd lance.
The noble earl of Kent the thunder bears:
The griffin next, the earl of Pembroke wears.
The balance there the duke of Suffolk takes;
The earl of Essex holds the yoke and snakes;
And yonder garland in an azure shield
Northumberland produces in the field.
Behold the earl of Arundel, who shows
A sinking vessel where the ocean flows:

" armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned couchant at a " damsel's foot, is the valorous Laurealco, lord of the silver bridge; " the other, with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three " crowns argent in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolambo, " grand duke of Queracia," &c.

See Jarvis's Don Quixote, Vol. I. B. iii. C. iv.

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See! Berkeley's gallant marquis next appear;
The earl of March, in equal splendor near;
The first, in white, has giv'n a cloven mound;
A palm is in the second banner found,
And in the third a pine in surges drown'd.
The earls of Ancaster and Dorset, known
One by the car, the other by the crown.
That falcon on his nest, with plumage spread,
By Raymond earl of Devonshire is led.
See Winchester the black and yellow wear;
Derby the hound, and Oxford has the bear.
The prelate of the Bath, amidst his peers
For riches fam'd, a cross of crystal rears.
There Somerset's great duke attracts the gaze,
Who! strange device! a broken seat displays.
Of heavy arm'd, and archers on the steed,
Full forty thousand to the fight proceed;
And thrice as many of the footmen-train,
Beat with their steps the far-resounding plain.
See! where they throng, with various ensigns spread;
By Godfrey, Henry, Herman, Edward, led.
The first for duke of Buckingham is known;
The next is for the earl of Sal'sbury shown.
Then Aberga'nny comes, advanc'd in years;
Last Edward, earl of Shrewsbury, appears.
All these, that stretch along the eastern lands,
Compose the numbers of the English bands.
Now view the west, and forty thousand there
Of hardy Scotchmen wave their signs in air.
Yon lion, plac'd two unicorns between,
That rampant with a silver sword is seen,

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Is for the king of Scotland's banner known;
Zerbino there encamps, his gallant son!
No form so graceful can your eyes behold,
For nature made him, and destroy'd her mould.
The title of the duke of Ross he bears,
No chief with him for dauntless mind compares.
The earl of Athol next unfolds to view
A gilded bar upon a field of blue.
The neighbouring banner by the duke of Mar
Is rais'd, who brings a leopard to the war.
See! gallant Alcabrun, his standard brought
With various fancy'd birds and colours fraught;
Of no degree of earl or marquis vain,
But first in place amid the sylvan train.
The duke of Stafford shows the bird to sight
That dares with steadfast eyes Apollo's light.
Lurcanio, lord of Angus, shews a chace,
Where the fierce bull two nimble greyhounds trace.
The duke of Albany, his banner view,
Who fills his field with colours white and blue:
Buchannan's earl amidst his standard bears
Yon vulture that a speckled dragon tears.
Valiant Armano next upon the field
Appears, with white and sable on his shield.

Ver. 581. *Zerbino*—] Zerbino, son to the king of Scotland, and brother to the princess Geneura, who was delivered from death in the fifth book by Rinaldo. The character of Zerbino appears to be entirely Ariosto's own, and is one of the most amiable in the whole poem: the loves of this prince, and the chaste Isabella, make a very beautiful and affecting episode. See note to B. xiii. ver. 39.

Ver. 598. *The duke of Albany*,—] Ariodantes, brother to Lurcanio, married to Geneura, and after the death of Polinesso, created duke of Albany, as related in the sixth book.

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The earl of Arrol, on his right, is seen,
Who gives a flambeau in the field of green.
Now, in two bands behold the Irish spread,
The first is by the earl of Kildare led:
The second, by the earl of Desmond brought
From savage mountains, has the battle sought.
The first has, in his sign, a flaming brand;
In white, the second, a vermilion band.
Nor do the English, Scotch, and Irish here
Alone in aid of Charlemain appear,
But Sweden's realm and Norway send their powers,
And ev'n the climes remote of Iceland shores:
With many a land, in distant regions far,
By nature foes to peace and friends to war.
Near seventeen thousand to the battle come,
Drawn from the hollow caves and forest gloom.
Round their white banner throng'd, the plain appears
A wood of arms, a grove of bristled spears:
His banner white the chief Morato bore,
Resolv'd to dye it soon with Moorish gore.
While thus Rogero sees the bands, and hears
The names and titles of the British peers,
First one, and then another with surprise
Approaching views his beast with steadfast eyes,
Amaz'd at such a strange unusual sight,
And soon the circle thickens round the knight.
But now Rogero, with design to raise
His pleasure, and increase the crowd's amaze,
Gives to his steed the rein, and makes him feel,
With gentle touch, the goring of the steel;
He, swiftly mounting, soars upon the wind,
And leaves the gazing multitude behind!

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Then, having past the soil of England o'er
From side to side, he reach'd the Irish shore,
The fabulous Hibernia; where 'tis said,
The holy sage a secret cavern made,
In which, such grace th' offended mortal wins,
He, purging there, atones for all his sins;
And thence he guides his courser o'er the waves,
Where the rough sea the lesser Britain laves:
When, looking down, a doleful sight he spy'd,
The fair Angelica in fetters ty'd!
Ty'd to a rock on sorrow's fatal isle,
For sorrow's name well suits the hateful soil;
Whence (as my tale but late display'd before)
Arm'd vessels coasted round from shore to shore,
To seize and bear unhappy dames away,
Doom'd to devouring jaws a daily prey!
That morn the virgin on the rock was plac'd
To glut the monster of the watery waste;
The virgin who in hapless hour was bound
By those that view'd her prostrate on the ground,
Beside th' unhallow'd sire in magic sleep profound.
Th' inhuman race, of unrelenting mind,
To brutal rage the hapless fair resign'd,

Ver. 638. *The fabulous Hibernia; where, 'tis said,*
The holy sage a secret cavern made,] Pope Celestine sent bishop Germano into England, to convert the inhabitants to the Catholic faith, and Palladio to the Scots: he likewise sent bishop Patrick into Ireland: this last, after having exemplified many virtues, at last miraculously caused a well to appear, into which every day all those entered, who had committed any great sin, and proclaimed that they thereby obtained remission: this well was called St. Patrick's purgatory. Ireland, or Hibernia, is here called fabulous (favolosa,) because whoever came out of this cave related many marvellous things. *Dolce, Porcacchi.*

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And on the shore her tender frame expos'd,
As Nature first her naked limbs disclos'd;
Nor, cruel, left one slender veil, to spread
O'er the white lilies, and the roses red;
Flowers that with her can equal lustre boast,
In heats of July or December's frost!
Rogero first the distant virgin thought
Some lovely form, of alabaster wrought,
Or purest marble, which the sculptor's hand
Had fix'd with art to grace the desert strand.
But soon he view'd, midst animated snow,
And roses red, the dewy sorrows flow,
Which, trickling, down her panting bosom stray'd,
While in her golden hair the zephyrs play'd.
When now on hers the champion fix'd his eyes,
The thoughts of Bradamant began to rise:
Pity and love, by turns his soul detain,
And scarce his kindly tears their course restrain:
He first his winged courser's speed repress'd,
Then gently thus the weeping maid address'd:
O damsel! worthy only of the chains
With which his captives conquering Love restrains!
Unworthy this, or any woe to find!
What wretch so harden'd with obdurate mind
Could by the rugged force of iron bands
Compress the softness of those lovely hands?

Ver. 665. *Rogero first*—] Compare the remaining part of this book with the latter end of the fourth of Ovid's Metamorphoses, where Perseus delivers Andromeda from the sea-monster.

Ver. 679. *O damsel! worthy only of the chains*—] Thus Ovid:

..... non istis digna catenis,
Sed quibus inter se cupidi junguntur amantes!

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While yet he spoke her rising blushes spread,
So polish'd ivory shows when stain'd with red:
Abash'd she found those latent charms espy'd,
Which modesty, though beauteous, strives to hide;
Her face had from her hands concealment found,
But to the flinty rock her hands were bound.
Yet (all she could) a shower of tears she shed,
And strove to earth to bend her drooping head.
While mingled sobs and plaints her fate bewail,
A sudden noise cuts short her mournful tale.
For, lo! the monster ploughs the watery field,
Half rais'd above the waves, and half conceal'd.
As fearing Boreas' rage or Auster's force,
The vessel to the harbour steers her course:
So hastening to his welcome prey is seen
The ravenous orc, and small the space between.
The damsel views, half dead with chilling fear,
Nor can the knight her drooping spirits cheer.
His lance, but not in rest, Rogero held,
And on the furious orc the stroke impell'd:
How shall my muse his dreadful form explain,
A bulk enormous! floundering in the main!
His eyes and pointed tusks a boar proclaim,
The rest, a mass unshap'd, without a name.
Between his brows the stroke Rogero try'd,
The monster, moveless, as a rock, defy'd
The baffled spear; and now the fearless knight
Prepar'd on closer terms to wage the fight.
The orc, who saw the winged courser's shade,
That here and there upon the waters play'd,
Forsook the certain helpless prey in view,
And raging at the empty shadow flew;

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While, as he turn'd, Rogero sunk below,
And watchful ply'd with strokes his dreadful foe.
As when an eagle darting from the skies,
Amidst the grass a wandering serpent spies,
Or sees him on the sunny bank unfold
His azure glories and his scales of gold;
Eager to seize, yet cautious still, he fears
Where from his mouth the hissing tongue appears,
At length he gripes the prize, then spreads his wing,
Nor dreads the terrors of the forky sting.
Rogero thus, with sword and spear, pursues
Not where his teeth and threatening tusks he views;
But 'twixt his ears the forceful blow descends;
Now on his back, now where the tail extends.
Oft as the monster turns, aside he flies,
And watches when to sink and when to rise:
But all in vain! his labour nought avails,
No steel can pierce th' impenetrable scales.
With the gaunt mastiff thus the fly maintains
Audacious fight when August dries the plains:
In July's month when ripening harvests shine,
Or rich September yielding generous wine:
Now on his jaws he fixes, or his eyes;
And still in ever-wheeling circles flies,
T' elude the teeth, that vainly bite the air;
For one dire stroke would finish all his care!
Lash'd by the monster's tail the surges fly,
And dash with sprinkling foam the distant sky:
Scarce knows Rogero if his courser waves
His wings in air, or in the ocean laves:
Full oft he wishes now to gain the shore:
For much he fears, if still the billows soar,

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When the damp plumes no more his steed sustain,
No friendly bark will bear him from the main.
But soon far better thoughts his mind engage
With other arms to quell the brutal rage;
He now resolves the buckler to display,
And strike his senses with th' enchanted ray;
Then flies to land, and first to screen the maid
(Whose naked limbs were on the rock display'd)
From the fierce light, he fixes on her hand
The ring that could the magic power withstand,
The ring, which noble Bradamant before
To save her lover from Brunello bore*;
And next to free him from Alcina's bands,
By sage Melissa sent to India's lands*;
Who many youths, with this, from fate repriev'd;
From her the knight the wondrous gift receiv'd.
This, with foreseeing care, he gave the dame,
To screen her from his buckler's blazing flame;
And save those lovely eyes, whose soft regard
Already had his amorous heart ensnar'd.
Then swift he turns to where the monster press'd
One half the sea beneath his ample breast;
And, standing on the shore, the veil he rears,
When, lo! another sun on earth appears!
Full on th' astonish'd orc the splendor plays;
His senses vanish with the dazzling blaze!
As, when the skies with sultry vapours glow,
The panting fishes faint and sink below;
So, midst the billows of the deep, is shown
The hideous monster, horribly o'erthrown!

* See Books iv. and vii.

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Rogero then no rest, no pause allows,
But plies him close with unavailing blows.
The beauteous damsel now besought the knight
With earnest prayers, to cease the fruitless fight:
Ah! turn (she weeping cry'd) and loose my chains,
Before the cruel orc his sense regains.
Ah! rather whelm me in the gaping flood,
Ere these poor limbs be made his trembling food.
Rogero, pitying, heard the dame deplore,
Then burst her bonds and took her from the shore.
He spurs; the courser spurns the sand, and flies
Aloft in air, and travels through the skies.
While on the saddle sits the gallant knight,
Behind, the crupper bears the virgin bright.
Thus brave Rogero snatch'd the maid away
To rob the monster of so fair a prey;
And, as he flew along, full oft he press'd
With kisses sweet, her eyes and snowy breast.
No more his purpos'd voyage fills his mind,
He seeks no more the Spanish coast to find;
But to the neighbouring land his courser guides,
Where lesser Britain breaks the briny tides;
Where branching oaks a peaceful covert screen,
And Philomela warbles through the scene.
Along the meadow pours a purling rill,
On either hand appears a lonely hill.
Th' enamour'd warrior here repress'd his speed,
And soft descended on the verdant mead;
His griffin wings he now restrain'd from flight,
Those wings that never more must bear the knight!
Alighting from his steed, he burns to prove
A gentler voyage on the coast of love.

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And now the glowing youth with eager haste
Impatient from his limbs the steel unbrac'd;
By turns this plate, confus'd, then that he try'd,
And while he loosen'd one, another ty'd.

But since my lines beyond the bound extend,
And may, perchance, my lord, your ears offend,
No longer will I now my tale pursue,
But at a fitter time the verse renew.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

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THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

ANGELICA, by the help of her ring, leaves Rogero, who loses his flying horse, and afterwards, being deceived by the appearance of Bradamant engaged in combat with a giant, is decoyed to the enchanted castle of Atlantes. Orlando, in pursuit of Angelica, arrives at the island of Ebuda, where he finds Olympia exposed to be devoured by the sea-monster: he kills the monster, and delivers her. Oberto, king of Ireland, arriving at the same time, falls in love with Olympia, and marries her. Orlando departs to continue the search of Angelica.

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THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO

IN mid career the rider oft restrains
The fiery courser's speed with gentle reins;
But seldom reason's curb will hold confin'd
Th' unruly passions of an amorous mind.
So when a bear, that finds with honey stor'd
A welcome vase, can taste the luscious hoard,
Or from afar the odorous scent receive,
His feet refuse th' enticing bait to leave.
No sage reflection can suffice to make
Rogero now th' alluring bliss forsake,
The bliss, with fair Angelica to prove,
In friendly shades, the gifts of lawless love.
No longer Bradamant his thoughts possess'd,
Once the sole object reigning in his breast;
Those charms that might Xenocrates inspire,
Inflam'd the gentle youth with fierce desire:

Ver. 15.—*Xenocrates inspire,*] Xenocrates, a disciple of, and successor to, Plato, celebrated for his probity, wisdom, and chastity.

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His buckler and his lance aside he threw,
And from his limbs the mail impatient drew;
When, casting down by chance her bashful eyes,
The maid the ring upon her finger spies;
The ring, which at Albracca from the dame
Brunello stole; with which to France she came;

He refused the presents of Alexander the Great. It was a saying of his, that we often repented of speaking too much, but never of having held our peace. He was so eminent for continency, that having been one day left alone with Phryne, a beautiful courtezan, who made use of every enticement to seduce him, she afterwards declared that she had not been with a man, but a statue. Others relate that he underwent the same trial with Lais, another famous courtezan.

Ver. 21. *The ring, which at Albracca from the dame Brunello stole;*—] Boyardo relates that Brunello climbed secretly up a steep and almost inaccessible rock, to the walls of Albracca, and making his way where Angelica stood, amidst her people, to view the battle from the ramparts, took the ring from off her finger, unperceived by her, and, returning by the way he came, escaped with his prize, though the princess had now taken the alarm, and commanded him to be pursued.

Orl. Inn. B. II. C. v.

The ancients appear to have had great faith in the art of making rings, under the influence of particular planets or stars, accompanied with certain mysterious ceremonies, that should communicate qualities and virtues to the wearer, preserve him from sickness, poison, or enemies, and guard him from every attack of demons or evil spirits. Philostratus relates, that Larca, a prince of India, gave Apollonius seven rings, with the names and virtues of the seven planets, of which he every day wore one by turns, and maintained his youth a hundred and thirty years. Aristotle likewise speaks of the ring of Battus, which inspired the wearer with gratitude and honour. In another we read of a certain philosopher, named Eudamus, who made rings that were preservatives against the bite of serpents and the spells of sorcery or witchcraft. We read that Gyges, king of Lydia, had a ring of wonderful virtue, that upon turning the stone inwardly towards the palm of his hand, he immediately became invisible, and that by help of this ring he seduced the queen, slew the king Candaules, and gained possession of the kingdom of Lydia. Other writers relate, that Candaules, through an extravagant vanity

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When the first Christian court her brother* gain'd,
And with his golden lance such fame obtain'd;
Which next the Paladin Astolpho held:
This ring the charms of Malagigi quell'd:
By this Orlando, with a knightly train,
One morn she freed from Dragontina's chain;

* Argalia.

---

for the uncommon beauty of his wife, concealed Gyges in her chamber, that he might behold her naked. The queen coming to the knowledge of this, compelled Gyges to enter into a conspiracy against Candaules, whom he slew, and afterwards succeeded to his crown and bed.

"Some of the old romance and legendary writers speak of a ring that gave to its wearer the knowledge of the language of birds, thus mentioned by Chaucer,

Canace
That own'd the virtuous ring of glass.

And fuller by the old poet Lydgate:

And evermore depeinten might see
How, with her ring, goodly Canace
Of every fowle the leden and the song
Could understand as she hem walk'd among."

Warton's Observations on Spenser.

Ver. 28.—*from Dragontina's chain;*—

An old enchanter—] Orlando going to the assistance of Angelica, whom he understood to be besieged in Albracca by Agrican king of Tartary, whose suit she had rejected, arrives at a bridge where he drinks of the water of oblivion, offered by a damsel, and is decoyed into the garden of Dragontina, a powerful enchantress, —where many other knights are detained prisoners by the force of her spells. Angelica leaves Sacripant, with two other kings, to defend Albracca, and privately sets out to procure further assistance. In her way she is enticed by an old man into a castle, from which she escapes by means of her ring, which is afterwards stolen from her by Brunello. She arrives at the garden of Dragontina, where she finds Orlando, Brandimart, Gryphon, Aquilant, and many other knights, all whom she delivers from the power of the enchantress,

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With this unseen she left the castle, where
An old enchanter kept th' imprison'd fair.
But wherefore should I these adventures tell,
Adventures which yourselves must know so well?
From her Brunello stole the wondrous ring,
Urg'd by command of Agramant the king;
Since when, by adverse fortune ever crost,
The hapless maid at length her kingdom lost.
When now she view'd, and view'd with ravish'd eyes
The ring long lost, o'erwhelm'd with great surprise,
She fears some empty dream her sense deceives,
And scarce, by sight or touch, the truth believes;
Then from her hand she took with eager haste,
And 'twixt her lips the shining circlet plac'd,
And instant vanish'd from Rogero's sight,
Like Phœbus, when a cloud obscur'd his light.
The youth, abandon'd thus, with looks amaz'd
Around the mead awhile in silence gaz'd;
But when remembrance to his thoughts return'd
The magic ring, too late his loss he mourn'd,
Too late the chanc'd bewail'd—Ungrateful maid!
Are thus (he cry'd) my services repaid?
Say, would'st thou rather of my ring bereave
This hand by theft, than as my gift receive?
Not that alone—but take my horse and shield—
To thee whate'er is mine I freely yield;
Yet from my sight no more those charms remove,
Thou hear'st, alas! but answer'st not my love!

---

and engages them to go with her, and endeavour to raise the siege of Albracca.

Orlando Innam. B. I. C. vi. ix. xi. xiv.

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So saying, by the fountain's side in haste
He search'd around, and oft in hope embrac'd
Her beauteous form, but when his arms would find
The fleeting fair, he clasp'd th' impassive wind!
Meantime Angelica at distance pass'd,
Till to a spacious cave she came at last,
Beneath a mountain hollow'd in the ground,
Where all provisions for her need she found.
In this his life an aged herdsman led,
Who numerous mares beneath the mountain fed:
Along the vales, in pastures green, they play'd,
By crystal streams that through the herbage stray'd:
Around the cave were stalls, to which they run
T' avoid the fervour of the mid-day sun.
Her dwelling here, unseen, the virgin chose,
Till day declin'd, and shadowy night arose;
Then, cheer'd with rest and food, no longer stay'd,
But her fair limbs in humble weeds array'd;
Weeds far unmeet for her, who once could boast
The richest garments wrought with skilful cost;
Yet, through her lowly vestments beauty shin'd,
And grace that spoke her of no vulgar kind.
Let ancient bards no longer tune the verse,
Neæra's charms or Phyllis to rehearse;
The sweets of Amaryllis to recite,
Or Galatea lovely in her flight;
Let Maro's shepherds cease their boasting strains,
Since India's queen without a rival reigns.
Around the vales the damsel cast a look,
And from the grazing mares the fairest took;
For now a sudden thought inspir'd her breast,
Alone to travel tow'rds her native east.

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Awhile Rogero stay'd, in hope to view
The royal fair, that from his sight withdrew,
Again return; but, ah! in vain he stay'd,
Nor reach'd his fond complaints the absent maid.
Once more he purpos'd thence to steer his course,
And turn'd to where he left his winged horse;
Where there he found, so ill his fortune sped,
The reins were broken, and the courser fled;
Loss heap'd on loss! forlorn and wretched left,
At once of mistress and of steed bereft;
But most to lose his wondrous ring he griev'd,
The wondrous ring from Bradamant receiv'd,
Which less he valued for its secret power,
Than for her sake whose hand the token wore.
With heavy heart he brac'd his armour on;
His radiant targe behind his shoulder thrown;
He leaves the seas, and through the verdant meads,
All pensive, to a spacious vale proceeds;
Then takes a path that midst the forest leads.
Not far he pass'd, ere, echoing from the right,
Where thickest trees perplex'd the doubtful sight,
A dreadful clash of arms he hears; he flies,
And through the gloom two combatants espies
With fury clos'd: a giant one is seen,
A knight the other, and of fearless mien.
This seems to dare the fight with sword and shield,
And with undaunted skill maintain the field,

Ver. 96. *The reins were broken, and the courser fled,*] The poet does not seem here wholly inattentive to his moral, since in consequence of Rogero's yielding to the temptation before him, forgetting his faith to Bradamant, and indulging his pursuit of unlawful pleasure, he loses his ring, and flying horse.

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While oft he shuns the club's impending stroke,
Which, grasp'd with either hand, the giant shook.
Beside him lies his horse depriv'd of life;
Rogero stands spectator of the strife:
The knight he favours; but his noble mind
Awaits to see how Fortune's lot inclin'd,
In silent gaze: at length a dreadful blow
The monster aims to crush th' unwary foe;
The club his helmet strikes; on earth he lies:
To end his life the cruel giant flies,
His helm uncloses, and reveals to sight
What to Rogero, in the prostrate knight,
Appears the roseate bloom, the golden hair,
And well-known features of the martial fair,
His Bradamant belov'd, that seems to lie
A victim by the giant doom'd to die;
At once the champion darts around his eyes,
And to the fight the tow'ring foe defies:
But he, who seeks not to renew the fray,
Takes from the ground his senseless conquer'd prey,
And in his arms the prize resistless bears:
So with a wolf the lamb unpity'd fares:
So the fierce eagle, while he soars above,
In his strong talons gripes the helpless dove.
T' assist the virgin, at her seeming need,
Rogero follows with impatient speed;
But with such swiftness the stern giant flew,
Rogero scarce retains him in his view.
While thus (pursuing one, one held in chace)
Thro' winding ways the savage gloom they trace,
Wide and more wide the lengthening path extends,
Till in a spacious plain their labour ends.

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But here we pause—the story hastes to tell
What chance to great Orlando next befel,
Who to the seas Cymosco's pest consign'd,
No more to be restor'd, and curse mankind;
Yet little this avail'd—th' infernal foe,
Who fram'd the engine in the shades below,
To imitate the forky bolt, that rends
The sable clouds, and from the sky descends;
With this no less could human race deceive,
Than with the fruit of old th' unhappy Eve:
He, in our grandsires' time, to second birth
Th' invention drew, to plague the sons of earth;
This many a year engulph'd in seas was laid,
Till, taught by him, a sorc'rer, thence convey'd
The pest abhorr'd; which first the Germans try'd,
And, by the demon's aid, to arms apply'd.
Thence Italy and France, and every part
Where war extends, has learnt th' inhuman art.
For some the hollow wombs of brass they make,
Wrought in the fire; for others iron take:
Capacious some, and some of lesser frame,
That from their various authors hold their name.

Ver. 148. *But here we pause.*—] Mention is again made of Rogero in the xiith book, ver. 114. where the enchanted palace is fully described.

Ver. 159. *Th' invention drew,*—] The invention of gunpowder is ascribed to a chymist, who, as some say, was a monk of Germany; this man, making experiments with a mixture of nitre, sulphur, charcoal, and other inflammatory matter, in which he chanced to drop a spark of fire, discovered such effects, as were soon afterwards applied to new engines of destruction called fire-arms, which were first made use of in the war between the Venetians and Genoese, anno 1380.

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O! wretched soldier! now your armour bright
Forsake, and only gird your sword in fight:
But this dread weapon on your shoulders bear,
Or never hope the victor's wreaths to share.
How could'st thou, curst invention, ever find
Reception in the brave, the generous mind!
By thee the glorious war is turn'd to shame,
By thee the trade of arms has lost its fame!
By thee, no more shall gallantry or might
Avail the warrior in the field of fight.
By thee so many lords and knights are slain,
By thee such numbers yet must press the plain,
Before the war shall cease, whose rage has torn
The world, but caus'd Italia most to mourn.

Ver. 170. *O! wretched soldier!*—] This apostrophe of the poet, and likewise the speech of Orlando in the ixth book, on the same occasion, are in the true spirit of chivalry, and may remind the reader of part of Don Quixote's oration on arms and letters, where, speaking of the invention of guns, he inveighs, almost in the words of our author, against the use of such weapons.

"A blessing on those happy ages that were strangers to the dreadful fury of these devilish instruments of artillery, *whose inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell, receiving the reward of his diabolical invention;* by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest knight, and to which is owing, that without knowing how or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery which inflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one, who, perhaps, fled and was frighted at the very flash of the pan, and in an instant puts an end to the life of him who deserved to have lived for many ages: and therefore when I consider this, I could almost say I repent of having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry, in so detestable an age as this in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern to think, that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the the valour of my arm and the edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth."

Jarvis's Don Quixote, Vol. I. B. iv. C. xi.

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Accurst be he, who first this mischief bred!
Heaven, sure, on him its deepest wrath has shed,
And doom'd his wretched soul to endless woe,
Near impious Judas in the realms below!
But let us to the knight; who seeks the shore,
Each dreadful day besmear'd with virgin gore.
Against Orlando now the wind prevails;
Now on the poop it blows in gentle gales;
And now by turns a sudden calm succeeds;
That little on her course the vessel speeds.
For Heaven's high will forbade the crew to land
Before th' Hibernian king had reach'd the strand,
To forward that event, which since befel,
And which, in order due, the muse shall tell.
Now near the coast the prow the billows broke,
When thus Orlando to his pilot spoke:
Haste! launch the boat, and here the ship detain,
While to yon rock I hasten through the main:
The largest cable to my hand consign;
The largest anchor to the cable join;
And mark my purpose, when in dang'rous fight,
I dare with yonder monster prove my might.
This said; with anchor and with cable stow'd,
The boat they launch'd amid the dashing flood:
Then all his arms, except his sword, he leaves,
And tow'rd the rock, alone, the billows cleaves:
Close to his breast he draws the sturdy oars;
And turns his back upon the destin'd shores.
Aurora now had rais'd her radiant head,
And to the sun her golden tresses spread;
Half seen above the waves, and half conceal'd,
To old Tinothus' jealous eyes reveal'd;

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When to the barren rock approach'd so nigh,
As from the vigorous hand a stone might fly;
He heard, and yet he scarcely seem'd to hear
A tender plaintive voice assault his ear:
Sudden he view'd against the rock's steep side
A lovely dame in cruel fetters ty'd:
Naked she stands above the briny wave,
While her fair feet intruding waters lave.
He sees, but vainly strives from far to trace
The downcast features of her bashful face;
Then plies for nearer view his eager oar—
When, hark! the seas, the woods, the caverns roar!
The billows swell; and from the depths below,
In open view appears his monstrous foe.
As from the humid vale black clouds ascend,
When gathering storms their pregnant wombs distend:
So through the liquid brine the monster press'd
With furious course; beneath his hideous breast
Vex'd ocean groans—Orlando, void of fear,
Nor chang'd his colour, nor his wonted cheer:
Firm in himself, to guard the weeping maid,
And her dire foe with powerful arm invade,

Ver. 233. — *beneath his hideous breast*
Vex'd ocean groans,—] Thus Ovid,

.....Unda
Insonuit: veniensque immenso bellua ponto
Eminęt, et latum sub pectore possidet æquor.
Metam. Lib. IV. v. 667.

Concerning this battle between Orlando and the Orc, though some part must be acknowledged to be highly extravagant, and bordering upon the ludicrous, particularly the manner in which the knight gives him his death's wounds, yet, in general, the description is undoubtedly worked up with great strength of imagination.

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Between the land and orc his course he ply'd,
But kept undrawn the falchion at his side.
Soon as the monster, that to shore pursu'd
His deathful way, the boat and champion view'd,
He op'd his greedy throat that might enhume
A horse and horsemen in its living tomb!
Near and more near Orlando dauntless rows.
Then in his mouth the ponderous anchor throws,
Whose width forbids the horrid jaws to close.
So miners, while they urge their darkling toil,
With needful prop support the crumbling soil.
His teeth secur'd, Orlando with a bound
Leap'd in the yawning gulph; and whirling round
His trenchant blade the dark retreat explor'd,
And with repeated wounds the monster gor'd.
What city longer can defence maintain,
Whose foes within the walls an entrance gain?
Mad with the pain, he rises o'er the tides,
And shews his jointed back and scaly sides;
Then downward plunging in the bottom laves,
And throws the troubled sands above the waves.
The Paladin, who felt the rushing streams,
Forsook the orc, and oar'd with nervous limbs
The billowy brine, while in his hand he bore
The anchor's cable 'till he reach'd the shore.
There firmly fix'd, upon the rock he stood,
And strain'd each nerve, while struggling through the flood
The monster follow'd, by that arm compell'd
Whose strength the strength of mortal man excell'd.
As when a bull at unawares has found
With straiten'd cords his horns encompass'd round,

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Furious he leaps, he bounds from side to side,
The haulsers all his fruitless pains deride:
So far'd the orc, while from his mouth he shed
A tide, that dyes the ocean still with red;
Lash'd by his tail with many a sounding blow,
The parting sea reveals th' abyss below:
Now dash'd aloft the briny waves are thrown,
Pollute the day, and blot the golden sun.
The neighbouring forests, and the mountains hoar,
The winding rocks rebellow to the roar.
Rouz'd at the tumult, from his pearly bed,
Old Proteus o'er the water rais'd his head:
Soon as his eyes beheld so strange a fight
Between the monster and the Christian knight,
He left his flock and urg'd his fearful flight.
Ev'n Neptune on his car (such terror spread)
With Dolphins rein'd to Æthiopia fled.
Ino, whose breast her Melicerta bears;
The sea-green sisters, with dishevell'd hairs;
Glaucus and Triton; all the watery train,
In diverse parts, fly scatter'd o'er the main.
Anglantes' warrior now, the conflict o'er,
Had drawn the dreadful monster to the shore;
Which scarce he reach'd, when spent with toil, and spread
Along the sand, his shapeless bulk lay dead.
Soon swarming o'er the coast the island crew
Came hastening down the wondrous sight to view;
And loudly cry'd, that mighty Proteus' rage
Would once again his savage herds engage
To waste the land, unless with humble prayer
They mov'd the God, themselves and race to spare;

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And, as an offering for his monster slain,
They whelm'd th' offending champion in the main.
As spreads from torch to torch th' increasing light,
Till all the region with the blaze is bright:
So through the madding vulgar swiftly ran
The fierce contagion, caught from man to man.
One takes a sling, a bow another takes;
This draws a sword, and that a javelin shakes.
They shout, they run, they cumber all the strand,
And close him far and near on every hand.
The generous Paladin surpris'd beheld
Th' ungrateful throng with hostile thoughts impell'd:
Instead of meeting fame and high regard,
He sees them thus his valiant deeds reward.
But as a bear, for public pastime bred,
In Russia or in Lithuania led,
Contemns the yelping cur; with like disdain
Orlando near beholds the dastard train,
Against him leagu'd, with stupid anger wield
Their idle weapons to dispute the field.
Soon Durindana from the sheath he drew,
And midst his foes with noble fury flew,
Who hop'd with ease t' oppress a single knight,
Nor fenc'd with shield, nor cas'd in armour bright.
They little deem'd his skin from head to heel,
Like adamant, could no impression feel:
But while himself secure unwounded stood,
He dy'd his weapon in th' assailants' blood.
At ten fierce strokes, beneath his conquering hand
Full thirty fell, and soon he clear'd the strand.
While thus th' unequal strife the knight maintain'd,
Hibernia's troops the fatal island gain'd,

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And disembark'd where none to oppose they view'd;
A dreadful slaughter through the land ensu'd:
Justice their plea to veil the soldier's rage,
All pity lost, they spar'd nor sex nor age!
The wretched natives here were seen but few,
And these nor discipline, nor order knew:
Their goods were pillag'd by the Irish train,
The houses set on fire, the people slain:
The walls were raz'd, and scarce remain'd behind
A man alive of this devoted kind.
Orlando hastens now the dame to free,
Prepar'd for death beside the roaring sea:
Near and more near he draws, and thinks he spies
Features but late familiar to his eyes;
Lo! imag'd to his thought Olympia's face,
She, most unhappy of the female race
By man betray'd—Olympia born to prove
The woes and changes of ungrateful love.
'Twas her, whom fortune gave the pirate band
Their lovely victim on Ebuda's strand.
Full well the damsel knew th' approaching knight,
But from his look she turn'd her bashful sight;
Confus'd and mute she hung her drooping head,
While burning blushes on her cheeks were spread.
The warrior then inquir'd what envious power
Had led her step to that inhuman shore,
From where he left her crown'd with joy and peace,
Partaking with her consort every bliss?
Alas! I know not (she began to say)
If for my life I grateful thanks should pay,
Or rather mourn the day again must close,
And not behold a period to my woes:

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My grateful thanks for these poor limbs I owe,
Sav'd from the jaws of my unnatural foe:
But little I rejoice that still I live,
Since death alone to me can comfort give.
Then let thy hand, in pity to my grief,
With welcome death afford the sole relief.
She said; and sobbing deep, her sorrows spoke,
How her false lord his faith and honour broke,
To leave her sleeping on the desert shore,
Whence to the ship their prey the pirates bore.
While this she told, she turn'd, and blushing show'd
A form like Dian, pictur'd in the flood
With naked beauties, when incens'd she threw
On rash Actæon's brows the sprinkling dew.
  Orlando pacing on the shelly strand,
Awaits his ship to anchor near the land;
That thence with vestures he may clothe the dame:
While this his thought employ'd, Oberto came,
Hibernia's king, who heard the monster slain,
There lay extended by the dashing main;
That, swimming thro' the seas, a knight unknown
Had in his jaws a ponderous anchor thrown,
And drawn him to the beach, as barks, secur'd
With twisted cables, on the ground are moor'd.
  Now tow'rds the shore, to learn the truth, in haste
Oberto came; meanwhile the land to waste,
His soldiers, unrestrain'd, their rage employ'd,
And towns and men with fire and sword destroy'd.

Ver. 381.— *Oberto came,*] Oberto, king of Ireland, mentioned in the ninth book to have collected a force to invade the island of Ebuda.

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Soon as th' Hibernian king Orlando view'd,
(Tho' drench'd with water and deform'd with blood,
With blood which from the monster's throat he drew)
By every look the Paladin he knew.
When first the deed he heard, his noble mind
The glorious author from the deed divin'd.
Him well he knew, with him in Gallia bred,
At Charles' high court his infant years were led,
Which late he left to seek his native land,
(His father dead) the sceptre to command.
Oft had he seen the knight, and oft before
With him in converse past the social hour.
His helmet rais'd, he ran with eager pace
To hold Orlando in a warm embrace;
Nor less Orlando felt, the king to view,
And round his neck his friendly arms he threw.
Orlando to Oberto then display'd
The cruel sufferings of the fair betray'd;
From false Bireno doom'd her wrongs to mourn,
From whom she least deserv'd such base return.
What proofs Bireno of her love could boast;
For him her kindred slain, her country lost;
For him prepar'd her dearest life to yield:
All this he knew, and part himself beheld.
While thus he speaks, the gushing sorrows rise,
And trickle from the fair one's weeping eyes:
Like vernal skies her lovely visage show'd,
When gentle showers descending from a cloud,
Frequent and soft, the sun with chearing gleams
Darts thro' the watery veil his trembling beams:
As then in foliage wet with glistening dews,
Sweet Philomel her plaintive note renews;

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So Cupid in her grief reviv'd appears,
And bathes his plumage in her pearly tears.
His golden shaft he kindles in the flame,
That from her piercing eyes like lightning came,
And tempers in the crystal stream that flows
Between the lily fair and blushing rose.
His arrow now prepar'd, the bow he bends,
And at th' unguarded youth his weapon sends;
For whose defence no arms could here avail,
Nor plated shield, nor double coat of mail:
While rapt in gaze he stands, he feels the dart,
He knows not how, infix'd within his heart.
Olympia's form was such as few can find,
For every part was perfect in its kind.
Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her nose, her hair,
Her shoulders, neck, beyond description fair.
Her skin as ivory smooth, and white as snows,
Which yet unsully'd winter's bosom shows!
Her lovely breasts with frequent heavings seem
As in the rustic vase the trembling cream
When gently mov'd: the beauteous space between,
Like that, where frost has silver'd o'er the green,
Which some fair vale discloses to divide
Two little hills that rise on either side:
Her limbs, so truly shap'd, might justly claim
The skill of Phidias, or a greater name.
Had she been present in th' Idean grove,
And seen by Paris, though the queen of love
From either goddess beauty's triumph held,
Her charms had scarce Olympia's charms excell'd:
Nor had he sought perhaps the Spartan lands,
In breach of sacred hospitable bands;

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But thus declar'd,—Yon fair one let me gain,
And Helen with her consort still remain.
Or had she in Crotona's town been found,
When Zeuxis gather'd all the beauties round,
Culling each grace from many a naked dame,
For Juno's fane a faultless shape to frame:
She for his model had alone suffic'd,
Since all perfection was in her compris'd.
What heart will think Bireno e'er could view
Her charms unveil'd, or half his blessing know;
So far to steel his unrelenting mind,
And leave her in that desert isle behind?
Oberto, fir'd with love, no more suppress'd
The passion struggling in his amorous breast.
He bade th' afflicted fair no longer mourn,
But hope her sorrow soon to joy might turn;
With vows t' attend her steps to Holland's shore,
And there replace her in the sovereign power;
Nor cease till in her treacherous spouse he gain'd
A just revenge for all her wrongs sustain'd.
And now he sends fair female robes to find;
Nor long they sought for robes of various kind,
Since every day the vestment there was stor'd
Of some lost virgin by the orc devour'd.
From these the king Olympia's limbs attir'd,
But could not clothe her as his soul desir'd;
For should the choicest silks from far be brought,
With every cost of art and genius wrought,
Should ev'n Minerva all her skill unfold,
And Lemnos' god supply the purest gold;
Yet to th' enamour'd prince 'twould scarce appear
A covering worthy for the dame to wear.

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With secret joy Orlando saw confest
Th' increasing passion in Oberto's breast;
From hence he knew the monarch would be led
T' avenge her wrongs on false Bireno's head;
That thus, himself, releas'd from further stay,
No longer need his amorous search delay;
Who came not thither in her cause to prove
His prowess, but from death to save his love;
Whom vainly there he sought, nor yet could tell,
If thither brought, or what the fair befel:
For, slaughter'd by the foe's destroying hand,
Not one surviv'd of all Ebuda's band.
Next morn the king, the dame, and friendly crew,
Embarking, from the cruel port withdrew:
With these Orlando to Hibernia went,
Who thence to France his speedy voyage meant.
Scarce on the island he remain'd a day;
Not all their friendly prayers could bribe his stay:
Cupid, the wandering lover's constant guide,
No longer there permits him to reside;
But ere he went, he to Oberto's care
The cause entrusted of the injur'd fair:
The king, already by her quarrel fir'd,
In zeal exceeded what the earl requir'd:
A league with England and with Scotland made;
He rais'd a force the traitor to invade,
Drove him, an outcast, from the Belgic shore,
And next in Friza ruin'd all his power:
He rouz'd his native Zealand to rebel,
Nor ceas'd, till in the war Bireno fell:
He fell; yet scarce his wretched life could prove
A forfeit equal to his breach of love.

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Olympia soon Oberto's bride is seen,
A countess late, and now a powerful queen.

But let us to Orlando turn the strain;
Who sailing night and day divides the main,
Till in the port again his vessel rides,
The port from which he first had plough'd the tides:
He leaps on shore, and Brigliadoro takes,
All arm'd he mounts, and wind and sea forsakes.
Ere winter's months in due succession roll'd,
Full many an action worthy to be told,
The knight achiev'd; but blame not here the bard,
If worth conceal'd should pass without regard:
Far readier was the Paladin to court
From deeds true glory, than those deeds report;
And never yet, without some witness near,
His great exploits had reach'd the general ear.
But when the sun with circling course attain'd
The prudent beast that Phryxus once sustain'd
Through narrow seas, and to our joyous sphere
His beams diffus'd renew'd the laughing year:
When gentle Zephyrus with genial wing
Return'd to lead again the blossom'd spring;

Ver. 522.—*a powerful queen.*] The poet speaks no more of Oberto and Olympia in the course of this work.

Ver. 538.— *that Phryxus once sustain'd*] The fable relates that Phryxus and Helle his sister flying to escape the persecutions of their step-dame, by the advice of Juno mounted upon a ram, the fleece of which was gold, and attempted to cross a narrow arm of the sea. Helle fell into the water, which was afterwards called the Hellespont, but Phryxus arrived safe at the court of Æates king of the Colchians, and there, in gratitude for his safety, sacrificed the ram, which was placed among the signs of the zodiac. The golden fleece remained in possession of Æates, and was afterwards won by Jason.

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Then with the rising flowers and budding green,
Orlando's matchless fame again was seen.
On hill, on plain, on champaign, field and shore,
A tedious tract of land he journies o'er:
When entering now a forest's gloomy shade,
Distressful cries his startled ears invade:
He grasps his sword, he spurs his fiery steed,
And to the sound impels his eager speed.
But till some future time I here suspend
The cause to tell, if you the tale attend.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

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THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

ORLANDO, deceived by the likeness of Angelica, is drawn to the enchanted castle of Atlantes. Angelica arrives at the same place, where she finds Orlando, Sacripant, Ferrau, Gradasso, and many other knights. By the virtue of her ring she delivers Orlando, Sacripant, and Ferrau from the power of the magician. Battle between Orlando and Ferrau. Angelica leaves the combatants, and Sacripant departs in search of her. The battle being stopped between Orlando and Ferrau, they separate. Orlando meets two bands of Pagans, which he defeats: he then continues his pursuit of Angelica, and finds a damsel detained in a cave of outlaws.

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THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Ceres from maternal Ida flew,
And swiftly to th' accustom'd vale withdrew,
Where thunder-struck Enceladus remains,
Who burning Ætna on his limbs sustains,
And there no more her Proserpine beheld,
Sequester'd late in Enna's flowery field,
With grief she rav'd, and, frantic with despair,
Her bosom beat, and tore her golden hair:
Two pines she lighted then at Vulcan's fire,
And bade the kindled torches ne'er expire:
These, seated in her car, the goddess took,
(Two scaly dragons harness'd to her yoke)
Then search'd the fields, the mountains, plains, and woods,
The vales, the streams, the torrents, and the floods;

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Till having circled earth and ocean round,
She sunk beneath, and reach'd the Stygian sound.
If good Orlando power in love could claim
But equal to the Eleusinian dame,
No region would escape his piercing sight,
Nor lands, nor seas, nor shades of endless night:
But since forbid to guide thro' viewless air
His flying snakes; with unremitting care,
As far as man could seek, he sought the fair.
France has he search'd; and next, with ceaseless toil,
Would range the German and Italian soil;
The new and old Castile he means t' explore,
Then cross the Spanish main to Lybia's shore.
Such thoughts revolving in his anxious breast,
He seem'd to hear the cries of one distress'd:
He spurr'd his steed, and soon before him 'spy'd
A knight upon a strong-limb'd courser ride;
Who bore by force across his saddle-bow,
A female form with every mark of woe:
She struggled in his arms, she wept, she pray'd,
And call'd Anglante's valiant prince to aid.
Now on the dame Orlando bent his view,
And well the features of her face he knew:
At least it seem'd Angelica the fair,
Whom long he sought with unavailing care.
When he, in semblance of a maid distress'd,
Beheld her image that his soul possess'd

Ver. 18.—*the Eleusinian dame,*] The ancient poets often gave titles to their deities, derived from the several places where they were worshipped. Ceres is here called the Eleusinian dame, because in Eleusis, a city of the Athenians, her name was held in great veneration.

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Thus borne away,—fire flashing from his eyes,
He call'd the knight with loud and threatening cries:
He call'd aloud, and thundering on his steed,
Let loose the reins to Brigliadoro's speed.
The felon nought reply'd, nor deign'd to stay,
But all intent upon his lovely prey,
Through the thick forest held so swift a pace,
The wind had lagg'd behind him in the race.
Thus flying, one pursuing, one pursu'd,
While shrill complainings echo'd thro' the wood,
They reach'd a mead, where in the midst appear'd
A stately pile, with various marble rear'd.
Here pass'd the stranger through the golden door,
Who in his arms the seeming virgin bore,
And soon the entrance Brigliadoro gain'd,
That fierce Orlando on his back sustain'd:
Orlando, entering, cast his eyes around,
And neither knight nor damsel more was found.
With fury fir'd, alighting from his steed,
He rushes thro' the dome with restless speed:
Now here, now there, his step impatient bends,
Till, all below explor'd, the earl ascends
The winding stairs, and round with equal pain,
Each gallery, hall, and chamber views in vain.
Of silk and gold he sees each costly bed,
Rich figur'd hangings o'er the walls are spread,
And, for the floor, the feet on tap'stry tread.
Above, below, unweary'd seeks the knight,
Yet finds not what alone can glad his sight,
Nor sees Angelica, nor him espies
Who snatch'd her beauties from his longing eyes.

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While thus intent he rov'd the palace round,
Ferrau and king Gradasso here he found:
King Sacripant and Brandimart he view'd,
With various warriors, who like him pursu'd
A fruitless search, and of the wrongs complain'd
They from the master of the dome sustain'd;
Who still, himself unseen, their sight abus'd,
Whom each of some discourteous theft accus'd.
One for his courser stol'n with anger burn'd:
Another for his ravish'd mistress mourn'd:
From various causes others there remain'd;
And many knights were weeks and months detain'd.
Still search'd Orlando round; and oft he cry'd:
My cares, perchance, are all in vain apply'd
For him who by some secret gate withdrew,
And, distant now, defies me to pursue
The virgin fair——Debating thus, with speed
He left the dome, and travers'd o'er the mead,
Still gazing round with downcast look to trace
What tracks of feet had lately mark'd the place.
A voice he heard, that call'd Orlando's name;
He look'd, and thought he view'd his much-lov'd dame;
That much-lov'd dame, whose beauty's power so chang'd
His manly heart, and every thought estrang'd.
High at a window stood the seeming maid,
And thus, in moving words, implor'd his aid:

Ver. 74. *Ferrau*—] We have not heard of this knight since Book i. ver. 223, where he sees the ghost of Argalia.

Ibid.—*king Gradasso*—] Gradasso was last mentioned as one of the prisoners in Atlantes' castle, delivered by Bradamant, Book iv. ver. 285.

Ver. 75. *King Sacripant*—] The last we heard of this knight was when he was left by Angelica, after their duel for Angelica, Book ii. ver. 136.

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Ah! help!—I give to thy protecting care
My honour, dearer than the vital air!
Shall this vile ravisher his will pursue
Unpunish'd, in my dear Orlando's view?
Ah! rather let thy sword prevent my shame,
And save by timely death my virgin fame.
These words repeated oft in mournful strain,
Impell'd the knight with frequent steps again
T' explore the dome, by turns with anger fir'd,
By turns with vain, yet pleasing hope inspir'd.
Anon he stopp'd, anon he seem'd to hear
The well-known accents breaking on his ear.
While thus he listen'd, though th' imploring dame
Appear'd not far his needful aid to claim,
He knew not whence the sounds distressful came.

But turn we to Rogero; who pursu'd
The maid and giant through the shady wood;
Whence to a spacious mead his course he bore,
(The place to which Orlando came before)
Within the gate the tow'ring giant pass'd,
Him close behind Rogero press'd as fast;
The portal entering (wondrous to the knight)
The maid and giant vanish'd from his sight.
In every part he sought with fruitless care,
And much he marvell'd how his foe could bear
So sudden from his view the captive fair.
Through chambers, halls, and fair saloons he went,
Then search'd beneath the winding stairs' ascent;
At length he turn'd him to the neighbouring wood,
In hope—but soon a voice his steps pursu'd;

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A voice, that late Anglante's knight appall'd,
And now Rogero to the dome recall'd.
The form and speech illusive that deceiv'd
Orlando, for Angelica believ'd,
To good Rogero seem'd the Dordan dame,
Whose virgin charms his amorous heart inflame.
This strange device, the like unknown before,
By old Atlantes of Carena's lore
Was fram'd, to keep Rogero safe from war,
Till past the influence of his evil star
That menac'd early death: Atlantes' power
For this had rais'd the steel-embattled tower;
For this had try'd Alcina's guileful chain,
In love the youthful champion to detain.
Not him alone, but all whose martial fame,
For valorous deeds had spread thro' France their name,
Atlantes here confin'd in magic thrall,
Lest by their hands the much-lov'd youth should fall;
And all provisions due prepar'd so well,
That knights and dames might here with pleasure dwell.

Now to Angelica the tale we bend,
Whose finger wore the ring that could defend

Ver. 146. *Lest by their hands,*—] It may appear very extraordinary, that Atlantes should bring together in one place with Rogero the knights, from some of whom he feared the prophecy might be fulfilled that threatened the young warrior's life: the commentators have observed, that during their abode in this enchanted dwelling, the knights were totally unknown to each other, and that consequently Rogero was in no danger from any national hostility; and that every person, being engaged by the spell, on his own particular loss, had no leisure to attend to Rogero, who therefore continues perfectly safe: but surely it is difficult to understand how his safety is more secured by this device of Atlantes.

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From deepest spells, that in her mouth convey'd,
Conceal'd her person like a viewless shade.
The virgin in the cave her limbs attir'd,
And found such food as Nature's wants requir'd:
A mare she singled from the grazing train,
Resolv'd to view her native seats again,
Fair India's realms—and gladly would she take
King Sacripant, or brave Orlando make
Guide of her way; though neither knight she priz'd,
But both their amorous suits alike despis'd.
Yet bending eastward her adventurous course,
By towns and castles girt with hostile force,
Some guard she wish'd, that danger could defy;
And well their valour might her want supply:
Them long in cities, towns, and woods she sought,
Till chance at length the wandering virgin brought
Where Sacripant, and where Orlando bound
By fated spells; where join'd with these she found
Gradasso stern, Rogero and Ferrau,
And many more in abject state she saw.

The gate she fearless pass'd, to none reveal'd,
Ev'n from Atlantes by her ring conceal'd.
Orlando here and Sacripant she view'd,
Who through the dome their fruitless search pursu'd.
She knew Atlantes, by her likeness feign'd,
Orlando and king Sacripant detain'd
With covert wiles; of these she long revolv'd
The doubtful choice, and scarce at length revolv'd
On whom to fix, but stood in deep suspense,
Between Orlando and Circassia's prince.
Full well she knew Orlando's dauntless might
Could best defend her in the day of fight;

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But knew not how hereafter to displace
A lover thus exalted in her grace,
When, danger past, she meant t' abridge his power,
Or send him back, repuls'd, to Gallia's shore:
But let her raise Circassia to the skies,
Again submissive at her foot he lies,
Should she command; and hence each reason weigh'd
Inclin'd to him the long debating maid;
Then sudden from her mouth the ring she took,
And, lo! the mist king Sacripant forsook:
But while she meant from Sacripant to draw
Th' obscuring veil, Orlando and Ferrau
She near him view'd, who both had long explor'd
The magic roof for her their souls ador'd.
Around the princess throng'd th' impatient three,
No more deny'd their lov'd-one's charms to see.
Two warriors on their breast the cuirass wore,
All arm'd in proof, their heads the helmet bore:
Nor night, nor day, they cast aside their arms,
Since first they reach'd this seat of magic charms;
Nor seem'd, by use inur'd, their limbs to feel
The weighty pressure of incumbering steel.
The third, Ferrau, in radiant mail was cas'd,
But o'er his brows no temper'd helmet lac'd:

Ver. 183. *But knew not how hereafter to displace*] It appears to me that Angelica was not meant for an amiable character, but is rather a natural lively picture of, and covert satire on, the coquetry and levity of many of the fair sex; and I believe every reader will confess, through all the course of the adventures, or even in any misfortunes which befall her, that she never takes hold of the heart like Bradamant, Flordelis, Isabella, and others, evidently drawn by the poet for models of female excellence.

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All helmets he renounc'd, till that he gain'd
Which once Orlando's valorous arm obtain'd
From great Almontes; such the oath he took,
When for Argalia's casque he search'd the brook.
Now stood Anglante's champion at his side,
Nor him to battle yet Ferrau defy'd:
For neither (such th' illusions of the place)
While there detain'd, could in his mind retrace
The least resemblance of another's face.
Here night and day the ponderous mail they wore,
And constant on their arm the buckler bore;
In stalls at hand their harness'd coursers stood,
By plenteous cribs surcharg'd with generous food.
No longer could Atlantes' baffled power
Detain the champions captive in his tower;
Who, lightly leaping on their steeds, withdrew
In haste, the rosy damsel to pursue,
The black-ey'd virgin, bright with golden hair,
Who now to flight impell'd her gentle mare:
Displeas'd the knights she view'd, nor wish'd to prove
At once three rival-suitors for her love.
When these so far were led, she fear'd no more
Th' enchanter's arts could work their baleful power;
The ring, in danger ever prov'd her shield,
The fair between her ruby lips conceal'd,
That done, she vanish'd from their longing sight,
And mute with wonder left each gazing knight.
The wayward damsel who so late design'd
Orlando or king Sacripant to find,
Now, sudden chang'd, far other thoughts pursu'd,
And both the chiefs alike disdainful view'd,

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Resolv'd to neither's arm that aid to owe,
Which, in their stead, her ring might well bestow.
Meantime the lovers, who deluded stood,
On either side amid the gloomy wood,
Alternate gaz'd: like hounds that lose the trace
Of hare or fox, which long they held in chace.
Herself invisible, the scornful maid
Their baffled plight with secret smiles survey'd.
One only path amidst the forest led,
That seem'd to point the way by which she fled.
Orlando and Ferrau with eager speed
The search pursu'd, and Sacripant his steed
As swiftly spurr'd, while left behind, the dame
Her bridle check'd, and softly pacing came.
But, branching now in tangled brakes, was lost
The winding way, that through the woodland crost:
With heedful eyes the champions sought around
What track of horses' feet had mark'd the ground:
Ferrau, of kings the proudest midst the proud,
Thus, turning tow'rds the two, exclaim'd aloud:
Say—whither would ye go?—your course refrain—
Unless you breathless mean to press the plain.
Think not in love a rival will I view,
Or let another her I love pursue.
Then to Circassia's king Orlando spoke:
Who dares our wrath unpunish'd thus provoke,
Must deem us, sure, a vile and abject pair,
More fit the distaff than the lance to bear.
Thou wretch! (indignant to Ferrau he said)
But that I view no helm defends thy head,
This arm should teach thee to repent the wrong,
And curse th' ungovern'd license of thy tongue.

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To whom the Pagan—Lo! I stand prepar'd,
Nor think my head defenceless I regard:
Tho' here without a helm, I trust full well
This hand your force united can repel.
Then thus Orlando Sacripant address'd:
Lend him awhile your helm at my request,
Till with this weapon I chastise in fight
Th' unequall'd folly of yon boasting knight.
Great were my weakness then (the monarch cry'd);
But if thou seek'st to have his wants supply'd,
Thy own bestow—nor deem me less prepar'd
Than thou, to give a fool his just reward.
Ferrau rejoin'd—Insensate both! for know
Did I a helmet seek to meet the foe,
Yourselves had prov'd my prowess to your cost,
And each had now his casque in combat lost.
Bare headed thus, and bound by solemn vows,
Learn, never covering must surround my brows
But what Orlando wears, the glorious prize
I seek to gain—With smiles the earl replies:
Wilt thou secure, with head defenceless dare
Assail the Paladin in equal war,
To win from him such honour as he won
In Aspramont from Agolantes' son?
I rather deem his near approach would make
From head to foot thy frame with terror shake;
Make thee the helmet's boasted claim forego,
To yield thyself and weapons to the foe.
To whom the Spanish boaster thus reply'd:
Full oft this arm Orlando's force has try'd;
When I at pleasure, not his helm alone,
But all his armour might have made my own;

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Then little priz'd,—though now I seek to gain
The temper'd helm, and trust shall soon obtain.
His patience lost, enrag'd Orlando cries:
Thou infidel! artificer of lies!
When was the time, and where the fatal ground
On which thy arms o'er mine th' advantage found?
Behold that champion (little thought so near)
Behold in me the Paladin is here!
Prove if thy force can make this helmet thine,
Or this right hand thy shield and armour mine;
Nor seek I any vantage.—Thus he said,
And swift the casque unlacing from his head,
He hung it on a tree-in open view,
And Durindana from the scabbard drew.
No less Ferrau was seen his sword to wield,
While o'er his head he rais'd the fencing shield:
They rein their steeds, they strike, they ward by turns;
Their fury kindles as the combat burns.
Where best their force can plate or joint invade,
They speed the thrust or whirl the beamy blade.
Not all the world a fearless knight can show
Like each of these to meet a fearless foe.
For courage both, for prowess both renown'd,
And both alike incapable of wound.

Ver. 312. *Nor seek I any vantage.*—] Both the poet and Orlando, and likewise Ferrau before, ver. 271. seem to have forgot the enchantment, by which each knight was incapable of being wounded. But one general observation will serve for all these circumstances, whenever they occur: they are such slips as will be found in every great work; and to which, though the reference is rather common, we may always apply the words of Horace:

..... aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.
..... sometimes good Homer sleeps.

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Oft have you heard (my lord) that magic art
Secur'd Ferrau in every vital part,
Save that alone, which first the nurture gives
Whilst in the womb the helpless infant lives.
Not less Anglante's knight, by potent charm,
Was kept in combat safe from every harm
Of weapon's edge; while pervious to the steel
His feet, beneath, the piercing wound could feel:
But each secur'd, in every bloody strife,
With double plates, the place endangering life.
Thus less for need than pomp of outward show,
They went in arms array'd against a foe.
More dreadful grew the war—Ferrau so well
His weapon aim'd, it struck, whene'er it fell,
With point or edge: nor less at every stroke
Orlando's sword the mail in shivers broke.
There stood Angelica, conceal'd from sight,
The single witness of so fierce a fight.
For Sacripant, who deem'd the royal maid
Not far remote amid the forest stray'd,
Soon as Orlando and Ferrau he view'd
Engag'd in strife, her fancy'd course pursu'd.
Angelica awhile in equal scales
The conflict sees, where neither side prevails;
At length desire some new device to prove,
Incites her thence the helmet to remove;

Ver. 330. *Not less Anglante's knight,*—] He makes Orlando and Ferrau invulnerable, according to the common fable of Achilles and Cygnus. See this matter discussed at large, Book xxix. note to ver. 122.

Ver. 347.—*her fancy'd course pursu'd.*] Sacripant appears again, Book xxii. ver. 92.

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In harmless pastime meant alone to view
What part the rival warriors would pursue.
Then in a sportive mood the casque she took,
And soon the place and combatants forsook,
Unseen of each, so eager in the fight:
At length Ferrau, who turn'd aside his sight,
First held his hand, and to Orlando said,
Lo! how our late companion has betray'd
The faith of knights! What prize for us remains,
When he, by fraud, the victor's meed obtains?
Then on the tree Orlando bent his view;
The helm he miss'd, and fierce his anger grew;
And with Ferrau agreed, that this, in scorn
Of either's claim, Circassia thence had borne.
The earl his Brigliadoro through the wood
Impatient urg'd; as swift Ferrau pursu'd;
Till different tracks of horses' feet they found,
Left by the knight and damsel on the ground.
Here to the left his course Orlando bore,
The course Circassia's king had held before;
Ferrau, by chance, more near the mountain stray'd,
Through late worn traces of the flying maid.
Meantime the virgin to a fountain drew,
Where verdant bowers, with leaves o'ershadowing grew:
Where pilgrims, shelter'd from the sultry beam,
With draughts refreshing from the limpid stream
Allay'd their thirst: here, fearless of surprise,
Angelica (who on her ring relies
In every danger) to the bank descends,
And on a bough the glittering helm suspends;
Then seeks a place where, ty'd at ease, her beast
Might crop from flowery meads the verdant feast.

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The Spanish knight, who close pursu'd the dame,
By equal windings to the fountain came,
Not unobserv'd, for instant from his sight
She vanish'd, and prepar'd her speedy flight;
But vainly strove the helmet to regain,
That roll'd to distance bounded on the plain.
When first the Pagan prince with raptur'd eyes
Beholds Angelica—he hastes, he flies
To meet the fair-one, who his hope deceives,
As some light form th' awaken'd dreamer leaves.
He seeks her round in covert, shade, and bower,
But seeks in vain—blaspheming every power,
With Trevigant and Mahomet, ador'd
By Pagan votaries, as Gods implor'd,

Ver. 396. *With Trevigant and Mahomet*—] The name of Trevigant is common in the romances of Chivalry and in the old Ballads, where Trevigant and Mahound (Mahomet) frequently occur.

So likewise Spenser:

> And oftentimes by Termagaunt and
> Mahound swore.
>
> *Fairy Queen*, Book vi. C. vii.

"Termagaunt (or as here called Trevigant) is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens, in which he is constantly linked with Mahound: thus in the old Legend of Sir Guy,

> So help me Mahowne of might,
> And Termagaunt my god so bright.

Perhaps Termagaunt had been a name given to some Saxon idol, and our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law were necessarily Pagans and Idolators, supposed the Mahometan creed was in all respects the same with that of their Pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name Termagaunt to the god of the Saracens: the French romancers, who had borrowed the word from us, corrupted it into Tervagaunte: the Italians called it Trevigante."

See Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Vol. I. p. 76. 3d edit.

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And every name his sect repeats with awe,
The priests and teachers of this impious law.
Now near the fount again the warrior drew,
And, cast on earth, Orlando's helmet knew,
By characters that round its edge explain'd
When, and from whom, the precious prize was gain'd.
While much he griev'd to lose the lovely maid,
Who unapparent, like a phantom shade,
Escap'd his sight, he seiz'd with eager haste,
And on his head the long-sought helmet plac'd.
One only wish remain'd yet unpossest,
To find his mistress and in love be blest.
He search'd the woods, till every hope was lost,
Then turn'd to Paris, to the Spanish host:
But though desponding with a lover's grief,
His vow fulfill'd afforded some relief,
Since thus the helm he gain'd from great Anglante's chief.
Soon as these tidings to the earl were brought,
Long time from land to land Ferrau he sought;
Nor ceas'd, till from his head the prize he drew,
And him between two neighbouring bridges slew.

Ver. 418. *And him between*, &c.—] The incident here mentioned appears no where in the Orlando Furioso, but probably Ariosto alludes to a story in some popular romance, familiar to his Italian readers, though not known to his translator.—Fauste de Longiana, an Italian commentator, tells us that Ferrau was of a gigantic stature, and came over with Agramant against Charlemain, in which war he made many French nobles prisoners, but was afterwards slain by Orlando. Some say that he invaded France with twenty thousand Saracens, sent by the admiral of Babylon; that he had in himself the strength of forty men, and was stabbed by Orlando in the navel, in which part only Boyardo and Ariosto tell us he was vulnerable. We have the testimony of Marcus Antonius Sabellicus,

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Angelica with sad and pensive look,
Alone, invisible, her journey took:
The helmet lost employ'd her anxious mind,
Which near the fount her haste had left behind.
My too officious care (exclaim'd the maid)
His trusty head-piece from the earl convey'd:
And is it thus his merits I regard,
And claims from me his service such reward?
Heaven knows my secret heart! (though now th' event
Has other prov'd) my blameless purpose went
To stay the fight; but ah! I little thought
To give yon brutal knight the prize he sought!
Repentant thus she mourn'd the deed that left
Anglante's champion of his helm bereft;
And eastward journey'd, now to sight reveal'd,
Now by her ring from every eye conceal'd;
Through many a region, many a city pass'd,
Till to a lonely wood arriv'd at last,
Between two warriors slain a youth she view'd,
Whose wounded breast a crimson stream bedew'd.
But here Angelica we leave, and tell
What new adventures many a knight befel:
Nor of Ferrau, nor Sacripant we sing,
But tune to different themes the various string.

---

a noted writer of the fifteenth century, that there was a Moorish Spaniard, named Ferrau, a redoubted champion of the age of Charlemain.

Ver. 439. *But here Angelica we leave,—*] He returns to Angelica in the xixth Book, ver. 122.

Ver. 441. *Nor of Ferrau, nor Sacripant—*] Ferrau appears again in the review of the Pagan army, Book xiv. ver. 111, and Sacripant is spoken of, Book xxvii. ver. 92.

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For other task demands me to record
The valiant deeds of Brava's noble lord*;
What long laborious search he yet sustain'd
To gain that blessing which he never gain'd.
Another casque the careful hero bought,
(For still to keep himself unknown he sought)
But nor the metal, nor the temper try'd,
His fated skin the edge of steel defy'd;
Then follow'd her (whose love he held so dear)
Through every season of the changing year.
As Phœbus from the fields of Ocean drew
His smooth-hair'd coursers wet with briny dew;
What time Aurora stream'd with ruddy light,
And stars yet glimmer'd in the rear of night:
Not far remote from Paris' regal town,
Orlando gain'd new laurels of renown.
Two bands he met; one Manilardo led,
A Pagan reverenc'd for his hoary head;
Of Norway king; once gallant in the field;
But better now in arts of council skill'd.
To lead the other, with his standard came
The king of Tremizen, of mighty fame
In Afric, and Alzirdo was his name.
These troops, with all the numerous Pagan host
In towns and castles held their winter's post;
Some near the walls, which Agramant in vain
Had waited long with powerful siege to gain;
And now resolv'd, in all the dreadful form
Of horrid war, at one assault to storm.
For this intent he summon'd every power;
Not those alone that came from Afric's shore,

* Orlando.

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Or those by king Marsilius brought from Spain;
But those which France had added to his train:
For late from Paris' walls to Arlis' flood,
He many a town in Gascony subdu'd.
When now, unchain'd from winter's icy cold,
Within their beds the murmuring currents roll'd;
When the glad meads resum'd their vivid green,
And budding leaves to deck the trees were seen;
Then gave king Agramant his wide command,
To muster all his forces, band by band:
For this the king of Tremizen in haste,
And king of Norway, o'er the country pass'd,
To lead their squadrons, where the army drew
To pass before their chiefs in just review.
When now Alzirdo had the earl espy'd,
Whose like in arms not all the world supply'd,
Whose limbs and mien heroic from afar
Denounc'd defiance, like the God of war;
He deem'd him first of every martial band,
And rashly long'd to meet him hand to hand.
Young was Alzirdo, and of lofty pride,
Of daring courage, and of vigour try'd.
His social ranks, in evil hour, he left,
And spurr'd his steed, of better sense bereft,
At once the foe's prevailing force to feel,
And sink transpierc'd by great Anglante's steel.
The courser flies affrighted o'er the plains,
No master on his back to guide the reins!
Now rose a dreadful tumult, when they view'd
The youth all pale and weltering in his blood:
Some couch'd their spears, and some their falchions drew,
And on the knight with headlong fury flew;

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While some with darts and arrows gall'd from far
The flower of champions in a missive war.
As gathering round with horse obstreperous cry
Appear the swine, when from some cavern nigh
The wolf or bear, to seize their prey descends,
And with fell jaws a bleeding porket rends:
So seem'd the crew, inflam'd with barbarous spite,
And urg'd each other on t' assault the knight.
A thousand darts, and spears, and swords rebound
From his broad shield, or on his cuirass sound.
One struck behind him with a ponderous mace;
One stood beside; one met him face to face:
But he who ne'er a thought of fear allow'd,
With careless eye beheld th' ignoble crowd:
Thus, leaping o'er the fence in nightly folds,
A wolf the number of the sheep beholds.
His hand was seen the thundering sword to wield,
By which such numerous Pagans press'd the field.
Hard were the task, amid the throng, to tell
The warriors that beneath his weapon fell!
A purple torrent all the plain o'erflow'd,
That scarce suffic'd to bear the ghastly load.
No quilted vest, nor fencing turban roll'd
Around the head in many a winding fold,
Nor plated shield, nor temper'd casque defends,
Where Durindana's trenchant edge descends.
Loud groans and cries the dying soldiers yield,
And heads and arms are scatter'd o'er the field.
Death stalks amidst the crimson ranks of fight,
In various forms, all horrible to sight;
Yon weapon in Orlando's hand (he cries)
With my fell scythe in copious slaughter vies!

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The wounded fly; nor longer will await
A second wound, but fear the stroke of fate;
While those who thought a single knight to make
Their easy conquest, now the plain forsake,
Nor one remains with him his dearest friend to take
Regardless of the way, with fearful speed
This plies his feet, that spurs his rapid steed.
Lo! Virtue bears her mirror in the field,
Which every blemish of the soul reveal'd:
None look'd therein, except a hoary sire;
Age shrunk his nerves, but could not damp his fire.
He saw 'twas nobler far in fight to die,
Than with dishonour turn his back to fly.
This sage was Norway's king, who grasp'd his lance,
And fearless met the matchless peer of France.
Against the shield's round boss the weapon broke;
Unmov'd the Paladin receiv'd the stroke.
As Manilardo pass'd, Orlando aim'd
His deadly falchion that like lightning flam'd;
But Fortune favour'd here the king so well,
The blade fell flat, yet with such fury fell,
The reverend warrior senseless lay for dead,
And swooning darkness o'er his eye-balls spread.
Orlando left him there, and eager flew
To chace the remnant of the flying crew.
As birds affrighted wing their airy way,
When the fierce hawk pursues his trembling prey:
So far'd these bands before the Christian knight,
Some maim'd, some slain, and some dispers'd in flight.
Orlando now, tho' well the land he knew,
Uncertain where his mistress to pursue;

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To left or right, where'er his course inclin'd,
On other parts still ran his anxious mind;
Through woods, through plains, he sought the beauteous dame,
'Till near a mountain's craggy steep he came;
Thence, from a cleft, a stream of yellow light
Pierc'd the dun shadows of surrounding night.
As in the shelter which the bushes yield,
Or midst the stubble of the new-reap'd field,
In brake or dell, th' unweary'd hunter's care
Winds the deep mazes of the fearful hare:
So, with a beating heart, by hope betray'd,
The knight, who saw the sudden gleam that play'd
Amidst the trees, the hill explor'd, and found
A spacious cavern hewn within the ground,
The mouth with brambles fenc'd; a safe retreat
For those that fix'd in woods their rustic seat
From human haunts!—the taper's ray reveal'd
With glimmering light the cave by day conceal'd.
Orlando, while he mus'd what savage race
Might there reside, resolv'd t' explore the place.
His Brigliadoro first securely ty'd,
He clear'd the branches that access deny'd;
Then in the tomb, that held the living, went
By many steps a narrow deep descent.
Large was the cave, but scarce at noon of day
The winding mouth receiv'd a feeble ray;
Yet from an opening to the right appear'd
A beam of sunshine that the dwelling chear'd.
Here, seated near a blazing hearth he found,
In budding prime, a tender virgin crown'd

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With beauty that might every heart entice,
And make this gloomy grot a paradise;
Though in her eyes the starting tear confess'd
Some hidden anguish rankling in her breast.
With her an aged beldame seem'd to jar
(As women oft are wont) in wordy war:
But when Orlando in their presence came,
Each held her peace: the knight to either dame
Fair greeting gave, as one whose noble mind
Was ever gentle to the gentle kind.
They rising sudden, his salute repaid,
Though each at first appear'd with looks dismay'd,
To hear his voice, and, entering there behold
A man all arm'd whose mien might freeze the bold.
With wonder fill'd, Orlando sought to know
What savage wretch, to human race a foe,
Could keep entomb'd in such a lonely place,
The sweet attractions of such virgin grace.
Scarce to the knight the damsel can reply,
Her words cut short by many a heavy sigh,
Which from her coral lip her griefs exhale,
While still she strives to speak her woeful tale.
Tears stain her lovely cheek; as oft we view
The rose and lily wet with morning dew.

Th' ensuing book, my lord, the sequel shows,
For time requires that here the book we close.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

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THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

ISABELLA relates her story to Orlando, who delivers her from the outlaws. Bradamant, lamenting for the absence of Rogero, is comforted by Melissa, and instructed how she may set him at liberty from the castle of Atlantes. Melissa, at the request of Bradamant, tells her the names of many illustrious women that are to descend from her race. She then conducts her near the castle of Atlantes, and takes leave of her. Agramant prepares to muster his forces.

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THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

RIGHT venturous were the knights of old renown'd,
Who in the desert shade, the vales profound,
The gloomy cavern, or the forest dell,
Where serpents, bears, and roaring lions dwell,
Found many a dame of such exalted mien,
As rarely now in palaces are seen,
Who, in their earliest bloom of charms, might bear
The prize from all—the fairest of the fair.
I told how to Orlando was reveal'd
A tender virgin in a cave conceal'd,
Of whom he sought the hidden cause to know
That kept her there; and now with heart-felt woe,
She spoke her griefs, enforc'd by many a sigh,
And made, in pleasing accents, this reply.

Though, courteous knight, my mournful tale disclos'd,
To certain punishment I stand expos'd,
Since yonder woman will my words relate
To him, who holds me in this captive state;
Yet let it come—what can I from his hand,
More grateful than the stroke of death demand?

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Hear first, that Isabella's name I own,
Daughter of him who fills Galicia's throne:
Once was I his—but now, alas! the heir
Of desolation, sorrow, and despair!
From Love I trace the cause of all my smart,
From Love that steals the virgin's gentle heart.
Once was I young and beauteous, rich and blest,
Now poor and low, with fortune's frowns oppress:
Yet let me, undisguis'd, sir knight, disclose
The early cause of all my present woes;
And should you fail to cure, at least my grief
May from your generous pity find relief.
Twelve months are past, since in Bayona's land,
My royal sire a tournament ordain'd,
To which, invited by the trump of fame,
From various regions various champions came.
But, whether love misled my partial mind,
Or that his virtues o'er the warrior kind
So brightly blaz'd—Zerbino singly won
My soul's dear praise, Zerbino only son

Ver. 39. -- *Zerbino* —] " A Scotch author, Drummond of Hawthornden, in his history of Scotland, says, that though Ariosto did not know him personally, he complimented the virtues of James V. in the character of Zerbino; and having cited Ariosto, he adds some verses from Ronsard in praise of that prince. Another author says, that when James V. married the duke of Guise's daughter, he made an excursion from France into Italy, and became acquainted with Ariosto. James was a most accomplished prince: Latin was, in his time, the favourite study of Scotland, and to the utmost gallantry of disposition, he added a singular love for polite literature, and was himself a poet. Christ's Kirk on the Green, and some of his other ballads, contain genuine description and humour. James died, at the age of thirty-one or two, of grief. Just as his army was going to give battle to the English, he sent one Oliver Sinclair, his favourite, with a commission to supersede the general; upon which the whole

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To Scotland's king, whose knightly feats of arms
My throbbing bosom fill'd with soft alarms.
I lov'd—yet happy seem'd to place my heart
Upon an object of such high desert.
Zerbino, every lord my eyes beheld,
In comely form and bravery excell'd.
Not less sincere than mine his passion glow'd;
And though forbid to meet, our flames we vow'd
By message oft, and while we liv'd disjoin'd,
We felt the tenderest union of the mind.

Zerbino now, when clos'd the solemn feast,
To Scotland's realm again his course address'd.
If e'er your soul the hour of parting knew,
Reflect what sorrow must his loss ensue.
He night and day was present to my thought;
While like affection in his bosom wrought,

army yielded themselves prisoners of war, without one blow being struck: his high spirit could not brook this affront, and he expired in a few days in the fever of indignation."

For the above note I am indebted to my friend Mr. Mickle, the excellent translator of Camoëns; but on further examination of the matter, there appeared a great objection to the account of Drummond. James died in the year 1542 or 1543, being then thirty-one or thirty-two years of age, so that when Ariosto published his Furioso in 1515, James was only five or six years old, unless we suppose that any characteristic compliment was inserted by the author in the last edition, which passage may be cited by Drummond. The last edition published in the life of the poet was in 1532, at which time James was about twenty-one years of age, but had not entered upon public life, being detained in the power of the earl of Angus. With respect to the journey made by James into Italy, mentioned by the other author, on the prince's marriage with the duke of Guise's daughter, it is certain this marriage did not take place till about the year 1539, and that Ariosto died in 1533. Hence we may observe, how little dependence is to be had on these kind of stories, so readily adopted by the partiality of historians, to do honour to a favourite national character.

See Hume's History of England, Vol. iv. Oct. edit.

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And bade him every secret means employ
With my lov'd sight to crown his future joy.
Our different faiths forbade him to require
My hand in marriage of the king my sire.
A Pagan I, and he a Christian bred;
With open rites he ne'er must hope to wed
Galicia's princess; hence his fearless mind
To bear me from my native land design'd.
Oft in a garden, deck'd with summer's pride,
Where near the gay parterres a crystal tide
Meandering roll'd, upon the banks I stood,
And view'd afar the hills and surgy flood.
This place t' effect his bold design he chose,
That nothing might our union more oppose:
To me his secret thoughts he first declar'd,
Then, well equipp'd, a rapid bark prepar'd,
By Odorico the Biscayan's care,
On sea and land a master of the war.
Zerbino, by his aged father sent,
With all his powers in aid of Gallia went:
Himself forbid to stay, he left behind
This Odorico, and to him consign'd
Th' important charge: as one he still had found
By every act of love and duty bound:
On whom he deem'd his friendship might rely,
If benefits conferr'd could fix the tye.
Now, in my garden, on the appointed day,
Till night I stay'd, a voluntary prey:
When Odorico near the city drew,
And up the river with his chosen few,
Advancing silent, sudden leapt on shore,
And me in triumph to his galley bore,

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Ere yet the tumult had the town alarm'd;
My household train, affrighted and unarm'd,
Part in the skirmish fell, while others fled,
And part, surpris'd, with me were captive led.
Joyful I bade my native soil adieu,
In hopes my lov'd Zerbino soon to view.
Scarce had our ship the cape of Mongia past,
When, rising from the left, a stormy blast
Drove clouds on clouds, made mountain-surges rise
And dash their spumy foreheads in the skies,
While from her track the wind our vessel bore,
And gather'd strength with every dreadful hour:
Not all the sailors' art could stem the tide,
Nor could the cordage work the bark to guide:
In vain we strike the sail against the mast,
We bind the courses, from the deck we cast
Each useless load; we find, as thus we strive,
Our ship against the rocks of Rochelle drive.
Swift as a shaft before the storm it drove,
And none could save, but HE who rules above!
Struck with our peril the Biscayan try'd
A last resource, too oft in vain apply'd:
With him he bade me from the ship descend,
And to the shallow skiff our lives commend.
Two more descended; and a numerous band
As soon had follow'd, but with sword in hand
Compell'd, alas! their entrance we deny'd,
Our cable cut, and floated on the tide,
Till safe we landed on the rocky coast;
But with the vessel wreck'd the crew were lost
And all her freight—my hands to Heaven I rais'd,
And for my life preserv'd my Maker prais'd,

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Who left me not to perish far from shore,
And never see my dear Zerbino more.
Though with the sinking ship remain'd behind
My vests and jewels, wealth of every kind,
Yet blest with hopes to find my prince again,
Unmov'd I saw them swallow'd by the main.
Wild was the land, uncultivate and rude,
Nor track of feet, nor roofs of men we view'd;
Nought but a mountain, round whose craggy brow
The loud winds blew, the billows roar'd below.
Here cruel Love, that false perfidious boy,
Prompt to deceive, and watchful to destroy,
With suit dishonest, by his froward will,
My joy to sorrow chang'd, my good to ill.
That friend, in whom his trust Zerbino plac'd,
Froze in his faith, and burnt with flames unchaste.
Whether at sea he felt th' unhallow'd fire,
But durst not then avow his black desire:
Or whether this remote and lonely place
Inspir'd his bosom with a thought so base:
The traitor now a secret plan revolv'd,
T' accomplish what his impious soul resolv'd;
And hence of two that 'scap'd with us the flood
Would one dismiss, a youth of Scottish blood,
Almonio nam'd, and by Zerbino lov'd,
In faith unsully'd, as in arms approv'd:
Him Odorico bade to weigh the shame,
Should they to Rochelle's walls a princely dame
On foot convey: and begg'd him hence with speed
From Rochelle to supply our present need.
Almonio, fearing nought, his course pursu'd
To where, conceal'd from view beyond the wood,
Six miles remote, the peopled city stood.

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His friend remain'd: to him the traitor meant
Without disguise t' unveil his foul intent:
Corebo of Bilboa was his name;
Whom Odorico, nothing aw'd by shame,
Would tempt to break his faith; with him he led
His early life; with him from childhood bred,
He hop'd to see him prize his friend's desire
Above the ties that virtue might require.
Corebo, great of soul, and nobly born,
Abhorr'd the deed, and with indignant scorn
Reproach'd his breach of faith, and firmly strove
By every means t' oppose his impious love.
From threat to threat increasing passion grew
In either breast, till each his weapon drew:
When, struck with terror to behold the fight,
I turn'd me to the woods in speedy flight.
Soon Odorico, long to battle train'd,
By skill superior, such advantage gain'd,
He left Corebo on the ground for dead,
And follow'd me who thence so swiftly fled.
Love surely lent him pinions to pursue;
Love taught his tongue with soothing speech to woo;
But fruitless all—for rather than comply
With such desires, I stood resolv'd to die.
When prayers, and threats, and flatteries nought avail'd,
With open force my honour he assail'd.
In vain I wept—implor'd—in vain I press'd
The sacred friendship to his lord profess'd;
Bade him reflect that to his faith sincere
Zerbino trusted all he held most dear.

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Entreaties lost, and every hope of aid
Far, far remote to save a wretched maid;
While he with impious rage and force increas'd,
Assail'd my virtue like some ravenous beast,
With hands and feet in my defence I strove,
With teeth and nails repuls'd his brutal love:
His hair and beard I tore, his flesh I rent,
And pierc'd with shrieks the vaulted firmament.
I know not if by fortune thither led,
Or by my voice that round the country spread
Its piercing notes; or wont to scour the strand
When vessels bulg'd, or strew'd with wrecks the sand;
But from the summit of the hill I spy'd
A crew descending to the ocean's side:
Th' impure Biscayan, seiz'd with guilty fright,
His purpose left, to save himself by flight.
Behold me by this band in happy hour
Preserv'd, my lord, from that false traitor's power,
Yet but preserv'd the proverb to fulfil;
"Who 'scapes one mischief meets another still."
'Tis true—I am not yet so curst to find
My honour wrong'd, though this degenerate kind
No virtues hold in awe; but thirst of gain
Incites them from my person to abstain,
Which kept, as now, in maiden lustre pure,
Will for my purchase ampler sums secure.
Eight months elaps'd, I see the ninth arrive,
Since here I wretched dwell entomb'd alive.
All hopes of my Zerbino now must fail—
From these I learn, my beauty set to sale,

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And terms agreed, a merchant will receive,
And me, unhappy, to the Soldan give.
So spoke the lovely maid, and as she spoke,
Sighs following sighs her angel speeches broke:
Her tender grief compassion might infuse
In asps and tigers, while she thus renews
Her tender sorrows, or in plaintive strain
Allays the anguish of her secret pain.
Thus they; when sudden in the cave appears
A crew with knotty clubs, with staves and spears:
Th' ill-favour'd leader of the brutal crew
His single eye around the cavern threw;
A wound that chanc'd upon his face to light,
Had cropt his nose and clos'd one eye in night.
Soon as he saw the chief, who listening sate
To hear the virgin-fair her tale relate,
He turn'd, and joyful to his fellows said:
Behold a bird for whom no net was spread!
Then to the earl—For me in luckier hour
No stranger ever reach'd this place before:
Thou may'st have heard I long have sought in vain,
Such radiant arms and vest like thine to gain;
And gladly I behold thee thus at hand,
To answer now whate'er my wants demand.
Swift starting from his seat with noble pride,
Orlando smil'd severe, and thus reply'd.
These arms I value at a price so high,
Who hopes their purchase must full dearly buy.
Then from the blazing hearth a brand he took,
All red with fire and hissing from the smoke,
And sudden threw—above the caitiff's nose,
By chance it strikes between the meeting brows!

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And instant quenches in eternal night
His only wretched minister of light;
And sends his ghost to join the dreary train
By Charon doom'd to lakes of fiery pain.
A table, form'd in square, of ponderous wood,
Of size capacious, in the cavern stood;
Which, ill-sustain'd with rude unshapen feet,
The thief and all his fellows held at meat:
Easy, as from his hand dismist in air,
The dextrous Spaniard sends the cane afar,
Wondrous to tell! this weight Orlando threw,
Where throng'd together press'd th' ungodly crew.
The shatter'd limb, crush'd head, and gory breast,
The crackling bone the thundering mass confess'd:
Some crippled every part, some slain outright:
Who least is hurt attempts to 'scape by flight.
So when in clustering knot, a snaky brood,
Reviving joyful with the spring renew'd,
Bask in the sun, if by some peasant thrown
Amidst them lights a huge unwieldy stone,

Ver. 249. *By Charon*—] Of these burning lakes in which thieves and murderers are punished, an account is given in Dante, Canto xxv. of his Inferno; where he assigns to these the seventh gulph, and where, he tells us, Chiron the Centaur, and his companions, stand armed with darts, which they shoot at the damned, as often as they attempt to escape from the lake of torment. Some commentators read in this passage of Ariosto, Chiron instead of Charon. Zatta, in the last edition of 1772, tells us, that in the editions of 1516 and 1532, both corrected by the author, it is printed Chiron and not Charon; and Fornari, in his commentary gives it Chiron.

Ver. 255. *The dextrous Spaniard*—] The poet alludes to an exercise among the Spaniards, requiring much dexterity and agility: it was performed on horseback, and consisted chiefly in throwing canes or reeds to a great distance.

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On all the curling heap what mischief flies!
This leaves his sever'd tail; that, mangled dies:
Another crush'd and bruis'd attempts with pain
To drag behind his sinuous length of train:
Another happier 'midst the grassy way
Escapes, and hissing glides anew for prey.
Such was the havock here—less strange to tell,
Since from Orlando's arm the ruin fell.
Good Turpin's page declares that sev'n alone
Escap'd the weight by fierce Orlando thrown.
While to their feet their safety these commend,
The champion stands the passage to defend;
With pinioned arms he drags them forth to view,
Where with thick boughs an aged service grew:
The leaves he clears, and hangs them quivering there
A living prey to all the fowls of air.
Nor needs he iron bands, or strong link'd chain,
To purge the earth of such an impious train;
The tree its branches yields, with these supply'd,
Orlando by the neck the struggling wretches ty'd.
That aged beldame, to the thieves a friend,
Who saw their ill-spent lives disastrous end,
With shrieks and outcries, tearing from her head
The hoary hairs, to woods and deserts fled;
Till near a stream she met (as chance befel)
A Knight, whose name I here forbear to tell,
And turn to her, who still Orlando pray'd
With guardian power to watch a helpless maid;

Ver. 279.—*an aged service*—] Vecchio sorbo—a tree bearing a fruit like a pearl or medlar.

Ver. 291. *A knight, whose name*—] He resumes this story, Book XX. ver. 779.

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And vow'd her steps should all his steps attend:
The noble warrior, like a tender friend,
Her sorrows sooth'd; and when Aurora, drest
In rosy garland and in purple vest,
Resum'd her wonted track through morning air,
The knight departs with Isabella fair.
Then many a day they journey'd ere befel
Adventures worthy of the Muse to tell.
At length, amidst a mingled crew, they found
A champion dragg'd along in fetters bound.

To Amon's daughter now we change the strain,
To her, whom late we left in amorous pain.
The valiant maid, whom every breast must mourn,
Who vainly hopes Rogero's swift return,
Still near Marseilles resides in anxious woe,
And every day annoys the Pagan foe,
That wide o'er hill and dale with plundering bands
O'er-run Provence and all the neighbouring lands,
Where the bright maid a great example gave,
Of prudent leader as of warrior brave.
Long has the time elaps'd that to her sight
Should once again restore her dearest knight;
In dread suspense, a thousand thoughts molest,
For lov'd Rogero's stay, her tender breast.
One day, of many a day, retir'd to mourn
Her fate alone, she sees that dame return,
Who in the wondrous ring the med'cine bore,
To heal the heart that felt Alcina's power.

Ver. 304. *To Amon's daughter now—*] He returns to Orlando and Isabella, Book xxiii. ver. 386.

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But when (such tedious hours of absence past)
She sees her come without the knight at last,
Swift from her cheek the fading roses fly,
And scarce her trembling knees their aid supply.
Soon as the enchantress sees the virgin's fear,
She hastes to meet her with reviving chear,
Where every look such speaking comfort wears,
As his are wont who happy tidings bears.
Let no vain doubts (she cry'd) thy bosom shake,
Rogero lives, and lives but for thy sake,
Yet lives, compell'd his freedom to forego,
Again the prisoner to thy constant foe.
Now would'st thou seek him, mount thy ready steed
Without delay, and follow where I lead.
Soon shalt thou, virgin, well instructed, see
The means to set thy lov'd Rogero free.
This said! she all the magic guile declar'd
Which for the knight Atlantes had prepar'd,
Who Bradamant's resembling features wore,
The seeming captive in a giant's power,
When to th' enchanted dome the youth he drew,
Then instant vanish'd from his wondering view;
And how, with like device, th' enchanter wrought
On knights and damsels to his castle brought;
Who from his sight such various passions prov'd
Who view'd in him, by strange deception mov'd,
Friend, squire, companion, steed, or dame belov'd.
Urg'd by delusive hope they fondly trace,
With ceaseless toil, the visionary place.
Soon as thy feet (she cries) shall reach the land
Where, near, the wondrous pile is seen to stand,

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Th' enchanter shalt thou meet, who to thy sight
Will seem thy love, opprest by stronger might;
But lest, by magic guile, thou here should'st fall
In snares, that till this hour have fetter'd all,
Distrust thy sense, and when thou see'st him nigh,
Unsheath thy sword, and bid the traitor die.
Nor think of life Rogero to deprive,
But him from whom thy woes their source derive.
Hard must it prove to aim the mortal blow
On him whose looks thy knight's resemblance show:
Then ere I lead thee hence yon dome to find,
Firm to the purpose steel thy constant mind,
For ne'er to thee may Fate Rogero give,
If through thy weakness now thy foe should live.
  The warlike virgin, with determin'd will
To free her lover, and the sorc'rer kill,
Appears in arms, impatient to pursue
Her guiding steps whose truth so well she knew.
Melissa leads her thence with eager haste,
O'er many a cultur'd land and dreary waste,
Thro' wood and lawn; while sage discourse beguiles
The tedious journey and relieves their toils.
Much of the virgin's race th' enchantress tells,
On this, her lov'd, her favourite theme, she dwells:
That from Rogero and herself should rise
Heroes and demi-gods to claim the skies.
As to Melissa every power was given
To view the secrets of mysterious Heaven;
Her searching eye could each event presage,
Long hence decreed in Time's succeeding page.
  O friend approv'd! O ever prudent guide!
(Thus to the prophetess the virgin cry'd)

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Whose art has many a famous man foretold,
My unborn sons, when years on years have roll'd;
Vouchsafe to speak of some illustrious dame
(If such my line may boast) whose future fame
Among the virtuous and the fair may rise:
She ceas'd—the matron mildly thus replies.

Great dames from thee descend, of whom shall spring
The potent emperor and sceptred king;
All these, in sweeping vest, have equal praise
With crested knights that bright in armour blaze:
For wisdom, piety, and courage, crown'd
With fame, but most for chastity renown'd.
Hard task to name, where many stand so high,
Not one I see to pass in silence by.
Yet, midst a thousand, let me (to pursue
What time permits) select the nobler few.
O! had'st thou in the cave thy thoughts display'd,
Thine eyes had then each passing form survey'd.

See! from thy glorious stem a dame descend,
To virtuous deeds and liberal arts a friend:
With her for grace and beauty rests the prize,
Chaste with the chastest, with the wisest wise;
Fam'd Isabella! whose resplendent light
Shall gild with equal beams, by day, or night,
The walls which Mincius' silver waters lave,
The land whose title Ocnus' mother gave.

Ver. 407. *Fam'd Isabella!*—] Isabella, the wife of Francisco Gonzaga, who was general of the Venetians against Charles VIII. in aid of the Genoese: she was daughter to the first Hercules duke of Ferrara, and sister to Alphonso and Hippolito, a lady of great qualities and virtue.

Porcacchi, Eugenico.

Ver. 410. *The land whose title*—] He means Mantua, built by the fairy Manto, mother of Ocnus, according to the words which he

There shall she long a bright example give,
And, with her lord, in sweet contention live,
Who best shall rear, who dearest Virtue hold,
Who widest of Benevolence enfold
The sacred gates: In Rheims or Taro's land,
While Gauls repuls'd confess his conquering hand,
She, like Penelope, the purest dame,
Not less than her Ulysses lives to fame.
Of her great things, and many I reveal,
Compris'd in little space, but more conceal,
Which when I left the busy world, and sought
The cavern'd dome, prophetic Merlin taught.
In this vast ocean should my vessel dare,
Not Tiphys' voyage could with mine compare.
Let this suffice—what Virtue can bestow
Of good or great, shall Isabella know.
Nor less her sister Beatrice shall claim
Each gift, that well befits a sister's name;

---

puts in the fairy's mouth, Book xliii. ver. 723, in the tale of Adonio:

Lo! I, whom men the fairy Manto call,
Who founded first yon city's favour'd wall,
Which thou must oft have heard from flying fame
Has since been Mantua call'd from Manto's name.

some say that this city was founded by her son.

Ver. 424. *Not Tiphys' voyage*---] Tiphys was pilot of the ship Argo, in which the Argonauts sailed with Jason to Colchis for the conquest of the golden fleece: he was esteemed the most expert navigator of his age.

Ver. 427. *Nor less her sister Beatrice*---] Beatrice was daughter of duke Hercules, wife of Ludovico Sforza, surnamed Il Moro, duke of Milan: This lady was a woman of great spirit, and interfered, rather more than became her sex, in matters of government. She died in the year 1476, in child-bed, and not long after Ludovico lost his dukedom under Lewis XII. *Eugenico.*

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Blest in herself shall equal bliss afford
To all around, but chief her plighted lord;
Who, at her death, a sad reverse shall know,
And sink from heighth of bliss to depth of woe:
While she survives, Calabria's earls remain,
Unquell'd, with Moro and with Sforza gain
A dreadful name, from Hyperborean snows
To where remote the gulph of Persia flows
O'er ruddy sands—from India's furthest bound
To where your seas in Gades' straits resound,
Her death lamented shall reverse their fate,
And whelm, with them, in bonds, th' Insubrian state.
All Italy its sufferings shall deplore,
And wisdom, like her own, be seen no more.
Before her birth shall many a matron claim
With worth no less the like illustrious name.
Of these must one (a dame rever'd) enclose
With fair Pannonia's crown her honour'd brows:
And one, when low in earth her frail remains
She leaves behind, shall on th' Ausonian plains
Amidst the saints with hallow'd rites be plac'd,
Her votive shrine with gifts and incense grac'd.
The rest I pass—though each might singly ask
The lofty trump, and all the Muses' task.
Still in my breast I bear each generous dame,
Of Constance', Lucrece', and Bianca's name;
All that through wide Italia's states shall shine,
Mothers and saviours of their noble line.

Ver. 447. *And one, when low in earth*—] Beatrice of Esté, esteemed a saint, and whose body was deposited in the mountains of Padua, in a place called Ganola, four miles from Esté, where, on the top of a hill, was a nunnery richly endowed. *Porcacchi.*

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Above each favour'd race thy house shall most
In female issue glorious fortune boast:
Each mother in her sons not happier found,
Than each fair consort in her spouse renown'd.
Behold Richarda, left in widow'd youth,
Pattern of courage and connubial truth;
Left by her lord in luckless hour behind
To Fortune's frowns, which oft the virtuous find.
She sees her sons depriv'd of native home,
And exil'd far in foreign regions roam:
Left in the hands of their insulting foe,
Till all their wrongs a happy period know.
Nor midst these heroines I forget to place
Th' illustrious queen of Arragonian race;
Than whom, for chaste reserve and counsel sage,
None more adorn'd the Greek or Roman page.
Not one shall more the smiles of Fortune see;
She, mother of a beauteous progeny,
Shall with Alphonso give, to bless the earth,
Hippolito and Isabella birth:

Ver. 461. *Behold Richarda,*—] This Richarda might justly be called an example of fortitude: She was daughter of a marquis of Salazzo, and wife of Nicholas of Esté: being left a widow, she saw the inheritance of Hercules seized by Lionello and Borso, and her sons expelled and driven in search of some new establishment, all which she supported with the utmost courage. Hercules retired to the court of Alphonso of Arragon, till by a change of fortune he was put in possession of the government.

Porcacchi, Eugenico.

Ver. 470. *Th' illustrious queen*—] Duke Hercules retiring to the court of Alphonso, by his virtue and valour gained to wife Leonora, daughter of Ferrando king of Naples: by her he had three children, Hippolito, Alphonso, and Isabella, here celebrated by Ariosto.

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This shall be Leonora—doom'd to twine
(So Heaven decrees) her happy branch with thine.
How shall my words an equal tribute raise
To her, the next in order, next in praise?
Lucretia Borgia—who in beauty's power,
In virtue, fortune, and in fame shall soar
Above her sex—who spreads her fostering shade
Like the green sapling in a fruitful glade.
As dross to gold, as lead to silver shows;
The field-bred poppy to the garden rose;
The willow pale to ever verdant bays;
Or painted crystal to the diamond's blaze:
Ev'n so to her, of whom unborn I tell,
Shall each appear that else might most excel.
Of every virtue, whose transcendent fame
Shall grace, alive or dead, her spotless name;
Be this the chief, her Hercules to raise
With all her sons to deeds of martial praise;
To plant the seeds that future wreaths may yield
To bind their brows in counsel and in field.
Nor must I here Renata fail to place,
(Lucretia's near ally'd) of Gallia's race,
Of Lewis born (the twelfth that bears the name)
And her, of Brittany the lasting fame.

Ver. 481. *Lucretia Borgia,*—] Daughter of Pope Alexander VI. of the house of Borgia. Her first husband was Giovanni Sforza, lord of Pisaro: her second was Aliosio of Arragon, natural son of king Alphonso, and after his death she married Alphonso duke of Ferrara. *Eugenico.*

Ver. 497.—*Renata*—] Lewis XII. after he came into possession of the realm of France, having divorced his first wife, who was sister to Charles VIII. he married Anna the daughter of Francis duke of Bretagne, with a view to gain the hereditary dominions which that princess held from her father. Of Lewis and Anna was born this Renata, who was daughter-in-law to Lucretia Borgia. *Eugenico.*

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Each virtue woman has been found to know,
Since fire was seen to burn, or streams to flow,
Since yon bright orbs have circled round the pole,
I see compris'd in fair Renata's soul.
Of Noble Alda (Saxon born) to tell
I pass; nor on Celano's countess dwell:
Bianca sage, in Catalonia bred,
The royal offspring of Sicilia's bed:
And lovely Lippa, of Bologna's strain,
With numbers more that yet untold remain:
For should I singly count their praises o'er,
I venture on a sea without a shore.
Thus to the listening maid the dame reveal'd
Names yet in Time's remotest womb conceal'd:
At length arriving where Atlantes made
His near abode, her course Melissa stay'd;
Nor would she further now her way pursue,
But shunn'd to meet the false enchanter's view:
Then having warn'd the dame, and urg'd once more
Her pressing counsel, urg'd so oft before,
Her leave she took—the martial maid alone
Pursu'd a narrow track her guide had shown.
Not far she rode, when lo! before her sight
Appear'd the likeness of her much-lov'd knight,
Her dear Rogero, clos'd in fight between
Two mighty giants, who with dreadful mien
Wield their huge weapons, while he pants for breath,
And seems just sinking in the jaws of death.
Soon as the virgin sees so sorely prest
One, in whose form Rogero stands confest,
Her faith is vanish'd, new suspicion wakes,
And every late resolve her breast forsakes.

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She thinks through hatred to Rogero, grown
From some strange cause, from some offence unknown,
Melissa this unheard of snare had spread,
By her, who lov'd him, to behold him dead.
Is that Rogero (to herself she cries)
Still at my heart—and sure before my eyes?
If 'tis not him I see—if thus deceiv'd—
Henceforth can aught be known or aught believ'd?
And shall I (every certain sense deny'd)
Too blindly in another's faith confide?
Unseen my sympathizing heart can tell,
If near or absent he I love so well.
While thus she thinks, she hears or seems to hear
Rogero's well-known voice assail her ear,
Imploring help—and now she sees him wheel
His courser round, and with the goring steel
Urge all his haste, while each gigantic foe
As swift pursues: nor was the virgin slow
To mark their course, but urges all her speed
Till at the magic gate she checks her steed.
No sooner enter'd but Atlantes' wile
Involves her senses in the common guile.
In vain her search, now here, now there she bends,
Explores each part below, and now ascends.
Nor day, nor night, her anxious rest she took,
Yet oft the virgin with Rogero spoke,
And oft they met, though neither (strange to tell)
The other knew—so strong the magic spell!

Here leave we Bradamant, nor vex thy mind
To leave her thus by fraudful spells confin'd:

Ver. 561. *Here leave we Bradamant—*] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxii. ver. 141.

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When time shall serve, behold the charm we break,
And both the lovers from their bondage take.
As, at the board with plenteous viands grac'd,
Cate after cate allures the sickening taste;
So, while my Muse repeats her varied strains,
Tale following tale the listening ear detains.
Full many a thread my busy fingers weave,
To form the various web my thoughts conceive.
Then hear, how drawn from every winter's post,
Before king Agramant, the Moorish host
Pass in review, by different names enroll'd,
And threat with arms the fleur-de-lys of gold.
From these what gallant leaders late were lost,
Of Æthiopia, Spain, and Lybia's coast!
These to replace with all th' unnumber'd train
That breathless lie on many a well fought plain,
Marsilius calls from Spain his subject powers,
And Agramant from Afric's distant shores,
Appointing each, to every marshall'd band,
(As need requires) new leaders to command.

Here cease, my lord—the tale awhile we close;
Th' ensuing book their names and order shows.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

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THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

THE review of the Pagan forces by Agramant and Marsilius: names and characters of the several leaders. First appearance of Mandricardo, king of Tartary: he hears of the defeat of the two bands by Orlando, and engages to go in search of that knight: in his way he meets with Doralis, daughter to the king of Granada, betrothed to Rodomont; he attacks her guard, and carries her off by force. In the mean while Agramant prepares for a general assault of Paris: the behaviour of the emperor Charles upon the occasion: God commands his Angel, with the assistance of Silence, to conduct the Christian army under Rinaldo to the walls of Paris, and bids him send Discord amongst the Pagans. Description of the house of Sleep. Agramant begins the assault: the appearance of Rodomont, king of Sarza, who is the first to win the works, and makes a dreadful slaughter of the Christians: the gallant defence made by the besieged.

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THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

IN many a fierce assault and cruel fight,
When Spain and Afric prov'd with France their might,
Unnumber'd warriors pale and breathless lay,
To hungry wolves and ravenous birds a prey!
But while the Gallic legions to their cost,
The Pagans met, and mourn'd the battle lost,
The boastful foes, though victors from the plain,
More wept their valiant chiefs and princes slain.
Such, great Alphonso, if the verse may dare
With present times the times of old compare,
Such was the victory our arms obtain'd,
Due to thy glory, by thy virtues gain'd:
Such was the slaughter, that for rolling years,
Must fill Ravenna's heavy eyes with tears!

Ver. 14. *Must fill Ravenna's heavy eyes with tears!*] The poet here alludes to the Siege of Ravenna, held by Mark Antonio Colonna for the Pope, and attacked by M. de Fois, general of the French army. The capture of this city was chiefly owing to the valour and conduct of Alphonso of Esté, though both sides suffered greatly, and the victors, as well as vanquished, had long reason to lament the loss they sustained.

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When first the Christians in the sanguine field,
Began before their haughty foes to yield,
Thy conquering arms oppos'd the Spanish force,
And check'd their banner in its midmost course;
Whilst thy undaunted youths (a glorious band)
Pursu'd thy steps, to merit from thy hand,
That fateful day their great reward to hold,
The golden falchion and the spurs of gold:
These with such ardour join'd thy arms in fight,
They shar'd each danger, when, with dauntless might,
Thy warlike arm the golden acorns shook,
The yellow and vermilion truncheon broke.
To thee, that guard'st the fleur-de-lys from shame,
To thee alone is due the laurell'd fame;
While, for his Rome Fabritio sav'd bestows
Another wreath to deck thy honour'd brows:
This mighty column of the Roman state,
By thee subdu'd, by thee preserv'd from fate,

Ver. 22. *The golden falchion and the spurs of gold;*] Alphonso rewarded the valour of those who had fought under him with presents of rich swords and spurs, the ornaments of knighthood.

Ver. 25. ..... *the golden acorns shook,*
The yellow and vermilion truncheon broke.] By the golden acorns the poet means Pope Julius II. who bore an oak for his arms, and whose power was greatly shaken by the defeat at Ravenna: by the yellow and vermilion truncheon, said to be broken, is meant the power of Spain, which received a greater wound than that of the church: by the fleur-de-lys is figured the empire of France defended by Alphonso I. duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 29. *While, for his Rome Fabritio sav'd*—] Fabritio Colonna surrendered himself prisoner to Alphonso on condition that he might not be given into the hands of his ancient enemies the French, to which condition Alphonso agreed, and notwithstanding the most earnest solicitations from the French, afterwards generously gave him his liberty, and sent him safe to the Pope. *Eugenico.*

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Gives thee more praise than if thy single hand
Had crush'd the numbers of that threatening band
Who with their blood Ravenna's furrows fed,
Or those, who trembling from their standards fled,
When nought avail'd to chase th' ignoble fear
Of Arragon, Castile, and proud Navarre!
Though many a blessing from our conquest flow'd,
Our arms successful little joy bestow'd,
Too much we mourn'd our Gallic leader slain,
And numerous princes lifeless on the plain;
Who, from beyond where cold the Alps arise,
Had pass'd to guard their kingdoms and allies.
Our weal, our lives we to our conquest owe,
Though dearly won—by this full well we know
The clouds dispers'd, whence Jove prepar'd to shed
The wintry storms on our devoted head.
But ill in joy or festival we share,
When round we hear the cries of deep despair,
From Gallia's widows clad in sable stole,
Down whose wan cheek big tears of anguish roll.
Now comes the hour when Lewis must provide
New leaders his forsaken troops to guide,
When to his country's praise, his vengeful hand
Shall punish those, whose sacrilegious band
Wives, matrons, daughters durst alike invade,
The holy brotherhood and cloister'd maid,
To make each silver vase their impious prize,
While cast on earth their great Redeemer lies!

Ver. 59. *To make each silver vase*—] Alluding to the rapacity of some of the soldiers, who carried off the vessels of the sacrament, and threw the consecrated wafer on the ground.

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Unblest Ravenna! why the victor's power
Didst thou resist?—Why not, in happier hour,
Rather example take from Brescia's fate,
Than Rimini's and sad Faenza's state,
Warn by thy ruin, though Trivultius sage
By Lewis sent, essay'd with words of age
To rule thy people, and persuasive tell,
For crimes like theirs what mighty nations fell?

As now our Gallic king, oppress with cares,
New leaders for his powers encamp'd prepares,
So Spain and Afric's monarchs to provide
Such chiefs as best befit their troops to guide,
From where they long maintain'd their winter's post,
In order summon'd all the numerous host
By squadrons rang'd, t' appoint for every band
Such chosen chieftains as the times demand.
Marsilius first, then Agramant to view
Bids every squadron pass in order due,
Before the rest the Catalans appear,
And Doriphœbus' waving banners rear:
Then march (no more by Fulvirantes led,
Their gallant king by brave Rinaldo dead)
Those of Navarre; the Spanish king's command
Commits them now to Isolero's hand.
Next Balugantes Leon's people leads:
Grandonio then Algarbi's troop precedes,
Marsilius' brother: Falsirones arm'd
The less Castile; around his banner swarm'd

Ver. 84. — *Isolero's hand.*] Isolero, a Spanish knight, one of the personages in Boyardo's poem.

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Those that with Madarasso Seville leave,
And peopled Malaga; from Gades' wave
To where her pastures green Cordova shows,
And Betis o'er his flowery border flows.
Then Stordilano and Tessira lead,
With Barricondo, numbers that succeed,
In proud array—the first Granada sway'd;
The second Ulisbona's rule obey'd;
The third Majorca held—in blood ally'd,
Tessira reign'd a king when Larbin dy'd.
Galicians came, that Maricaldo lost,
On Serpentino fix'd to guide their host;
Then Calatrava, and Toledo's bands,
Whose streaming ensign Sinegon's commands
But late confess'd—with all the tribes that lave
In Guadiana's flood or drink his wave,
Whom Matalista rules—Astorgo's train
By Bianzardin guided, press the plain,
Form'd in one troop—these Piaganza yields;
Those Salamanca and Paloncia's fields;
And those Avila and Zamora send:
Beneath one leader all their ranks extend.
The Saragozan troops and household bands
Of king Marsilius' court, Ferrau commands,
All strongly arm'd, and well in combat known:
Here Malgarino, Balinverno shone.
Here Malzarises and Morgantes, led
By equal fate a foreign soil to tread;
Whom each, of kingdom and of wealth bereav'd,
Marsilius in his regal dome receiv'd.
Here Follicones, great Marsilius' son,
Whose sire to lawless love Almeria won.

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There Doricantes, Analardo here;
And Argalifa and Bavartes near.
The noble earl of Sagontino's name,
And Langhiran esteem'd in fields of fame.
With Archidantes Ammarantes stands;
And Malagur, of all the martial bands
Deep vers'd in guile—with numbers more whose praise
The muse shall blazon in recording lays.
These numbers marshall'd, next in fair review
The chiefs of Agramant their forces drew.
Oran's huge king appear'd upon the plain,
A giant-leader o'er his vassal train.
The following squadron march'd with sorrow fill'd
For Martasin, whom Bradamant had kill'd;
And much they griev'd that ever woman's breath
Should vaunt the king of Garamanta's death.
Marmonda third sends forth her mourning host,
In Gascony their chief Argosto lost:
These leaders slain, king Agramant to guide
The widow'd bands, would other chiefs provide,
Though few he boasts—at length three names arose:
He brave Buraldo and Ormido chose,
With these Arganio, whom at utmost speed
He sent, as time requir'd, the troops to lead.
Arganio rules the Libicanian train,
Who wept for sable Dudrinasso slain.
With eyes cast downward and with cloudy hue,
Brunello brings his Tingitanian crew:
For since beneath the near o'ershading wood,
Where on the rock Atlantes' castle stood,
He lost to Bradamant the fatal ring,
He liv'd disgrac'd with Afric's potent king;

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And had not Isolero, who beheld
Brunello bound, to Agramant reveal'd
The truth at full, a gibbet had receiv'd
The wretched culprit, and of life bereav'd.
The king to mercy by their prayers dispos'd,
Releas'd the fatal noose already clos'd;
But solemn vow'd, the next offence he gave,
No plea again his forfeit life should save.
Next Farurantes see! with him a force
Maurina sends of mingled foot and horse.
Libanio, near, his new-made king defends;
And with him Constantina's troop attends.
On him, but late, the crown and golden rod
Which Pinadorus bore, the king bestow'd.
Hesperia's nation Soridano leads:
With those of Setta Dorilon proceeds.
O'er Nasamoni's Pulian's hand presides,
Amonia's train king Agricaltes guides.
Fizana's race Malabuferzo shows:
The following troop to Finadurus owes
Its martial discipline, who brings the bands
From far Canaria and Morocco's sands.
Balastro leads the powers who lately knew
Tardocco king—two squadrons these pursue
From Mulga and Arzilla—this retains
Its ancient lord; to that no more remains
Its leader mourn'd; brave Chorineus try'd,
His ancient friend, the king elects their guide.
O'er Almansilla, where Tanfirion reign'd,
Caicus now the kingly power obtain'd:
To Rimedon he gave Galicia's land:
Then Balinfrontes came with Casca's band.

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The rule o'er those who came from Bolga's field,
(Clarindo lost) to Mirabald he yields.
Next Baliverso march'd, and not a name
Of all the throng so stain'd the list of fame.
No nobler banner through the camp was spread,
Than that which valiant sage Sobrino led.
Through all the host could few with him compare,
In tents to counsel, or in fields to dare.
The troops by Gualciotto late display'd,
Now Rodomont's imperious rule obey'd;
Of horse and foot he led united powers,
New rais'd by Agramant, from Afric's shores.
What time the sun obscur'd his glorious light
In dreadful tempests of surrounding night,
From mountain billows his afflicted band,
But three days since, he safely brought to land.

Ver. 197. *What time the sun obscur'd*—] The character of Rodomont is continued from the Orlando Innamorato; the features are the same in both poets, and appear to originate in the Mezentius of Virgil. Boyardo relates, that Rodomont, after having waited some days at Algiers for a fair wind to embark his troops for France, at length compelled the pilot to leave the port in the middle of the night with his whole fleet, when he met with a terrible storm, and that while the rest were imploring Heaven for their safety, he vented his fury and impatience in blasphemies, according to what Ariosto says of him further in this book, ver. 875.

.....when others to the skies
Breathe fervent prayers, he God's high power defies.

The fleet having been some time tost about at the mercy of the waves, at length made the coast of France, where the landing of the troops was for some time opposed by the Christians; till Rodomont, after incredible efforts of valour, effected a landing, having first lost numbers by the sea and by the enemy.

Orl. Inn. Book ii. C. vi.

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No bolder Saracen in all their host,
No stronger warrior Afric's camp could boast;
Nor midst their countless legions could they show
To Christian faith a more inveterate foe,
And Paris more his cruel prowess fear'd,
Than all the forces that combin'd appear'd,
By Agramant and by Marsilius led,
Their hostile banners on our plains to spread.
Then Prusion, Alvarecchia's king proceeds:
Zuma's great sovereign Dardanello leads
His forces next—sure luckless bird of night,
Or crows, or ravens of ill-omen'd flight,
To these from mouldering roof or lonely bower,
Presag'd the chance of some disastrous hour!
For heaven decrees to-morrow's fatal field,
Shall see each chief his life in battle yield.
The squadrons past, in numerous order train'd,
Save Tremizen and Norway none remain'd:
Of these no martial standards yet appear'd,
Of these no tidings in the field were heard.
When Agramant awhile in anxious thought
Had weigh'd their absence, to his sight was brought
A squire, who serving late (amidst his guard)
The king of Tremizen, the truth declar'd;
That Manilardo and Alzirdo quell'd,
With numbers slaughter'd press'd the sanguine field.
Scarce have I scap'd by headlong flight (he cry'd)
And had not Fortune turn'd his course aside,
The knight (O king!) whose conquering arm alone
O'erthrew these troops, had all your camp o'erthrown.
No more can horse or foot oppose his rage
Than goats or sheep the prowling wolf engage.

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Few days had past, since to the Turkish host
A champion came, in arms his country's boast;
None mightier strength, or firmer courage knew,
And from the west his glorious birth he drew:
Him Agramant with honours due caress'd,
The valiant heir of Tartary confest,
The son of Agrican, of story'd fame,
And Mandricardo his redoubted name.

Ver. 240.—*Mandricardo*—] This character is a continuation from Boyardo; he was son of Agrican king of Tartary, who laid siege to Albraccá for the love of Angelica, and was slain by Orlando. Boyardo gives the following extravagant account of him.

The pride and cruelty of this prince was such, that, disdaining to reign over any but those that were strong and courageous in battle, he gave command for all others to be put to death; for which cause his subjects fled from their country till the whole land became almost a desert: at length an old man had the courage to remonstrate with him, representing that while he was thus venting his fury on the innocent, he forgot to revenge the death of his father Agrican, killed by Orlando. Mandricardo, struck with the reproach, resolved to go in search of Orlando.

The manner in which he gained possession of the armour of Hector, with the wonders he met with in achieving that adventure, are thus related in the third Book, and first and second Cantos of Orlando Innamorato.

Having committed the government of his kingdom to the care of a vicegerent, he set out one day on foot, and without armour, like a pilgrim, determining to expiate his neglect hitherto by the greatest exertions of valour in encountering every difficulty. Thus travelling alone he passed through Armenia, and came at length to a fountain of green, blue, red, and yellow marble, the water of which was transparent as crystal, and near the fountain stood a pavilion, where he immediately entered with a resolution to seize by force the first horse or armour he should find. No person appeared, but he heard a voice from the fountain that addressed him in these words: "Sir knight, thou art now made a prisoner, thy rash courage has betrayed thee into a danger from which thou never canst escape." Mandricardo, without attending to the voice, continued to search the pavilion, and found a suit of complete armour, with the weapons befitting a knight, and soon perceived a horse

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His deeds had through the world diffus'd his praise;
But one eclips'd each deed of former days;
When at the Syrian fairy's drear abode,
The seat of magic dauntless might be show'd,

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ready caparisoned tyed to a pine-tree. He immediately put on the armour, and mounting the horse, was preparing to depart, when a sudden fire sprung up which consumed the pine-tree, and spreading wider and wider, burnt all the trees and shrubs, the fountain and pavilion alone remaining unhurt: this enchanted fire now began to enclose the knight, and at last seizing on his armour, he felt such intolerable heat, that unable longer to support it, he leaped in fury from his horse, and running to the fountain, plunged himself headlong in the water; but the fire had such effect upon his arms and vesture, that cuirass, helmet, shield, and every part of his dress shrunk to ashes; and he remained naked in the water, where he soon found himself in the embraces of a beautiful lady, who having kissed him, told him that he was prisoner in the fountain of a fairy with Gradasso, Gryphon, Aquilant, and many more; but that if his valour was unshaken, it rested with him to set all the knights at liberty. She told him, that near was a stately castle belonging to a fairy, in which were preserved all the arms of Hector except the sword; that after the death of Hector (whom Achilles slew by treachery) the sword named Durindana, was taken by Penthesilea, was afterwards possessed by Almontes, and then by Orlando. After the destruction of Troy, the armour of Hector came to Æneas, but Æneas by misfortune falling into the power of an inhuman king, who kept him confined in a sepulchre, he was delivered by this fairy, who opened the sepulchre, and as a reward for the service done demanded these arms, which she had ever since kept by enchantment: the lady concluded her account by offering to conduct the knight where he might prove his courage in so marvellous an adventure, as to attempt the conquest of Hector's armour.

Mandricardo, upon hearing this, declared his resolution to undertake the adventure; but expressing some uneasiness at being thus exposed naked, the damsel unbound her hair, and clasping the knight to her, entirely covered herself and him with her long and beautiful tresses: and thus, concealed as with a veil, they issued together from the fountain, and entered the pavilion, where having remained some time, the knight being afresh provided by his companion with horse, armour, and other apparel, and she mounting on a palfrey, they began their journey towards the castle of the fairy; where he was informed that he must first enter the list with Gradasso the fairy's

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Amidst a scene, whose wonders but to hear 245
Would strike the boldest heart with chilling fear,
What time he won the cuirass, which, of yore,
In fields of battle Trojan Hector wore.

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champion, before he was admitted to attempt the conquest of the arms.

Mandricardo being arrived at the castle, engaged Gradasso, and came off victorious, but the night drawing on, the lady told him he must defer the further proof of his valour till morning, as the castle gates would not be opened that night: she then carried him to the palace of a lady that inhabited near, and was accustomed to receive with hospitality all knights and damsels that wandered that way; the lady gave him a courteous welcome; but soon after his arrival her dwelling was attacked by a cruel giant named Malapresa, who was used frequently to molest her: Mandricardo engaged with and slew the giant, and after being refreshed with a night's repose, he and his guide next morning returned to the castle of the fairy, where the enchanted arms were kept.

The knight and his companion having reached the castle, now passed the bridge, and entered the gate without molestation: here as soon as any knight had passed the threshold, he was sworn upon the faith of knighthood to touch with his sword the shield of Hector, which shield, of a bright azure colour, was placed in the middle of a spacious court, supported by a golden pillar, on which were these words: "Do not presume to touch this shield unless thou art another Hector, for he who first bore this shield had not his equal in the world."

The damsel here alighted from her palfrey, and bowed herself with great reverence to the earth, and Mandricardo doing the same by her example, advanced, without meeting with any resistance, to the middle of the court, where drawing his sword he lightly touched the boss of the shield, and immediately a violent earthquake shook the building, accompanied with most dreadful thunder, as if the world was hastening to its final dissolution; a secret portal, called the gate of the treasure, flew open and discovered a field of corn, the blade and ears of which were of gold; but the portal of the east by which they had entered, suddenly closed. The damsel then addressed him thus: Most noble, and valiant knight! no one must ever hope to escape from this place, unless he first shall mow the field of corn, and tear up by the roots that spreading tree, which you see placed in the middle of the field." She had no sooner ended these words, but Mandricardo entered the field with his sword

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This chief the squire's unwelcome tidings heard,
And, fir'd with rage, his haughty visage rear'd;
Resolv'd at once the knight unknown to find,
But kept his purpose secret in his mind,

in hand, and began to cut the corn, when a strange enchantment followed: every ear that fell to the ground became alive, and was immediately changed into the form of some fierce and dreadful animal, a lion, a tiger, or wild boar, and attacked the knight. Mandricardo exerted his utmost valour, but his strength, incredible as it was, must have been at length exhausted in such a conflict, his enemies continually increasing as the ears fell: at length, stooping down, he took a stone in his hand, which stone was enchanted, though the virtue was unknown to him: he cast this among the army of beasts, and immediately they attacked each other with great fury, and in a few hours the knight beheld his formidable assailants slain by themselves.

Mandricardo then prepared to pursue the adventure and root up the tree that had a thousand branches, every branch covered with blossoms: he grasped the trunk and endeavoured with all his force to tear it from the ground, while, as he shook it, the leaves and blossoms fell in great abundance round him, and, as they fell, changed into every species of ravenous birds, ravens, falcons, vultures, and eagles; all which assailed the knight, and, notwithstanding he was covered and defended by his armour, so effectually molested him, that it was long before he could, with his utmost efforts, put an end to his labour. At length, redoubling his force, he tore the tree up by the roots, and suddenly a loud thunder was again heard, and a rushing wind arose that beat all his feathered enemies to the ground. Turpin relates that the wind issued from the womb of the earth, where the root was buried, and the ponderous stones were hurled aloft as if cast from an engine. The champion then cast his eyes down, and beheld an enormous serpent issuing from this subterraneous cave with one head, but branching into ten distinct bodies. Mandricardo, eager to put a speedy end to the adventure, attacked the serpent with his sword, and aimed a stroke at his head, but the scales, which were impenetrable, defeated his intent. The monster then leaped upon the knight, and winding two of his tails round the champion's legs, others round his body, and others round his arms, drew him forcibly to the earth, and fixing his teeth in Mandricardo's side, began to crush his armour like some brittle substance. The knight, exerting all his remaining strength, struggling with the monster, at last fell with him into the cave, and by good fortune

Whate'er the cause—perchance he fear'd his thought
Disclos'd, in others like design had wrought.
He bade to ask the squire, what vestments o'er
His mailed arms, the dreaded champion bore;

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falling with all his weight upon the serpent's head, crushed him to death in an instant.

The serpent being dead, the knight examined the cave on all sides, and by the light of a carbuncle discovered it to be a sepulchre cut out of a rock, covered over and adorned with coral, amber, silver, and gold. In the middle appeared a kind of tomb of polished ivory, supported by a gold and azure dragon: on the tomb appeared to lie an armed knight, but, upon nearer inspection, instead of a body was deposited the empty armour: this was the armour so celebrated of Hector, but without the shield or sword; the first, as has been related, was suspended to the golden pillar in the court of the castle, and the last was in the hands of Orlando: these arms were of most inestimable value, adorned with pearls and emeralds, and in the front of the helmet was the large carbuncle which gave light to all that gloomy habitation.

While Mandricardo was gazing with admiration on these unparalleled arms, he heard a noise behind him; when suddenly a gate opened, and many damsels issuing forth with instruments of various sorts, congratulated the warrior in songs and dances for the great victory which he had obtained, and having finished their songs and dances fell on their knees before him. Then one of them rising, gave the knight infinite praises for the achievement of so perilous an adventure, and two other damsels, having disarmed him, led him out of the cave, then covering him with a mantle of fine silk, and scenting him with the most exquisite perfumes, they resumed their songs and dances, and reconducted him by a staircase of marble into the palace where the shield of Hector was suspended in the court; and here he found a great number of knights and ladies assembled, who, as soon as Mandricardo appeared, paid every honour to him as a prince. In the midst of this company, on a rich throne sate the fairy, who calling the victor before her, spoke to him thus: "Sir knight, thou hast this day won a treasure that has not its equal in the world; but as it behoves thee to add to these arms the sword, thou must here swear to me upon thy faith, that thou wilt by force take from the earl Orlando the enchanted sword Durindana, formerly the property of Hector; and know that till thou hast achieved this adventure, thou shalt not wear by thy side any other weapon, or place the regal crown

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To this he answer'd—Black his mournful vest,
Black was his shield and unadorn'd his crest:
And true he spoke, for with dejected mind,
Orlando left his blazon'd shield behind,
That by his outward garb might stand reveal'd
The hidden sorrows which his breast conceal'd.

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on thy head: but take heed never to be deprived of the silver eagle painted on that glorious shield, for remember that in possessing these arms and that device, thou hast the noblest treasure that ever recompensed the valour of a knight."

King Mandricardo then, making a low obeisance to the fairy, pledged the oath imposed upon him, and immediately the damsels, in her presence, buckled on him the famous armour: the knight, being completely armed, took leave of the fairy, having thus dissolved the enchantment by which many lords and knights had been so long detained, among whom were Isolero the Spanish knight, king Gradasso, young Gryphon, and his brother Aquilant. Gradasso and Mandricardo departed together from the castle of the fairy, and performed many and great exploits before they arrived in France." *Orl. Inn.* Book iii. c. i. ii.

This adventure of Mandricardo exhibits one of the most romantic stories of chivalry, at the same time attended with many circumstances that speak strongly to the imagination: it is to be observed, that although Ariosto has taken up the general story of Boyardo, and continued the same characters, yet he has no fiction so out of nature in all his poem, unless we except the battle between Astolpho and Orilo, (Book xv.) which is not of his own invention, but taken up and continued from Boyardo.

In the Fairy Queen is a passage not unlike that part of Boyardo, where Mandricardo is burnt with the enchanted fire, and leaps into the fountain. Pyrrochles, having been engaged with Furor, contracts an inward heat that seems to prey upon his vitals, and seeks relief by plunging into the water.

..... to the flood he came,
There without stop or stay, he fiercely leapt
And deep himself beducked in the same.
.....
I burn, I burn, I burn! then loud he cry'd,
O how I burn with implacable fire!
Yet nought can quench my inly flaming side, &c.
Fairy Queen, B. ii. c. v.

To Mandricardo late a beauteous steed
The king Marsilius gave, of generous breed,
His colour bay, but black his feet and mane,
His dam of Friza, and his sire of Spain.
This, Mandricardo sheath'd in steel, bestrode,
And spurr'd impetuous o'er th' field, and vow'd
To view the camp no more, till he survey'd
The unknown knight in sable arms array'd.

Soon many a wretch he met that smit with dread,
From fierce Orlando's prowess trembling fled:
One mourn'd a son's, and one a brother's death,
Before their eyes depriv'd of vital breath:
Speechless and pale around the plain they rov'd,
While every face their dastard terrors prov'd.

Ere far he pass'd, he came where he beheld
A dreadful field with sanguine torrents swell'd,
And mingled carnage, where too plain appear'd
What Agramant so late with anguish heard.
The warrior cast his angry eyes around,
Survey'd the slain, and measur'd every wound
With greedy gaze, while envy rent his breast,
To see such numbers by one hand opprest.
As when a wolf or mastiff gains the field,
Where sturdy hinds the labouring ox have kill'd,
When dogs and fowls have rent the flesh away,
And only left the fragments of their prey,
The hoofs and hide: the longing beast in vain
Beholds the spoils: Thus on the reeking plain
The cruel Pagan stood, and curs'd his fate,
That brought him to the feast of death so late.

That day and half the next, in eager thought,
Enquiring oft, the sable knight he sought;

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When, lo! he view'd a meadow, crown'd with shade,
Where a deep stream with circling waters stray'd:
Thus fair Otricoli the Tyber laves,
And near encloses with circumfluent waves.
To guard the narrow pass, a numerous band
Of hardy warriors, clad in armour, stand.
The Pagan asks what chief had thither sent
So strong a force, and what the concourse meant?
To him their leader scorn'd not to reply,
Mov'd with his lordly speech; whose presence high,
And arms, enrich'd with gold and gems, proclaim,
Some mighty warrior, not unknown to fame.

Ver. 297. *Thus fair Otricoli the Tyber laves,*] A piece of land near Rome, where the Tyber winding forms a peninsula.

Ver. 305. *And arms, enrich'd with gold and gems,*—] Boyardo gives a most splendid description of these arms of Hector, in the adventure related in the former note: the words of Berni are,

Forbite eran quell' armi luminose,
Ch'el occhio a pena soffre di vederle,
Fregiate d'oro, e pietre preziose,
Di rubini, emeraldi, e grosse perle.
Mandricardo le voglie avea bramose,
E' mill' anni gli pare indosso averle:
Se le volge per man, si meraviglia,
Ma sopra tutto all'elmo alza la ciglia.

In cima all'elmo, d'oro era un lione.
Ch'un breve avea d'argento in una zampa,
Di sotto a lui pur d'oro era il torchione,
Con vente sei formagli d'una stampa;
Nell'mezzo della fronte era il carbone,
Ch'a guisa rilucca di chiara lampa,
Faceva lume, com' è sua natura,
Per ogni canto della grotta scura.

Orl. Inn. Lib. iii. c. ii.

These glorious arms were polish'd beamy bright,
That scarce the eyes could bear the flashing light,
Bedeck'd with gold and many a costly stone,
Where rubies, mix'd with pearls and emeralds, shone.

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Sent by our lord (he cry'd) we hither bring
The royal daughter of Granada's king;
Whom now, though scarce the tidings yet have spread,
He gives to bless the king of Sarza's* bed. 310

* Rodomont.

Fierce Mandricardo with impatience glow'd
To feel his limbs sustain the radiant load.
He turn'd the ponderous mail with looks amaz'd,
But on the helmet chief in rapture gaz'd:
A golden lion on the crest dispos'd,
A silver label in his paw inclos'd:
Beneath the crest was seen a wreath of gold,
Enrich'd with sparkling studs of semblant mold.
Full in the front the carbuncle appear'd,
Whose ruddy blaze the lonely dwelling clear'd,
And (such its wondrous kind) a light display'd
That pierc'd the murky grotto's dismal shade.

"In this manner (says Mr. Upton) Sir Tristram feeds his eyes with the bright spoils and goodly armour of a dead knight, handling them and turning them a thousand ways.

But Tristram then despoiling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of praise,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair sight
Of the bright metal shining like sun rays,
Handling and turning them a thousand ways, &c.
Fairy Queen, B. vi. c. iii.

"It seems to me that Mr. Pope, when he translated that beautiful passage in Homer, where Thetis brings to her son his arms, just as they came from the forge of Vulcan, had his eye on this passage of Spenser, for he uses his words; the verses are very harmonious, and well worth transcribing.

Then drops the radiant burthen on the ground,
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around;
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes;
Unmov'd the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow:
He turns the radiant gift and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
Iliad xix. ver. 15.

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When evening casts her welcome shadows round,
And grasshoppers surcease their grating sound,
We to her sire encamp'd shall lead the maid,
Meanwhile she lies repos'd in yonder shade.
But he, whose daring heart the world despis'd,
Resolv'd to prove how far these warriors priz'd
Their sovereign's treasure; if their force avail'd
To guard their mistress, or in combat fail'd.
He thus—The virgin doubtless then is fair:
Fain would I view the charge that claims your care;
Lead me to her, or here the dame convey,
For haste forbids me longer to delay.
What madness has thy better thoughts misled—
Granada's captain said—nor further said:
The Tartar plac'd his eager spear in rest,
Which furious rush'd against the speaker's breast:
Before the stroke the shatter'd cuirass flies,
And, prone on earth, a lifeless corse he lies.

This passage in Homer has been borrowed by Virgil, where Venus is in like manner introduced bringing armour to her son.

Ille dese donis, et tanto lætus honore,
Expleri nequit, atque oculos per singula volvit,
Miraturque, interque manus et brachia versat
Terribilem cristis galeam, flammasque vomentem,
Fatiferumque ensem loricam ex ære rigentem,
Sanguineam, ingentem—.

Æn. Lib. viii.

Proud of the gift he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight:
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm that vomits radiant fires.
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold;
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright—

Dryden, v. 819.

See *Upton's* Notes on Spenser.

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The son of Agrican his spear regain'd,
Nor other weapon in the field sustain'd:
No sword nor mace he held: that fated hour,
When, won by conquest, Hector's arms he bore,
The sword he miss'd, and vow'd that never blade
Should grace his side (nor vain the vow he made)
Save Durindana, by Almontes borne,
Orlando's now, and once by Hector worn.
Great was the courage of the Tartar knight,
On such unequal terms to wage the fight.
Who dares dispute my pass? (enrag'd he cries)
And with couch'd spear amid their battle flies.
This drew the sword, that plac'd the lance in rest,
And round him close the furious numbers press'd.
In heaps they fell—at length the javelin broke,
The broken truncheon in each hand he took.
As Hebrew Sampson, wielding in his hand
The fatal jaw, o'erthrew the hostile band
Of stern Philistines—shields and helmets fly;
And oft at once the horse and horseman die.
To death these wretches run with headlong pace,
Nor though one falls, another shuns his place.
Less hard it seem'd to yield their vital breath,
Than thus to perish by so strange a death:
Nor could they bear, beneath a splinter'd spear
To fall, and lose whate'er in life was dear;
To perish thus like frogs or hissing snakes,
In reedy marshes or entangled brakes.
But since, by fatal cost, too well they find
That cruel still is death of every kind,
Two-thirds already kill'd, the remnant-train
Attempt t' escape in safety from the plain:

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But the fierce Saracen their flight withstood,
And still insatiate, thirsting still for blood,
Disdain'd that one amidst the trembling band
Should 'scape with life from his destroying hand.
As in the open fields, or sunny meads,
The brittle stubble and the spiky reeds
Resist but little, when the wary hind
Kindles the flame, to which the northern wind
Gives double force, till wide around it preys
And all the furrows crackle in the blaze:
So these alike in vain defence engage
With haughty Mandricardo's dreadful rage.
Soon as the passage freed the champion view'd,
Where late the centry to defend it stood,
Amid the new worn path, with eager tread,
He press'd the turf by sounds of sorrow led
And loud laments, to judge how truly Fame
Had rais'd the beauties of Granada's dame.
Where the stream winding gave the Pagan way
He pass'd, while round him slaughter'd warriors lay;
Till midst the mead his matchless prize he found,
The gentle Doralis with beauty crown'd;
So was she nam'd—beneath its ancient shade,
An oak's rough trunk sustain'd the trembling maid.
Her tears, like springs that unexhausted flow,
Fell trickling down, and stain'd her breast of snow,
And on her features plain reveal'd appear'd,
She wept for others, for herself she fear'd.
Her fears redoubled, when the knight she view'd
With visage stern, and arms with blood bedew'd,
Blood of her friends: her wailings rent the sky;
Her sad attendants join'd the piercing cry;

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Whom, added to her train, a parent's care
Had round her plac'd to tend the royal fair;
Sage matrons, squires, and dames (a chosen band)
The best and fairest of Granada's land.
Soon as the Tartar prince that face beheld,
Whose charms the brightest charms of Spain excell'd;
That ev'n in grief can spread the flame of Love;
(How must she then in joy each bosom move!)
He conquers but to yield: enrapt he stands,
A willing prisoner in his captive's hands.
Yet would he not so far her empire own,
To yield his right in arms so lately won.
Though lost in woe, he hopes by love's soft wiles,
To change her grief to joy, her tears to smiles.
Then on a milk-white steed without delay,
He seats the damsel to pursue his way:
But first, in gentle words he bids adieu
To dames, to squires, and all the weeping crew.
Henceforth in me will be her guard (he cries)
I shall, her squire, her lord, her mate suffice
At every need—my friends, farewell!—They hear,
And helpless part with many a sigh and tear.
What grief, what anguish (to themselves they said)
Will pierce her father's soul! what thoughts invade
Her consort's breast! What vengeance shall assuage
His cruel pangs, and sate his dreadful rage!
Why comes he not at this disastrous hour?
O! were he here, from yon Barbarian power
Ere yet too late, to save from foul disgrace
Th' illustrious blood of Stordilano's race!
The Tartar, happy in his prize obtain'd,
A prize by fortune and by valour gain'd,

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Abates the speed, with which so late he press'd
T' o'ertake the champion of the sable vest.
By slow degrees his former zeal declin'd,
Far other thoughts revolving in his mind,
To reach some kind retreat, and ease the smart
His youthful bosom felt for Cupid's dart.

Meantime he sooths his fair-one's grief and fears,
Whose cheeks and lovely eyes are wet with tears:
Full oft he feigns, and vows her beauty's fame
Long in his soul had fed the growing flame;
That, for her sake, he left his realm and crown,
Whose rule extends to lands of far renown,
Not to contemplate France or Spain (he cries)
But the soft beauties of her beaming eyes.
If love unfeign'd may ever hope to prove
The virgin's smiles—I merit then your love:
If high descent—who nobler can aspire?
I boast the mighty Agrican my sire.
If wealth or power—what name exceeds my own?
In empire I submit to God alone:
If valour—well my deeds to day declare
My valour pleads my title to the fair.

These words, and many more which love had taught,
In Doralis, with soft persuasion, wrought
A gentle change, till freed from former fear
With less restraint she seem'd his suit to hear;
When yielding by degrees, and courteous grown,
She gives him answers in a milder tone;
Nor on his face disdains sometimes to bend
Her languid eyes, where pity seems to blend
With young desire: The Pagan hence, whose heart
Had oft confess'd the painful pleasing smart,

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Drew certain omens that the beauteous dame
Would not for ever scorn his amorous flame.
Thus journeying on, in thought elate and gay,
With Doralis, companion of his way,
The hour advanc'd, when friendly night prepares
Its balmy rest to banish mortal cares:
Now half conceal'd the sinking sun he views,
And with redoubled haste his course pursues,
Till distant sounds of rustic pipes he hears,
And curling smoke from village roofs appears:
There harmless shepherds hold their humble seat,
No sumptuous dwelling, but a calm retreat.
The master of the herds with simple grace
Welcom'd the knight and damsel to the place;
Who pleas'd his welcome heard; for not alone
In towns and courts are courteous manners known;
Full oft in wilds, beneath the lonely shed
Of Nature's sons, are social virtues bred.
What pass'd beneath the night's all covering shade
Between the Tartar prince and blooming maid
I dare not now reveal—let each surmise
Those truths which here we veil from vulgar eyes:
Yet either seem'd all difference to compose,
For light and blithsome with the morn they rose.
And Doralis her grateful thanks express'd
To him, whose roof receiv'd her for his guest.
Thence, roving on, from place to place they stray'd,
At length they came, where near a bowery shade
To reach the sea, with silent course and slow,
A river flow'd, yet scarcely seem'd to flow:
So clear, so pure the stream; the sands so bright;
The channel lay reveal'd to every sight.

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Here in cool shelter, on the banks reclin'd,
Two warriors and a dame unknown they find.
The genius that forbids me to pursue
One path unchang'd, here leads my steps anew
To where the Moors their thousand banners rear,
(With shouts and clamours deafening Gallia's ear)
Round the high tent, where king Troyano's son,
With haughty pride defies th' Imperial throne:
Where Sarza's* monarch threats to wrap in flame
Fair Paris' walls, and raze the Roman name.
Now heard king Agramant that England's powers
Had pass'd the narrow seas from Britain's shores:
Marsilius, Garbo's ancient king, and all
The Pagan leaders, at the herald's call
In council meet: and in one voice unite,
Against the walls to bend their strongest might;
For well they knew that Paris ne'er would yield,
When once th' expected aids had reach'd the field.
Unnumber'd scaling-ladders they prepare,
And every engine of besieging war.
Above the rest the king unweary'd goes,
The first and second squadron to dispose:
Himself resolves with these th' assault to make,
And every toil and danger to partake.
Ere yet th' assault began, the Christian lord
In Paris' walls with holy rites implor'd

* Rodomont.

Ver. 490. *Two warriors and a dame*—] He pursues this story, Book xxiii. ver. 518.

Ver. 513. *Ere yet th' assault began,*—] The acts of devotion here described to be exercised by the Christian leader, appear to be imitated by Tasso, particularly in the solemn procession at the be-

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Th' offended powers; and rang'd in meet array
The priests and brethren, sable, white, and grey,
Sung fervent hymns; while those repentant bands,
By pure confession snatch'd from Stygian hands,
In blest communion join'd the dear repast,
As if th' ensuing morn were doom'd their last.
Th' Imperial chief, on pious acts intent,
By peers and senators surrounded, went,
By knights and princes, to the loftiest fane,
Himself th' example to his subject train;
There, with clasp'd hands, and eyes to Heaven addrest,
He pray'd—O God! though sins pollute my breast,
Yet let not these for present vengeance call,
Lest, through my guilt, thy faithful people fall.
If 'tis decreed that thy Almighty hand
Must deal those sufferings which our crimes demand,
At least awhile thy righteous ire forego,
Nor let thine enemies inflict the blow.
Should these subdue us, while we boast the grace
Of Christian faith, esteem'd thy favour'd race,
The Heathen world that power may useless call
Which lets its votaries unaided fall:
For one that now rejects thy hallow'd name,
Behold a hundred then thy faith disclaim!
So Babel's laws o'er all mankind shall spread,
And pure Religion hide her sacred head.
Preserve thy chosen flock—lo! these the bands
That freed thy sepulchre from impious hands:

ginning of the eleventh book, which is perhaps one of the finest passages in the Jerusalem Delivered.

Ver. 516.—*sable, white, and grey,*] Milton, in his Limbo of Vanity, "Black, white, and grey."

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Lo! these the chiefs—that oft have stood prepar'd
Thy blameless pastors and thy Church to guard.
Too well we feel when we for mercy pray,
Against our faults how light our merits weigh:
But let thy grace our deep contrition wake,
Our souls will soon a second nature take:
Nor can we doubt thy saving help to find,
Thy help so oft bestow'd on lost mankind.

So spoke the prince devout, and meekly pour'd
His fervid vows to Heaven's eternal Lord,
With heart-felt anguish, such as well became
Himself, his danger, and his regal name.
Nor was his humble suit in vain addrest,
The guardian Angel, in his seats of rest,
Receives the prayer, then spreads his hallow'd wings,
And to his Saviour's ear the offering brings.
Unnumber'd vows that instant thus preferr'd
By those blest spirits, Heaven's Eternal heard:
At this the souls in endless bliss above,
With features blending pity, peace, and love,

Ver. 556. *The guardian angel,—*] Not unlike this passage is the beginning of Book xi. Paradise Lost, where Milton represents our first parents addressing their supplications to Heaven after the fall.

> ..... To Heav'n their prayers
> Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
> Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
> Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad
> With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
> By their great Intercessor, came in sight,
> Before the Father's throne, them the glad Son
> Presenting .....

Ver. 561. *At this the souls in endless bliss above,*] Ariosto mentions the compassion of the blessed saints and angels for the sufferings of man.

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All turn'd to him, the source of endless grace,
With one request to save the Christian race.
The Goodness Infinite, whose ear to gain
The upright heart has never pray'd in vain,
Cast round his pitying eye, and with his hand
Call'd faithful Michael from th' Angelic band;
Then thus he spoke—Go! seek the Christian power,
With friendly vessels brought from England's shore;

..... Come gli ascoltar l'anime sante,
Depinte di pietà il viso pio,
Tutti miraro il sempeterno amante, &c.

Milton, in like manner, represents the angels as sympathizing with the miseries of mankind at the fall.

..... Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.
Par. Lost, B. x. v. 21.

Ver. 569. — *Go! seek the Christian power,*] The whole conduct of this admirable machine has been greatly extolled by Dryden in the following passage of the notes to his translation of Virgil. "The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets, is in Ariosto, where God commands St. Michael to take care that Paris, then besieged by the Saracens, should be succoured by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the Archangel to find Silence and Discord. The first to conduct the Christian army to relieve the town, with so much success, that their march should not be discovered; the latter to enter the camp of the Infidels, and there to sow dissention among the principal commanders. The heavenly messenger takes his way to an ancient monastery, not doubting there to find Silence in her* primitive abode; but instead of Silence finds Discord: the Monks, being divided into factions, about the choice of some new officer, were at snic and snee with their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observed, that ambition, jealousy, and worldly interest, and point of honour, had made variance both in the cloister and the camp; and strict discipline had done the work of Silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks." Note to ivth Georgic, ver. 660.

* Ariosto makes Silence of the male gender.

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Lead these to Paris from the distant coast,
Unheard, unnotic'd, by the Pagan host.
Find Silence first—command him to prepare
Whate'er befits with thee the task to share—
Such is my will—then seek a different road,
Where in her cavern Discord makes abode:
Bid her with speed her steel and fuel take,
And in the Moorish camp new flames awake;
Amongst the chiefs for mightiest prowess known,
Let every seed of wild debate be sown;
Let war intestine, mutual death succeed,
Let some be captives, some in combat bleed,
And some, in rage, self-exil'd from the host,
Their sovereign leave to mourn his champions lost.
He said: The blessed Angel nought replies,
But swift t' obey his heavenly Maker flies:
Where'er his course the radiant envoy steers,
The clouds disperse, the troubled ether clears:
And round him plays a circling blaze of light,
Such as when meteors stream thro' dusky night.
While still he ponders in his zealous mind
Where best this enemy of speech to find;
At length he deems that Silence sure may dwell
With monks and abbots in the cloister'd cell,
The church's hallow'd walls; where never ear
Might other sound than chanted psalters hear:

Ver. 585.—*The blessed Angel*—] The Italian has—*benedetto augel*—blessed bird——an expression not to be hazarded in English, and which seems reprehensible in any language. So Dante

..... Augel divino .....

Parad. C. ii.

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Where, fed with slender meals, each quiet sleeps,
Where every room inscrib'd the name of Silence keeps.
To meet him there he certain hope assumes,
And moves with speed increas'd his golden plumes;
Nor him alone, but there expects to find
Fair Peace and Charity together join'd.
No Silence there he found, he view'd alone
His name enroll'd, himself no longer known:
Nor Peace, nor Charity was there to see,
Nor Love, nor Faith, nor meek Humility;
These held their station there in days of yore,
But now, long since expell'd, are seen no more.
For these, Wrath, Av'rice, Gluttony, and Pride,
Sloth, Cruelty, and Envy there reside.
The Angel, wond'ring at a sight so new,
Saw Discord soon amidst the brutal crew,
Her, in whose search, he meant, at Heaven's command
T' explore Avernus' ever mournful strand;
And lo! he finds her now (most strange to tell)
Midst prayers and masses in this earthly hell.
He knew her by the vesture's hundred dyes,
Of lists unnumber'd of unequal size,
Which rent in shreds, but ill those limbs conceal'd
By every step or breath of wind reveal'd.
Her uncomb'd hairs seem'd constant strife to hold,
Of various hues, black, silver, brown, and gold.
Some hung in ringlets, some in knots were ty'd;
Her bosom some, and some her shoulders hide:
Her hands and lap a countless medley bore
Of writs, citations (an exhaustless store!)
Oppression's various forms, that make the poor
In cities never find their state secure.

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Before, behind, on either side her stand
Attornies, notaries,—a brawling band!
Here Michael call'd, and bade her instant go
To seek where lay encamp'd the Pagan foe,
And every art essay, that might engage
Their bravest knights in strife and deathful rage.
For Silence then he ask'd, of whom full well
He deem'd that Discord might some tidings tell;
As one, who still on kindling flames intent,
Through every land of earth's wide region went.
Amidst my travel (Discord thus replies)
That Silence never yet has met my eyes:
Though oft his name from many I have heard,
Oft heard his praise for craft and guile preferr'd;
But Fraud, sometime the partner of his way,
Our comrade here, can best his haunts betray—
Lo! where she stands—She said, and pointing show'd
Where Fraud appear'd amidst the motley crowd.
Her garb was decent, lovely was her face,
Her eyes were bashful, sober was her pace;
With speech, whose charms might every heart assail,
Like his who gave the blest salute of—hail!
But all deform'd and brutal was the rest,
Which close she cover'd with her ample vest,
Beneath whose folds, prepar'd for bloody strife,
Her hand for ever grasp'd a poison'd knife.
Of her the Angel ask'd, and Fraud reply'd:
Silence was wont with Virtue to reside,
With Benedict and old Elias' train,
In convents where religion first began:

Ver. 657.—*Benedict—Elias*] "He here speaks of the monasteries that were founded under the names of Benedict and Elias. Benedict

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Much time he chose in learned schools to pass,
With Architas and wise Pythagoras:
But when those saints and sages were no more,
That kept him true to Wisdom's righteous lore,
His godly customs learnt he soon forsook,
And to new paths his wandering feet betook.
Fond lovers first at midnight hour he pair'd;
Then, mix'd with thieves, in all their counsels shar'd.
With Treason oft he dwells, and him I view'd
Late join'd with Murder stain'd in human blood.
With coiners has he oft been known to dwell
Remote from view, in some sequester'd cell.
So much he shifts his partners and his place,
'Tis hard t' affirm where best his steps to trace:
Yet have I hope to guide your course aright:
Go—seek, when shade proclaims the middle night,
The house of Sleep, there may'st thou Silence find,
Where oft he rests remote from human kind.
Though Fraud was ever wont in lies to deal,
Yet here such seeming truth her words reveal,

---

was of Norcino, and built his first monastery on mount Cassino, where he lived a most exemplary life. Elias was the prophet spoken of in Holy Scripture, who is believed by many to be still living in the terrestrial paradise with St. John and Enoch: he lived a long time on Mount Carmel, from which circumstance originated the order of the Carmelites."

Porcacchi.

Ver. 660. — *Architas — Pythagoras.* —] Pythagoras, an ancient philosopher of great celebrity, who enjoined his scholars five years silence at their entrance into his school: he taught women as well as men. Architas was his disciple, who was likewise a great philosopher, and well skilled in mathematics. He is said to have invented a dove of wood, that by the action of mechanical powers, kept itself suspended in the air: he was a great friend of Plato.

Porcacchi.

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The Angel trusts her faith, nor longer stays,
But speeding from the convent, wide displays
His rapid wings to reach by noon of night
The house of Sleep with unremitting flight.
A pleasing vale beneath Arabia's skies,
From peopled towns and cities distant lies:
Two lofty mountains hide the depth below,
Where ancient firs and sturdy beeches grow.
The sun around reveals his chearing day,
But the thick grove admits no straggling ray
To pierce the boughs: immers'd in secret shades,
A spacious cave the dusky rock pervades.
The creeping ivy on the front is seen,
And o'er the entrance winds her curling green.
Hore drowsy Sleep has fix'd his noiseless throne,
Here Indolence reclines his limbs o'ergrown
Through sluggish ease; and Sloth, whose trembling feet
Refuse their aid and sink beneath her weight.
Before the portal dull Oblivion goes,
He suffers none to pass, for none he knows.
Silence maintains the watch, and walks the round
In shoes of felt, with sable garments bound;
And oft as any thither bend their pace,
He waves his hand, and warns them from the place.
The Angel gently whisper'd in his ear:
Heaven bids thee now (and Heaven's high mandate hear!)
Conduct Rinaldo, with his social powers.
In aid of Charles, to Paris' lofty towers:

Ver. 663. *A pleasing vale*—] This fine description of the house of Sleep appears to be partly taken from Ovid and Statius, but varied with such circumstances as to make the picture in a manner Ariosto's own.

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Be such their march, so wary and so still,
That not a sound the Pagan's ear may fill:
Till, ere loud Fame bespeak the Christians near,
Their force shall thunder on the hostile rear.
No answer Silence gave, but bow'd his head
In signal of the heavenly charge obey'd.
Together now they take their speedy flight,
And soon in fruitful Picardy alight.
There Michael urges on each fearless band,
(Wondrous to tell!) so swift from land to land;
Ere day declin'd, to Paris' walls he brought,
The numerous troops, yet not a human thought
Perceiv'd that Heaven the miracle had wrought.
No less attentive, Silence to pursue
Th' important charge, around the legions threw
A darken'd veil to intercept the sight,
Though all the forces march'd in open light,
While the thick cloud forbade each Pagan ear,
The shrill-mouth'd trump or deep-ton'd horn to hear.
While thus, by Silence and the Angel led,
His rapid march the bold Rinaldo sped;
So hush'd, that not a Saracen could know
From rumour's voice the near approaching foe;
King Agramant his numerous foot had plac'd
In suburbs near; where part encamping fac'd
The threaten'd walls, far stretch'd from tower to tower,
In that assault to prove his utmost power.
What countless myriads rang'd in deep array,
That hour combin'd against the Christian sway!
Who these can tell, may tell the plants that grow
On fertile Appenine's o'er-shading brow;

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May number, where the surgy ocean laves
Old Atlas' feet, the Mauritanian waves;
Or count the stars, when Heaven with all its eyes,
At midnight hour the lover's theft descries.
Frequent and deep the hallow'd bells around
With dreadful echo give the warning sound.
In every temple many a hand they rear,
And breathe thro' many a lip the fervent prayer.
Could blest immortals with desiring eyes
Behold that wealth which men so highly prize,
Each saint might hope in future to behold
His votive statue fram'd of purest gold.
The white-hair'd sire deplores his wretched state,
Reserv'd to drain the bitterest dregs of fate;
He calls his lov'd forefathers doubly blest,
Long clos'd in earth and laid for years at rest.
While those whose younger breasts no fears appall,
Advance on every side to guard the wall:
There barons, paladins, and earls, and knights,
Kings, dukes, and lords, with all whom fame incites,
Soldiers from far, or natives of the land,
To die for CHRIST in arms undaunted stand:
All ardent urge the king each bridge to lower,
And on the Saracens their fury pour:

Ver. 740. —*when Heaven with all its eyes,*—] Catullus requesting to receive from Lesbia as many kisses as there are grains of sand on the sea shore, adds,

> Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox
> Furtivos hominum videt amores.

And our Spenser:

> More eath to number with how many eyes,
> High Heaven beholds sad lovers' nightly thieveries.

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With joy he sees the warriors' noble fires,
But prudence checks what patriot zeal inspires.
Meantime he bids in various parts dispose
Their generous ranks against th' invading foes.
Where strong the wall, less thick the troops ascend,
But lines on lines each weaker pass defend.
Some watch the huge machines; and some prepare
With sulph'rous flame to meet the storm of war,
While wary Charles in no fix'd place abides,
But through the works for every chance provides.
  Amidst a spacious plain fair Paris stands,
(The heart of France) and all the realm commands:
A river, that beneath the ramparts glides,
The city parts, but first with branching tides
An island forms, securing from the rest,
Of all the town the strongest and the best:
Each other part (three parts the whole compose)
The fosse, without, and stream, within, enclose.
The city, stretch'd around, in circuit wide,
Might yield a place t' assault on every side;
But Agramant against the western towers
Collects the force of all his threatening powers:
For hence, no realms or forts behind him lay
To distant Spain, but own'd his ample sway.
Far as the walls extend, so far the care
Of Charles is seen the bulwarks to repair.
On mouldering works he bids new works arise,
And every engine of defence supplies.
Where the stream enters, where the town it leaves,
He draws huge chains across the passing waves;
With Argus' eyes the son of Pepin bends
His heedful watch, where Agramant intends

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The great assault; nor could the Pagan crew
Against the Christians their designs pursue:
But soon their foes' preventive care they knew.

Now fierce in arms Marsilius press'd the plain
With all his squadron drawn from distant Spain.
There Serpentino and Ferrau were found,
Grandonio, Isolero, names renown'd,
There Balugantes shone with equal might,
And Falsirones, well approv'd in fight;
There, on the left, beside the winding flood
Of silver Seine, Sobrino, Pulion stood,
With Dardinello, brave Almontes' son,
Oran's huge king, for giant stature known!
Why seems my pen more slow to speak their praise,
Than these their weapons in the field to raise?
There Sarza's king, impatient to engage,
Blasphemes aloud, nor curbs his impious rage.

As eager flies in buzzing legions play,
Midst the warm sunshine of a summer's day,

Ver. 811. *As eager flies*—] Mr. Upton says these similes are after the cast of Homer; and indeed there can be little doubt but Ariosto had in view the simile in the second Iliad, to express the number of the Grecian troops that passed in review.

> ..... thick as insects play,
> The wand'ring nation of a summer's day,
> That drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
> In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers;
> From pail to pail with busy murmur run,
> The gilded legions glitt'ring in the sun.
>
> *Pope*, ver. 552.

Milton has the following,

> Or as a swarm of flies, in vintage-time,
> About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd.
>
> *Parad. Reg.* B. iv.

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Where rural vessels have allur'd their taste,
Or the sweet relicks of a late repast;
As round the rip'ning grapes of purple dye,
The plumy race in busy clusters fly:
So to the fierce assault the Moors repair,
While shouts and barbarous clamours rend the air.
The wary Christians from their rampart's height,
With javelins, darts, and swords, maintain the fight,
With stones and mingled fire; unmov'd they stand,
And scorn the fury of the Pagan band:
And oft as this, now that ill-fated bleeds,
Another fearless to his place succeeds.
Back to the ditch the Saracens withdrew,
So thick the weapons of the faithful flew:
Huge massy fragments from the walls they rend,
And crumbling bulwarks on the foes descend.
From many a hand the boiling streams employ'd,
With dreadful heat the suffering Moors annoy'd;
Resistless pour'd on each advancing crest,
Through the clos'd helmet pierc'd the liquid pest.
Not so the sword can waste—What tongue shall tell,
How from above the lime destructive fell
In dismal clouds! how burning vessels pour'd
Pitch, sulphur, nitre; all their flaming hoard;
Whence hissing torrents sent in tides below,
With fearful ruin gall'd the Pagan foe!
Meantime the king of Sarza brought his powers
(The second band) beneath the Christian towers:

Ver. 839. *Meantime the king of Sarza*—] It has been already said, that the character of Rodomont is drawn closely after Boyardo; the device on his banner is likewise taken by Ariosto from his predecessor.

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With these Buraldo and Ormida went;
That Garamanda, this Marmonda sent.
Beside him Soridon, Clarindo came,
Nor Setta's king declin'd the field of fame.
Morocco's king, and Casco's these pursue,
Resolv'd that all their noble deeds might view.
High on his banner, that with crimson glow'd,
The Sarzan Rodomont a lion show'd,
Whose savage mouth disdain'd not to receive
The curb a courtly damsel seem'd to give;
The beast bespeaks the knight; the beauteous dame
Whose gentle hands the lordly lion tame,
Bespeaks the charms of Stordilano's heir,
Granada's princess, Doralis the fair!
Her, whom so lately Mandricardo won
From all her guards (as well the verse has shown)
And her whom Rodomont had learnt to prize,
Dear as his kingdom, dearer than his eyes!
For whom he wrought such deeds of endless fame;
Nor knew her yielded to a stranger's flame.
At once a thousand ladders rais'd in air,
With crowded steps the swarming soldiers bear:
A second urges him who foremost leads
The daring way, and him a third succeeds.
Through courage some, and some attack through fear;
Though girt with dangers, none must tremble here,
For Rodomont o'erlooks the dreadful fray,
And wounds or kills who dares desert the day.
Thus on the town the thick'ning legions fall,
Through flames and ruins rush to scale the wall.
But while the rest with wary search attend
Where least the foes each guarded pass defend,

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The king of Algiers scorns his arms to wield
But where dire peril frowns upon the field:
In that dread hour, when others to the skies,
Breathe fervent vows, he God's high power defies.
To fence his breast a serpent's jointed scale
Supply'd the corslet tough and plated mail;
These arms his grandsire won, whose impious might
Would Heav'n invade with Babel's towery height:
Who sought to drive th' Almighty from his throne,
And make the empire of the stars his own!
For this intent th' accurs'd blasphemer made
His shield, his helm, and strongly-temper'd blade.
Stern Rodomont a second Nimrod stood,
Like him unconquerable, fierce, and proud:
He little heeds what guards the passes keep,
How strong the bulwarks, or the fosse how deep;
Headlong he plunges in—he wades—he flies—
Above his breast the troubled waters rise.
All drench'd and grim with ooze he makes his way,
While round him arrows, flames, and engines play
In rattling storms—As through the sedgy moor,
Where spreads our Malean plain, the woodland boar

Ver. 876. — *he God's high power defies.*] See the behaviour of Capaneus at the siege of Thebes, who was thunderstruck while he blasphemed Jupiter.

Statius Theb. Book x.

Ver. 885. — *a second Nimrod* —] Boyardo makes Rodomont a descendant of Nimrod, who built the tower of Babel.

Ver. 893. —— *As through the sedgy moor,*
Where spreads our Malean plain,—] A low marshy land in the districts of Ferrara, on the left of the Po, near the sea, abounding at that time with wild boars.

Zatta.

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Lifts his strong chest, around his tusks he throws,
And breaks through all that would his course oppose:
So the fierce Pagan lifts his shield on high,
And scorns the towering walls, and threats the sky.
Now from the fosse stern Rodomont attains
The firmer land, and now the summit gains,
Where the broad ramparts form a platform wide,
To range the Christian files on either side.
Where many a soldier, many a knight and lord
Now feel the edge of his resistless sword.
Head, arms, are lopt—while from the lofty towers
Down the steep fosse the sanguine torrent pours.
His buckler cast behind, he grasp'd his steel
With either hand, and on Arnolpho fell;
A duke who came from where the Rhine, that laves
The neighb'ring meads, is lost in briny waves;
Not more the wretch devoted 'scapes his ire,
Than heaps of sulphur 'scape the wasting fire;
Swift thro' his neck the bloody falchion sped,
There heav'd the dying limbs, here roll'd the gasping head.
Now with a backward stroke the mortal wound
Oldrado, Prando, and Anselmo found,
With Spineloccio—midst the thronging train,
And narrow space, no blow was aim'd in vain.
The Flemings first his dreadful fury feel:
The Normans next bestain his smoking steel.
Orghetto of Maganza sinks to rest:
Aim'd at his front the weapon through his breast
Divides his bleeding corse: Then from above
He Andropino and Moschino drove;

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Headlong they fell—the first was wont to shine
In priestly robes; the last in draughts of wine
Steep'd all his hours: like bane or viper's blood
He shunn'd to taste the cooling limpid flood.
Lo! here he dies, and more regrets his death,
In water's loathsome drench to yield his breath.
Sever'd in two provincial Lewis lies:
Through Arnold of Thoulouse the weapon flies.
Oberto, Claudio, Dionysius pour
Their souls, with Hugo, in a stream of gore.
Near these of Paris four to death succeed:
Ambaldo, Odo, and Gualtoro bleed,
With Satallones—heaps on heaps there fell!
Nor can the Muse their names and country tell.
Not less behind the swarming troops prevail;
They fix the ladders, and the bulwarks scale:
But 'twixt the walls and second rampire steep,
Where sinks the fosse, all horrible and deep,
The Christians from th' interior works renew
A strong defence against the Pagan crew;
With spears and darts they rain an iron cloud,
To check the numbers of th' advancing crowd;
And soon had check'd, but that the dauntless might
Of Ulien's son* inspir'd and urg'd the fight.
He drives them on, and each though loath obeys,
With threatenings these incites, and those with praise:
Who turns a step to fly, his fate receives:
His breast he pierces, or his helm he cleaves;
And down the steep he drives so huge a train,
That scarce the fosse their numbers can contain.

* Rodomont.

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While thus compell'd the rude barbarians go,
Or tumble headlong to the depth below,
The king of Sarza every muscle strains,
And lo! (as if a strength of wing sustains
Each agile member) with a wondrous bound
Leaps o'er the fosse, and lights upon the ground
With all his armour's weight, though yawning wide,
Full thrice ten feet it stretch'd from side to side.
Swift as a greyhound o'er the space he flies,
Nor to his feet the silent earth replies,
So light he leapt—now round his blows he drives,
And the mail'd plate, like brittle substance, rives.
Not more the Sylvan bark a tree defends,
When on its trunk the sounding axe descends:
Thick folds of steel can no defence afford,
Such his huge nerve, and such his sweepy sword.

Meantime our legions in the depth below
Have plac'd their snares to catch th' incautious foe.
Serewood and pitch beneath the banks they hide,
And many a vessel closely rang'd, supply'd
With nitre, oil, or sulphur, to conspire
In one vast blaze to spread the murderous fire.

And now prepar'd each wary soldier stands
To crush the folly of the Moorish bands,
Who blindly from the trench's depth assail,
And strive, with many a ladder rear'd, to scale
The town's last works—when at a signal given
From different parts, the bursting fires are driven
Amid the foe:—huge conflagration rolls
From side to side, and mounting to the poles
Might dry the vapoury moon, while dark as night
hick smoke obscures the sun and blots the light:

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And rumbling peals re-echo long and loud,
Like thunders breaking from a fearful cloud!
Now frantic sounds in mingled tumults rise,
Of dreadful howlings, groans, and dying cries;
As by their leader's cruel rashness slain,
One wretched fate involv'd the Pagan train,
While the flame crackling on their members prey'd,
And with their shrieks a horrid concert made.

But cease we here—nor more the tale prolong,
For my hoarse voice forbids the lengthen'd song.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

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THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the siege of Paris. Astolpho is dismissed with presents from Logistilla, who sends Andronica and Sophrosyne to conduct him safely on his passage home. Their voyage described. Astolpho hears the future glory of Charles V. and many great men of his age. They reach the gulph of Persia, and Astolpho pursues his journey by land: He arrives in Egypt, and is warned by a hermit to shun the dwelling of Caligorant: his adventure with that giant. He finds the magician Orilo engaged in combat with Gryphon and Aquilant, who endeavour in vain to deprive him of life. Astolpho undertakes that adventure. Astolpho, Gryphon, and Aquilant, enter Jerusalem, where they are hospitably received by Sansonetto, the Christian regent. Gryphon hears from a pilgrim unwelcome news of his mistress Origilla.

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THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

GREAT honours every victor must obtain,
Let Fortune give success, or Conduct gain:
Yet oft a battle, won with blood, will yield
Less praise to him who boasts the conquer'd field.
But ever glorious is that leader's name,
And adds new laurels to his martial fame,
Who, while the forces of his foes o'erthrown
Proclaim his might, from loss preserves his own.
Such was the war by thee, my patron, wag'd,
When Leo on the waves had fiercely rag'd,
Had seiz'd each shore from where the Po descends,
And to the sea from Francolino bends.
Though from afar we seem'd his roar to hear,
When present thou, each breast forgot to fear:
Well didst thou teach us victory to gain:
By thee thy friends were sav'd, thy foes were slain.

Ver. 12.—*Francolino*—] A place forty miles from the mouth of the Po.

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Not so the Pagan chief who rashly bent
On Christian slaughter, down the deep descent
Compell'd unpitying his reluctant powers,
Where the dire flame the hapless band devours.
The fosse, though large, could scarce the throng receive,
But while the raging fires of life bereave
Each struggling wretch, on every limb they prey
Till shrunk to little space the mingled ashes lay.
Here thousands, as their chieftain's rashness led,
Midst flames and smoke are number'd with the dead:
Aloft in air their groaning spirits soar,
Their bodies, soon consum'd, are seen no more;
While he, from whom their dreadful sufferings rise,
Fierce Rodomont escapes, and as he flies
High bounding o'er the fosse that yawns below,
Lights on th' interior ramparts of the foe:
But had the trench the fearless chief receiv'd,
No more his arm had deeds of death achiev'd!
Now when he turns to view th' infernal vale,
And sees on every side the flames assail
His social bands, and hears their shrieks and cries,
Impious he raves and loud blasphemes the skies.
While thousands here a strife unequal wag'd,
Where ruthless war with death and horror rag'd,
King Agramant before his army's head,
The fierce assault against a portal led,
Where less perchance he deem'd the Christian powers
Prepar'd in arms to guard their threaten'd towers.
With him in field king Bambirago shin'd,
And Baliverso, basest of mankind!

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With Chorineus, Prusio shares his toils,
The wealthy king who rules the happy isles.
Malabuferzo, who the region sways
Of Fez, for ever scorch'd with solar rays;
And many a chief, with others long inur'd
To fields of fight, and well in mail secur'd.
Though arm'd, yet numbers naked seek the field,
For not a thousand plates the coward shield.
But, all unthought, the king of Afric there
Found the strong sinews of the Christian war:
Imperial Charles, with him a generous train,
King Salamone, and the noble * Dane:
Each Angelino there his station took,
With either Guido and Bavaria's duke †.
There Ganelone, Berlinger appear;
Avino, Otho, and Avolio near:
Unnumber'd more, of less reputed name,
Who from the Fleming, Frank, and Lombard came:
Alike prepar'd before their sovereign's sight,
To show their valour with the first in fight.

Of these the tale shall speak some future time:
Now to a noble duke I bend my rhyme;
The bold Astolpho, born on Albion's strand:
Him late, far distant from his native land

* Ugero. † Namus.

Ver. 48.—*who rules the happy isles.*] The Canary islands, formerly called the Fortunate islands, situated in the Atlantic ocean: these islands are subject to the Spaniards.

Ver. 67. *Of these the tale shall speak*—] Continued, Book xvi. ver. 111.

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I left; who now impatient seems to mourn
His exil'd state, and languish to return,
As promis'd oft by her, whose power had quell'd
Alcina's navy and her flight compell'd;
Hers was the care to speed him on his way,
To shield from danger and prevent delay.
For this a galley had she launch'd, the best
That ever plough'd the curling ocean's breast,
And lest (for so her fears had oft divin'd)
Alcina should impede his course design'd,
She Andronica sends, with ships prepar'd,
And fair Sophrosyne the knight to guard,
Till in his sight th' Arabian sea appears,
And through the Persic tide his vessel steers.
She bids him rather coast the Scythian shore,
And Nabatei and India's realms explore,
With Persia's gulph, than tempt the seas where rave
Eternal winds that swell the northern wave,
And where, for many a month, no sun displays
Above th' horizon his enlivening rays.

Ver. 81, 82.—*Andronica—Sophrosyne*—] Fortitude and Temperance, as mentioned in notes to Book x. ver. 348.

Ver. 81.—*with ships prepar'd*] *Un grossa armata*—a powerful fleet.—There is some obscurity in this narrative, for it does not clearly appear what vessels went with Astolpho. It seems by the poet's words, when Astolpho leaves the port of India, that he had only one galley in which he sailed with Andronica and Sophrosyne; nothing is said of any armed force throughout the voyage, till they come to the gulph of Persia, when the poet mentions ships in the plural number,

> ..... pigliaro il porto, e fur conversi
> Con la poppa alla ripa i legni vaghi.
>
> They seek the port, and resting on the strand,
> With poop to shore the painted vessels stand.

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Thus, all dispos'd, the dame with friendly heart
Now grants the duke permission to depart,
But first, on many a subject grave and sage,
Instruction gives, too long to swell the page.
And lest a hostile power should once again
His senses fetter in some magic chain,
She on the knight a wondrous book bestow'd,
Which fair to see full many a secret show'd:
This for her sake he took—a faithful guide,
A guard against enchantments to provide.
Here, while his eyes the learned leaves peruse,
Each spelful mystery explain'd he views.
Another gift she brought of magic power,
(A gift so rare was never seen before)
A sounding horn that scatters instant fear
With horrid noise in every trembling ear.

Ver. 97. *She on the knight*—] The fiction of the book is drawn from Boyardo. Orlando having delivered a young man from the power of a giant, receives from the father a present of a book that would resolve all doubts. Orlando ascends a mountain, the summit of which was inhabited by a Sphynx, of whom he inquires after Angelica: the monster proposes a riddle to him, but he being unable to answer it, kills her, and afterwards finds the riddle explained in this book. Flordelis has likewise a book by which she enters into a detail with Rinaldo of the several wonders of the garden of Falerina.

Orl. Innam. B. i. C. v. xvii.

Ver. 105. *A sounding horn*—] This horn appears to have been in a great measure the invention of Ariosto, at least in the extent of the wonderful effects here ascribed to it: it is copied by Spenser. When Arthur is brought by Una to deliver the Red-cross knight from the giant Orgolio, his squire, on their arrival at the castle-gate, sounds a horn, which is thus described.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein;
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answer'd itself again;

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Such was the din, where'er its echoes spread,
The boldest knight, appall'd with terror, fled.
Not such the mingled roar when winds resound,
When thunders roll, and earthquakes rock the ground!

Ne false enchantment, or deceitful train,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain;
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite and brast.
Fairy Queen, B. i. C. viii.

Mr. Warton says, "It seems rather strange that Spenser should make so little use of this horn. He has not scrupled to introduce the shield, though as manifestly borrowed from Ariosto, upon various occasions." Notes to *Fairy Queen*.

"Turpin mentions a wonderful horn which belonged to Roland. Olaus Magnus relates, that this horn, which was called Olivant, was won together with the sword Durenda (Durindana, so celebrated in Ariosto) from the giant Jutmundus by Roland; that its miraculous effects were frequently sung by the old Islandic bards in their spirited odes, and that it might be heard at the distance of twenty miles. A horn was a common expedient for dissolving enchantments. Cervantes alludes to this incident of romance where the devil's horn is sounded as a prelude to the disenchanting of Dulcinea. Dante mentions the horn of Orlando thus: while they are wandering along the banks of Phlegethon as the twilight of evening approaches, Dante suddenly hears the sound of a horn more loud than thunder or the horn of Orlando.

Ma io sento sonare alto corno .....
Non sono si terribilmente Orlando .....

"Virgil's Alecto's horn is as high and extravagant as any thing of the kind in romance,

..... cornuque recurvo
Tartaream intendit vocem: qua protenus omne
Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ:
Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua.....
Æneid, Lib. vii. ver. 513.

..... to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,

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Rich in the fairy gifts, th' intrepid duke
His last farewell with grateful feeling took:
He leaves the port, the quiet bay he leaves,
And in his poop the prosperous breeze receives.
And now along the spicy shore he flies,
Where India's rich and peopled towns arise.
He sees a thousand isles on either hand
Dispers'd—and now he views Tomaso's land:

Adds all her breath: the rocks and woods around
And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound;
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains and sulphureous Nar,
Shook at the baleful blast, the signal of the war!

Dryden.

See *Warton's* History of Poetry, vol. iii. p. 246.

"It is said (in an old romance) that Alexander gave the signal to his whole army by a wonderful horn, of immense magnitude, which might be heard at the distance of sixty miles, and that it was blown or sounded by sixty men at once. This is the horn which Orlando won from the giant Jutmundus, and which, as Turpin and the Islandic bards report, was indued with magical power. Cervantes says, that it was bigger than a weaver's beam. Boyardo, Berni, and Ariosto have all such a horn, and the fiction is here traced to its original source."

See *Warton's* History of Poetry, vol. 1. p. 132.

Ver. 115. *And now along the spicy shore he flies,*] There can be little doubt but Tasso had an eye to this book when he described the voyage of Charles and Ubald to bring Rinaldo from the island of Armida. The whole passage, particularly the prophecy relating to the future discoveries in navigation, is exactly in the spirit of Ariosto.

Ver. 118.—*Tomaso's land:*] By the land of Tomaso is meant the province of Malabar, where St. Thomas the Apostle, after having preached the gospel to many nations, it is said, at last suffered martyrdom.

"While Gama lay at anchor among the islands of St. George, near to Mazambie, there came three Ethiopians on board, (says Faria y Sousa) who seeing St. Gabriel painted on the poop, fell on their knees in token of their Christianity, which had been preached to

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And here her course the wary pilot veers,
And bending to the north the vessel steers:
The golden soil of Chersonesus past,
She ploughs the billows of the wat'ry waste;

them in the primitive times, now corrupted. It is reported that the Portuguese found two or three Abyssinian Christians in the city of Mombaze, who had an oratory in their house. In the south parts of Malabar, about 200,000 of the inhabitants professed Christianity before the arrival of the Portuguese. They called themselves the Christians of St. Thomas, by which Apostle their ancestors had been converted. For 1300 years they had been under the patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their archbishop. Francisco Rez, a Jesuit missionary, complained to the Portuguese archbishop of Goa, that when he shewed these people an image of our lady, they cried out: "Away with that filthiness! we are Christians, and do not adore idols or pagods."

Mickle's note to the iiid Lusiad of Camoëns.

Camoëns, at the conclusion of his poem, has a particular passage relative to St. Thomas, in describing the religious state of the several provinces of India.

Here India's angels weeping o'er the tomb
Where Thomas sleeps, implores the day to come;
The day foretold—when India's utmost shore
Again shall hear Messiah's blisaful lore.
By India's banks the holy prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour God.
Where pale disease ere-while the cheek consum'd,
Health, at his word, in ruddy fragrance bloom'd:
The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
And to the chearful day restor'd the dead:
By heavenly power he rear'd the sacred shrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.

Mickle's Lusiad, B. x.

See the whole passage and the note annexed, for a full account of this matter.

It is observed by Mazzoni, in his Defence of Dante, that it was impossible from the Chersonesus of Astolpho to see the land of St. Thomas, being at a distance of four hundred miles on the coast of Malabar, neither could he, having past the Chersonesus, see the mouth of the Ganges, which he must have left some hundred miles

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And views, as near she coasts the fertile shores,
Where Ganges to the sea his waters pours
With whitening foam—she Taprobana views,
And Coris next; and now her course pursues
Where mariners th' advancing cliffs survey,
That form, with seas confin'd, a narrow bay:
At length the realm of Cochin she perceives,
And thence the furthest bound of India leaves.

While thus Astolpho cuts the briny tide,
Safe in the conduct of a skilful guide,
He Andronica asks, if e'er 'twas known
That regions, titled from the setting sun,
Had sent a venturous bark with oars and sails,
To catch in eastern seas the driving gales;
Or vessels thence their constant track might keep
To France or Britain thro' th' unfathom'd deep?

Then Andronica thus—the earth embrac'd
With ocean's arms that circle round her waste,
On every part collected waters sees,
Where summers scorch them, or where winters freeze;

---

behind him in doubling Cape Comorin. But Ariosto's geography appears very erroneous; he speaks of Cochin as the last country which they left in India, whereas Cochin is the furthest country to the east, and the course of Astolpho was westward to the Red Sea. Tasso is much more correct in his voyage of Rinaldo, Book xiv.

Ver. 133. *He Andronica asks,—*] Ubald, in Tasso, inquires nearly in the same manner of his pilot, if any navigators had gone the like voyage before.

> Then Ubald thus began—Say thou, whose power
> Gives us these endless waters to explore,
> Did ever prow before these seas divide?

Tasso's Jerusalem, B. xv. v. 177.

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But since, where Æthiopia south extends,
Far tow'rds the pole the savage land descends,
There are who say that Neptune's power withstood,
Here finds a barrier to th' indignant flood.
Hence from our clime no vessel courts the breeze,
To spread her daring sail on Europe's seas:
Nor pilot yet, from distant Europe, braves
The lengthen'd tides to stem our eastern waves.
Far in the west, when years their course have roll'd,
I see new Argonauts their sails unfold;
And many a Tiphys ocean's depths explore,
To open wondrous ways untry'd before.
Some coasting round the shelves of Afric, trace
Th' extended country of the sable race,
To pass the line whence blazing Phœbus burns,
And to your realms from Capricorn returns:
At length the Cape's extremest point they gain
That seems to part from ours the western main:
Each clime they view, and search, with ceaseless toils,
The Persian, Indian, and Arabian isles.
Some pass the pillars rais'd on either strand,
The well-known labour of Alcides' hand,
And like the circling sun, with sails unfurl'd,
Explore new lands in some remoter world.
Behold the sacred Cross uprais'd, behold
On the green turf th' imperial staff unroll'd.
Lo, some to guard their infant navy run,
Some haste to seize the land their toils have won.

Ver. 151. *Far in the west, ...*

155. *Some coasting round the shelves of Afric,* —] The poet here alludes to the discoveries in navigation made by the Spaniards and Portuguese, the first directing their course to the west, and the second to the east.

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A thousand chas'd by ten forsake the fields:
To Arragon the furthest India yields.
The chiefs of Charles (the fifth that bears the name)
Where'er they pass, behold them crown'd with fame!
Heaven wills these climes, to future sailors shown,
Now rest, and shall for ages rest unknown,
Till in due time a monarch great and wise,
Shall like Augustus o'er the nations rise:
From Arragonian and from Austrian blood
I see beside the Rhine's far winding flood
This ruler born, whose valour shall excel
What pens before could write, or tongues could tell.

Ver. 175. *Heaven wills these climes,—*] The poet in the following passage, alludes to the discoveries of the new world by Christopher Columbus; of whom also Tasso.

'Tis thou, Columbus, to another pole
Shall rear the mast and o'er the surges roll,
While with a thousand wings and thousand eyes
Fame scarce pursues thy vessel as it flies!

Book xv. ver. 234.

Ver. 179. *From Arragonian and from Austrian blood.*] He celebrates the emperor Charles V. who was born at Ghent in Flanders, in the year 1510. His Father, Philip the Handsome, archduke of Austria, was the son of the emperor Maximilian, and of Mary, the only child of Charles the Bald, the last prince of the house of Burgundy. His mother Joanna was the second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Castile and Arragon. A long train of fortunate events had opened the way for this young prince to the inheritance of more extensive dominions than any European monarch since Charlemain. He was contemporary with Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England.

See *Robertson's* History of Charles V.

Many of these predictions were inserted, or enlarged, in the latter editions of the poem, for the first edition was only fifteen years after the birth of Charles, and some of the events did not take place till after the first publication; which observation will hold good in several other parts of the work.

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By him Astræa see recall'd to earth,
Or rather, dead, reviv'd to second birth;
And every virtue by her hand replac'd,
Which wretched mortals from the world had chas'd.
For these deserts th' eternal will of Heaven,
Not only to his sovereign rule has given
The crown which Trajan and Augustus wore,
Which Marcus and Severus held before,
But bids his power to every realm extend,
Where suns by turns arise, by turns descend;
And wills that under his auspicious sway
One faithful flock one shepherd should obey.
To work these ends th' Almighty shall decree
For him unconquer'd chiefs by land and sea.
Lo! Cortez who shall Cæsar's arms extend,
And to his potent laws new cities bend;
With kingdoms so remote, that yet their name
From western regions ne'er to India came.
Behold where Prospero Colonna stands:
Pescara's marquis next my voice demands;

Ver. 197. *Lo! Cortez*—] After the navigation to the new world by Christopher Columbus, who had been sent by the king and queen of Spain, the emperor Charles V. sent Herman Cortez, who made an entire conquest of the kingdom of Mexico.

Ver. 201. *Behold where Prospero Colonna stands:*] In the war of the Milanese 1521, the Imperial troops took the field under the command of Prospero Colonna, the most eminent of the Italian generals, whose extreme caution, the effect of long experience in the art of war, was opposed, with great propriety, to the impetuosity of the French. He afterwards drove the French out of Milan, having defeated them at the battle of Bicocca: He made himself master of Genoa. Colonna, at the age of fourscore, defended Milan against the French, who attacked it under the command of Bonnevit. See *Robertson's* History of Charles V. vol. ii.

Ver. 202. *Pescara's marquis*—] "The marquis of Pescara was joined with Prospero Colonna in the war of the Milanese: he took

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And, lo! the third—a youth whose single praise
With Gallia's sons th' Italian name shall raise.
I see him now in glorious zeal prepare
With these to strive, from these the wreath to bear.
The generous courser thus with rapid pace
Contends, and leaves his rivals of the race.

Milan by assault: he is particularly applauded for his generous attention to the chevalier Bayard, at the death of that brave man. When Mezieres was besieged by the Imperialists, the French committed the defence of the place to chevalier Bayard, distinguished among his contemporaries by the appellation of *the knight without fear and without reproach*. The punctilious honour and formal gallantry of this man, bore a nearer resemblance than any thing recorded in history, to the character ascribed to the heroes of chivalry; he possessed all the talents that form a great general. When the French were obliged to quit the Milanese, the chevalier received in an action a mortal wound, and being unable to continue any longer on horseback, he ordered one of his attendants to place him under a tree, with his face towards the enemy; then fixing his eyes on the guard of his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God; and in this posture, which became his character, both as a soldier and as a Christian, he calmly waited the approach of death. Bourbon, who led the foremost of the enemy's troops, found him in this situation, and expressed regret and pity at the sight. "Pity not me," cried the high-spirited chevalier; "I die as a man of honour ought, in the discharge of my duty: They indeed are objects of pity who fight against their king, their country, and their oath." The marquis de Pescara, passing soon after, manifested his admiration of Bayard's virtues, as well as his sorrow for his fate, with the generosity of a gallant enemy; and finding that he could not be removed with safety from that spot, ordered a tent to be pitched there, and appointed proper persons to attend him. He died, notwithstanding their care, as his ancestors for several generations had done, in the field of battle. Pescara ordered his body to be embalmed, and sent to his relations. Pescara died at the age of thirty-six, and left behind him the reputation of being one of the greatest generals and ablest politicians of that century."

Robertson's History of Charles V. vol. ii.

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Such is Alphonso, such his worth appears,
So far above the promise of his years,
Th' imperial monarch shall in him confide
To lead his armies and his councils guide,
Till by this chief, his warlike thunders hurl'd,
Shall spread his banners o'er the subject world.
Nor less his empire where the billows roar
From Europe's bounds to Afric's burning shore:
There equal conquest shall his arms attend,
When gallant Dorea he secures his friend.
Lo! this the Dorea, who shall bravely free
From numerous pirates all your midland sea.

Ver. 209. *Such is Alphonso,* —] Alphonso D'Avolo, marquis of Vasco, succeeded the marquis of Pescara. He was governor in Milan. He was remarkable for the beauty of his countenance. He was taken by Philippino Dorea, at the siege of Naples, and contracted an intimate friendship with Andrew Dorea. These three were captains of Charles V. in all his victories over Francis: He died the year before Francis.

Eugenico, Porcacchi.

Ver. 219. *Lo! this the Dorea,*-] "Andrew Dorea was the ablest sea-officer of his age: by his assistance, Lautrec, generalissimo of the French, made himself master of Genoa. At length, disgusted with the French, he revolted to the emperor: This gallant officer, the citizen of a republic, and trained up from his infancy in the sea-service, retained the spirit of independency natural to the former, together with the plain liberal manners peculiar to the latter. A perfect stranger to the arts of submission or flattery, necessary in courts; but conscious at the same time of his own merit and importance, he always offered his service with freedom, and often preferred his complaints and remonstrances with boldness. Dorea, having left the French service, meditated the delivery of Genoa from the yoke it groaned under; which he soon effected; and it was then in his power to have rendered himself the sovereign of his country; but with a magnanimity, of which there are few examples, he sacrificed all thoughts of aggrandizing himself, to the virtuous satisfaction of establishing liberty in his country: By his

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Not such was Pompey's praise, though wasting swarms
Of corsairs he subdu'd with Roman arms;
For what was Dorea's, nam'd with Pompey's power,
That bow'd each state and ravag'd every shore?
Yet he by conduct wise and dauntless might
Shall purge the seas—till from rude Calpè's height
To sevenfold Nile, whene'er his name they hear,
I see the distant nations shake with fear.
Behold conducted by this leader's hand
Imperial Charles has reach'd Bologna's land.
Lo! to admit him wide the gates are thrown,
His awful brows receive the sacred crown.
His country's freedom patriot Dorea gains,
When others for themselves had forg'd her chains.

---

wise conduct he put a stop to all faction, and lived to a great age, beloved, respected, and honoured: His memory is still reverenced by the Genoese, and he is distinguished in the public monuments, and celebrated in the works of their historians, by the most honourable of all appellations, *the father of his country, and the restorer of its liberty.*

See *Robertson's* History of Charles V. vol. iii.

Ver. 221. *Not such was Pompey's praise,*—] Andrew, with twelve gallies, freed the ports and seas from corsairs: and the terror of his name was so great, that Barbarossa, the admiral of Tunis, many times shunned to engage him. Pompey the great was deputed by the senate to clear the seas of pirates, which he effected in a short time; but as Pompey was supported by the whole force of the Roman empire, the poet here extols the valour and conduct of Dorea, who performed such service with so inconsiderable a force.

Ver. 229. *Behold conducted by this leader's hand*
Imperial Charles—] The emperor Charles V. coming to Bologna to receive from Pope Clement the crown of the empire, embarked at Barcelona on board Dorea's gallies, who having driven the French from Genoa, received the emperor in that city, in order to conduct him thence to Bologna.

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Such generous zeal shall longer glory yield,
Than Julius' battles in the sanguine field;
Where Gallia, Spain, or Britain's distant shore,
Afric or Thessaly confess'd his power.
Not great Octavius; nor Antonius great,
The mighty rival of Octavius' state,
Such wreaths deserves—th' ambition that annoy'd
Their nation's freedom every praise destroy'd!
Let these, let all who strive their country's fame
To sink in bondage, glow with guilty shame;
Nor dare to lift their eyes, where'er they hear
Great Dorea's honours breath'd in every ear.
Behold where Charles (whose ampler bounty flows
On virtuous Dorea's worth) on him bestows
A fruitful soil, which gift in Puglia lays
The first foundation of the Norman praise.
Nor he alone, but all like him, who dare
In Cæsar's cause the deathful combat share,
Partake his smiles, and happier Cæsar's breast
For lands and cities, through his grace possest
By those he loves, or those whose worth obtains
His bounty, than for all the realms he gains.
While Andronica thus each chief displays
Whose future deeds the name of Charles shall raise;
Her fair companion to the eastern gales
Now shifts and now extends the bending sails:

Ver. 248. ..... *on him bestows*
A fruitful soil,—] The emperor having created Dorea high admiral of the seas, gave him in Puglia the principality of Melsi.
Porcacchi.

Ver. 259. *Her fair companion*—] Fernari allegorizes the passage thus:—Andronica (Fortitude) speaks of high achievements and

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Now this, now that she courts to speed their course,
And now decreases, now augments their force.
At length the Persian sea their vessel laves,
And round them flows a vast expanse of waves.
Few days were past, when to the gulph they came,
To which of old the Magi gave the name:
They seek the port, and resting on the sand
With poop to shore the painted vessels stand.
And now Astolpho from Alcina's power
Pursues his path in safety on the shore.
Where many a plain he travels, many a wood,
And many a desert vale and mountain rude.
There oft by day, and oft by midnight shade,
What murderous bands his lonely steps invade!
Lions and dragons fell his eyes survey,
With every beast that haunts the dreary way.
But when he to his lip the horn applies,
Each ruffian foe, each savage monster flies.
Arabia nam'd the happy, now he gains,
Incense and myrrh perfume her grateful plains:
The virgin Phœnix there in seats of rest,
Selects from all the world her balmy nest.
He saw, where once for Israel's chosen band,
Th' avenging waters, by divine command,

---

victories: Sophrosyne (Temperance) rules and represses the wind; that is, governs and keeps in due bounds the passions and affections of the soul.

Ver. 266. *To which of old the Magi gave the name;*] The Magi were an ancient sect of Persia, that for a long time usurped the kingdom. In the Persian gulph was a port called from them the port of the Magi.

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Proud Pharaoh with his numerous host o'erthrew;
At length he near the land of heroes drew.
By Trajan's banks he spurs with winding course
His steed, unmatch'd in swiftness as in force;
When o'er the field he leads the bounding race,
No eye his footstep in the dust can trace:
Soft snows and tender grass his hoofs sustain,
He sweeps unbath'd the billows of the main:
Argalia own'd him late—no mortal sire
He knew, conceiv'd of nimble wind and fire:
Not fill'd with earthly food, his purer frame
Was nurs'd with air, and Rabican his name.
  Astolpho still his eager way pursu'd
To where the Nile receives the lesser flood.
But ere he reach'd the river's mouth, he spy'd
A bark that tow'rds him swiftly stemm'd the tide.
An aged hermit in the stern appear'd,
Adown his bosom wav'd his silver beard.
With frequent cries he call'd the knight to take
With him protection and the land forsake.
O! if thou prizest life, my son, (he said)
Nor seek'st this day to mingle with the dead,
Speed to the further shore without delay,
For yonder path to death will lead thy way.
Scarce shalt thou pass a few short miles, before
Thine eyes shall view the dwelling red with gore.

Ver. 286. *At length he near the land of heroes drew.*] By this must be understood the land celebrated for the heroes of ancient story.

Ver. 287. *By Trajan's banks*—] He means by this the cut made by Trajan, extending from the Nile to the Red Sea.

Ver. 296. *Rabican his name.*] The account of this horse is in Boyardo. See Note to Book vii. ver. 481.

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In this his life a dreadful giant leads,
Whose height, by many a foot, the height exceeds
Of human race—no traveller, or knight
Can hope t' escape alive by force or flight.
All cruelties his fiend-like arts contrive,
He slaughters some, and some devours alive.
To seize the wretch his glutton maw destroys,
With cruel sport he first a net employs
Of wondrous make, and near the cave with care
Hides in the yellow sands the fatal snare.
Who comes untutor'd in his subtle wiles,
Nor knows the danger, nor suspects the toils:
Then tow'rd the destin'd place with horrid cries,
He drives the stranger, who affrighted flies,
Till with loud laughter he beholds his net
With tangling meshes every limb beset.
No traveller he spares, nor knight, nor dame
Of high repute or undistinguish'd name:
He sucks the marrow and the blood he drains,
He chews the flesh: the bones bestrow the plains:
And dire with human skins on every side
He hangs his dwelling round in horrid pride.
Then hear, my son, consent yon path to take
That to the sea secure thy way will make.
Good father thanks, and deem not I despise
Thy proffer'd love (the fearless knight replies)
But danger light against my glory weighs,
Nor life I prize compar'd with endless praise.
Thou seek'st to shake my fix'd resolves in vain,
Behold I haste yon drear abode to gain.
With loss of honour safety might be won,
Yet more than death such safety must I shun.

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If now I go, what can I suffer more
Than what such numbers there have met before?
But should Heaven's pow'r so far my arms sustain
That he should yield, and victor I remain,
Behold I make yon path secure for all:
Slight harm may chance, but greater good befall.
My single life expos'd in balance weigh
Against the thousands I may save to-day.
Go then in peace, my son (the hermit cries)
Heaven send his Angel Michael from the skies
To guard thy person in the hour of fight!
So spoke the simple sire, and bless'd the knight,
Who, as by Nilus' banks the steed he guides,
More in his horn than in his sword confides.
Between the rapid stream and fens there lay
Amidst the sands a narrow lonely way,
That soon the champion to the dwelling drew,
Whose ruthless host no tender pity knew.
Of wretches thither led, around were strung
Dissever'd heads, and naked limbs were hung;
And not a gate, or window there, but shew'd
Some horrid fragment dropping sable blood.

Ver. 361. ..... *around were strung*
Dissever'd heads,—] The dwelling of this giant resembles the den of Cacus in Virgil,

.....semperque recenti
Cæde tenebat humus, foribus affixa superbis
Ora virum tristi pendebant pallida tabo.
Æneid, Lib. vii.

With copious slaughter smok'd the purple floor;
Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,
Dreadful to view and dropp'd with crimson gore.
Pitt, ver. 237.

See likewise *Polypheme* in Homer.

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As in the Alpine heights or rustic town,
The hunter, long in sylvan perils known,
Aloft suspends the paws and shaggy spoils
Of savage boars, the trophies of his toils;
So the fierce giant would the mightiest tell
That in his power by cruel fortune fell.
The bones of others spread the country o'er,
And every ditch is fill'd with human gore.
  Before the cave Caligorant appears,
(Such is the name the dreadful giant bears)
Who, for rich rooms with gold and tap'stry spread,
Adorns his horrid mansion with the dead.
He sees the duke at distance on the plain;
He sees, and scarcely can his joy contain:
For thrice the moon had chang'd, and not a knight
Had past that way to glut his longing sight.
Now tow'rds the fen with eager pace he speeds,
(The fen o'er-grown with sedge and spiky reeds)
In hope to drive the champion in the bands
That close were spread beneath the treacherous sands,
As oft before he many a wretch had caught,
Whom evil destiny had thither brought.
  Soon as the Paladin the foe survey'd,
Awhile in deep suspense he cautious stay'd,
Lest, as the hermit warn'd, his courser's feet
Should unawares th' entangling meshes meet.
But here his magic horn the warrior tries;
His magic horn its wonted aid supplies.
The giant hears, and struck with sudden fright
Reprints his backward steps: the Christian knight
Repeats the blast: amaz'd in every sense
The giant flies, but knows not where nor whence:

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Headlong he rushes on the toils, ensnar'd
In his own toils for others oft prepar'd.
The net extending drags him to the ground,
And clasps in twining links his body round.
Astolpho who th' enormous bulk survey'd
Low stretch'd on earth, at once with naked blade
Leap'd from his steed, for many a thousand dead
To take due vengeance on the murderer's head.
But now he fears, to kill his wretched thrall,
Mankind would baseness more than courage call,
While on the plain all motionless he lies
Fast fetter'd with indissoluble ties.
This net of steel with more than mortal art
Had Vulcan fram'd, to break whose smallest part
No strength avail'd: with this of old were bound
Venus and Mars in Love's embraces found.
The jealous God contriv'd the subtle toils
T' entrap the God of arms and queen of smiles.
Hermes from Vulcan this by stealth remov'd
To seize fair Chloris, long his best belov'd;
Chloris, of bright Aurora's train, who flies
Before the sun, and round the dappled skies
From her full vest the silver lily strows
The purple violet and blushing rose.
Her closely Hermes watch'd, till with the snare
One day he caught the flying nymph in air.

Ver. 416.—*Chloris,*—] Chloris was a nymph of whom Zephyrus was enamoured, and having spoiled her of her virginity, he gave her the name of Flora. She was also called Zephyretta, from the name of the wind: Pope gives this last name to one of his Sylphids.

The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care.

Rape of the Lock.

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Then was it known for ages to remain
Within Canopus at Anubis' fane.
Three thousand years elaps'd, at last arose
Caligorant, the worst of impious foes,
Who seiz'd with daring hand the net divine,
And fir'd the town and robb'd the holy shrine.
From this Astolpho takes a length to bind
The caitiff's arms; these pinion'd close behind
With band on band secur'd he firmly ties,
Then from the net he frees and bids him rise.
His fierceness tam'd submissive now he stands,
Mild as some damsel, to the knight's commands,
Who thinks to lead him thence, in triumph shown
Thro' many a city, fort, and peopled town:
With him resolv'd the wondrous net to take,
Whose like no mortal tool or hand could make.
Then on his captive's back he lays the weight,
And leads behind him, in victorious state,
The wretch, consigning to his servile care
The ponderous helm and massy shield to bear;
And welcome joy imparts where'er he goes,
Since fear no more the pilgrim's bosom knows.

Ver. 444. *Since fear no more*—] "Ariosto, by Caligorant and his net, had an historical allusion to a famous sophist and heretick of his own time, who entangled people in his sophistical net of false logic: this heretick and sophist became an orthodox and useful man afterwards, as Caligorant did, when foiled by his weapon and well instructed by Astolpho. Ariosto's poem, like Spenser's, is full of historical allusions, as well as moral allegories. Ariosto has imagined the giant and net of Caligorant from the giant Zambardo in Orlando Innamorato, Book i. c. vi."

Upton's Notes on Spenser.

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Thus pass'd Astolpho, till he near espies
The well-known pyramids of Memphis rise;
Memphis, that draws her greatest fame from these;
Now crowded Cairo he before him sees.
The people flock to view with eager eye
The giant's towering height, and wondering cry:
Whence could yon pigmy knight such prowess show
To bind in captive chains so huge a foe?
While each beholds him with enraptur'd gaze
And gives him every palm of knightly praise.
Not then such streets and domes could Cairo boast
As now suffice not half th' unnumber'd host
That there reside; though great each mansion's height,
'Tis said that hundreds pass'd unhous'd the night.
There in a castle fair the Soldan dwells,
Whose spacious structure others far excells;
And thrice five thousand, held in vassal awe,
All renegados from the Christian law,
With wives and steeds, and each domestic train,
Beneath one roof his ample walls contain.
Where Nile his stream to Damiata guides,
And where he rushes in the briny tides,
Astolpho pass'd, yet none (so went the fame)
Escap'd alive or free that thither came.
There on the shore and near the mouth of Nile,
Lodg'd in a tower a robber liv'd by spoil
Of travellers and pilgrims thither led,
And even to Cairo's gates his rapine spread.
For though his limbs a thousand wounds receive,
Not one the caitiff could of life bereave.
To prove if aught avail'd in bloody strife
To make the Sisters cut his thread of life,

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Astolpho now to Damiata came
And sought the wretch—Orilo was his name.
Arriving where the sea receives the Nile,
He sees the castle on the sandy soil,
Where dwelt th' enchanted soul, no son of earth,
Who from an imp and fairy drew his birth.
Already there the fight with dreadful rage
He sees two warriors with Orilo wage.
Alone Orilo stood, but such his might
That scarce their skill suffic'd each noble knight
Himself to guard; yet long for valour known,
Their fame in arms o'er all the world was blown:
These youths their birth from Olivero take,
Gryphon the white, and Aquilant the black.
When first the field the necromancer sought,
With great advantage on his side he fought:
With him a monster came, to whom the earth
Of Egypt gives its unpropitious birth.

Ver. 478.—*Orilo was his name.*] Here follows one of the most extravagant of Ariosto's fictions: it is continued from the Orlando Innamorato; the story is thus told by Boyardo.

"After the brothers Gryphon and Aquilant were delivered from the castle of the fairy, where Mandricardo had won the arms of Hector, they pursued their journey together till they met two ladies, attended by two dwarfs, one lady was clothed in white and the other in black vestments, the dwarfs were apparelled in like manner, and one lady rode a white and the other a black palfrey. These ladies, knowing that the stars threatened the two knights with untimely death in France, in order to prevent their fate, engaged them to undertake the conquest of Orilo, who could not be killed by a mortal weapon. The knights had a dreadful battle with him, and slew a crocodile, which the necromancer brought with him, and the event continued undecided when a knight arrived, leading a giant in chains.

Orl. Innam. B. i. C. ii. iii.

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He basks on shore, or lives beneath the flood,
And human bodies are his dreadful food,
When thoughtless pilgrims by his rage are slain,
Or wretched mariners that plough the main.
The breathless monster stretch'd along the sand,
A victim lies to each brave brother's hand.
But not a wound can stern Orilo feel,
Though both the youths their blows united deal.
Full oft his limbs they lop, but lop in vain,
Nor though dismember'd can he yet be slain.
Depriv'd of hand or leg, his magic power
Returns it to the place it held before.
Now Gryphon to the teeth drives through his crest;
Now Aquilant divides him to the breast.
He laughs at all their blows in fell disdain,
They rave to find their blows bestow'd in vain.
So when we see the liquid metal fall,
Which chymists by the name of Hermes call,
Though here and there the parts dissever'd roll,
They soon again unite to form the whole.
His head lopt off, Orilo swift descends,
And eager in its search his arm extends;
Now by the nose he takes it, now the hairs,
And, fixing on the neck, the loss repairs.
Then vainly in the stream that near them flows,
Brave Gryphon's hand the sever'd visage throws:
Orilo dives, the bottom to explore,
And with his head returns unhurt to shore.
Two lovely dames in comely garments drest,
This clad in white, and that in sable vest,
Who first to battle urg'd each gallant knight,
Stood near beside to view th' unequal fight.

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These were the fairies, whose benignant care
Had bred from earliest years the noble pair,
When from two ravenous birds they snatch'd away
The harmless babes that in their talons lay:
Convey'd from weeping Sigismunda's hand,
And borne far distant from their native land.
But wherefore should I on this story dwell,
A story all mankind have known so well?
Now from these climes withdraws the golden day,
The happy isles receive the parting ray:
Pale in the shade the misty objects gleam,
And the moon glimmers with a doubtful beam:
When fierce Orilo to his fort retir'd;
For now the white and sable dame requir'd
To stay the combat, 'till the roseate morn
In eastern skies should make her wish'd return.
Astolpho now, to whom before were known,
By each device, but more their valour shown,
Gryphon and Aquilant, with eager pace
Advanc'd and held them in a strict embrace.
Not less the brethren, when in him who drew
The giant chain'd, the English duke they knew,
With joy caress'd him, who to Gallia came
Known by the baron of the leopard's name.

Ver. 527. *These were the fairies,—*] See the foregoing note. Boyardo lightly touches on the education and early adventures of these brothers, with the care taken of them by the two fairies, but seems, for particulars, to allude to some other story, which though it has escaped the translator's knowledge, might be familiar to the readers of Boyardo and Ariosto.

Ver. 535. *Now from these climes—*] All the following passage to the conclusion of the adventure with Orilo, is Ariosto's own, though engrafted on Boyardo's fiction.

Ver. 536. *The happy isles—*] The Canary islands.

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The virgins led the warriors to repose,
Where near in view a stately palace rose;
Whence squires and damsels met them on the way,
With many a torch that cast a blazing ray.
Their coursers to th' attending grooms consign'd,
The knights unarm, and in a garden find,
Plac'd by a crystal fountain's murmuring tide,
A plenteous board with various cates supply'd.
Then with a massy ponderous chain they bind
The giant, on the grassy turf confin'd,
Ty'd to an oak's rough trunk, whose sturdy height
Had years defy'd; and lest the foe by night
Should seek to loose his bonds, and work them harm,
Ten soldiers round him watch'd to give th' alarm.

The costly wines that crown the sumptuous board,
With savoury viands, less delight afford,
Than the sweet converse of the social hour:
But chief Orilo and his magic power
Engross the talk; while still to every mind
It seems a dream, that head or arm disjoin'd,
And cast to earth, should thus again unite,
And he return more daring to the fight.

Already good Astolpho counsel took;
And soon he gathers, from his wondrous book,
No mortal hands Orilo's life can end,
Till from his head one fatal hair they rend,
That lost he dies—thus far the book can show,
But tells not how the fatal hair to know.
Nor less Astolpho conquest now enjoys,
Than if his arms had won the glorious prize;
And soon to each he makes his purpose known
To take th' adventure on himself alone,

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To slay Orilo; would the brethren yield
To him the trial of the doubtful field.
These, well assur'd his courage vain to find,
Freely to him the arduous task resign'd.
Aurora through the skies her light extends,
When the fierce robber from his fort descends.
Astolpho and Orilo rush to fight:
One wields the mace, and one the falchion bright.
Astolpho long essays some well-aim'd blow
To chase the groaning spirit from his foe.
Now, with the mace lopt off, his better hand,
Now either arm falls bleeding on the sand:
With backward strokes he cuts him now in twain,
And with his members piecemeal strows the plain.
As oft Orilo bids the parts unite,
And wondrous stands with new-recover'd might.
Him in a hundred parts Astolpho hews;
As oft his sever'd frame itself renews.
Amidst a thousand strokes, one happier sped
At length above the shoulders reach'd his head:
The head and helmet from the trunk it rends:
Sudden Astolpho from his seat descends:
Now in the matted locks with eager speed
His hand he fastens and remounts his steed:
Against the course of Nile he spurs, he flies,
And far from sad Orilo bears the prize.
Meantime the wizard hastens to explore
(Unconscious what had past) the sandy shore.
But when he finds the knight and courser fled,
Had to the distant forest borne his head;
He takes his steed, and on his saddle light
He leaps, and hastens to pursue the knight.

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He would have cry'd to bid the warrior stay,
But the fierce duke had borne his tongue away.
He spurs, he gives the rein; but like the wind
Soon Rabicano leaves him far behind.
And now Astolpho for the fatal hair
Explor'd the head with unavailing care;
Eager to find, what found would end the strife,
From which Orilo drew immortal life.
Perplex'd he view'd the locks, alike in hue,
Nor where to fix his doubtful choice he knew:
At length—Let all be shorn (the warrior cries)
And well his sword the place of shears supplies.
The head his left, the sword his right-hand bears,
With this he shaves around th' innumerous hairs.
Among the rest the fatal hair he shears,
Ghastly and pale at once the face appears.

Ver. 630. *Ghastly and pale*—] Whatever may be the extravagance of the fiction, yet the descriptive force of these lines must be allowed to be admirable, and the instant change of the features, on cutting the fatal hair, exhibits a most striking picture. Metastasio has a fine passage of a similar kind, where the head of Holofernes is cut off by Judith, which she thus describes:

..... Ecco l'orribil capo
D'agli omeri diviso.
Guizza il tronco reciso
Sul sanguigno terren': balzarmi sento
Il teschio semivivo
Sotto la man, che'l sostinea: quel volto
A un tratto scolorir; mute parole,
Quel labro articolar; quegli occhi intorno
Cercar del sole i rai,
Morire, e minacciar, vidi e tremai.

Betulia Lib. Part ii.

..... Behold the dreadful visage
Now sever'd from the trunk, the headless trunk
Sinks on th' insanguin'd earth—beneath my hand
That bore the weight, I felt the gasping head

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The eyes roll inward, every symptom shows
That life at last has touch'd its wretched close:
The headless trunk that follow'd, sudden lies
Fall'n from its seat, no more again to rise.
Astolpho now the dames and warriors sought,
In his victorious grasp the head he brought,
With all the signs of late departed breath,
And show'd afar the carcase stretch'd in death.
'Twas doubtful, when the brother champions view'd
Orilo slain, what secret thoughts ensu'd

Half living, move convulsive--from the face
All colour fled--the lips essay'd in vain
The unform'd word--the ghastly rolling eyes
Yet sought the light, and threaten'd even in death.
I saw and trembled! *Bethulia Delivered.*

An Italian commentator says, that by Orilo the poet figures a noted Alchymist of his time, and by Astolpho, who deprives him of the means of rejoining his limbs, he denotes the person who cured him of his error.

Ver. 635. *Astolpho now the dames*—] The story broken off by Boyardo is taken up by Ariosto, who brings Astolpho with Caligorant prisoner, to finish the adventure by the help of his book. The circumstances of the battle between the brothers and Orilò, are nearly the same in both poets.

"The difficulty which prince Arthur finds in killing Maleger, seems to be copied by Spenser, from the encounter of Gryphon and Aquilant with Orilo, who, like Maleger, receives no injury from all the wounds that are given him; and the circumstances by which Maleger's death is effected, partake much of the fantastic extravagance of those by which Orilo is at last killed."

Warton's Observations on Spenser.

He stroke at him so sternly, that he made
An open passage through his riven breast,
That half the steel behind his breast did rest;
Which drawing forth he looked evermore,
When the heart blood should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the floor,
But his dead corse upon the floor fell nathermore.

Fairy Queen, B. ii. c. xi. st. 37.

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In either breast, perchance displeas'd to find
Their hop'd-for wreaths another's temples bind.
Nor yet more grateful than to either knight,
Seem'd to each dame the issue of the fight,
Who held them with Orilo there engag'd
In fruitless toil, while thus the war they wag'd,
To keep them both from France, where cruel strife
Had menac'd soon to close their youthful life.
Soon as in Damiata's town declar'd,
Orilo's death had reach'd the castle guard,
The chief (as there the eastern nations use)
Dismiss'd a dove to Cairo with the news.
The message swift he bears; beneath his wing
The letter fasten'd by a slender string.
Another dove dismist, the tidings spread
O'er Egypt soon of fierce Orilo dead.
Th' adventure finish'd thus, Astolpho warms
The brother-knights to noble deeds of arms
In aid of Charles—yet little each requires
To fan the generous ardor that inspires
His gallant breast to assert the church's cause,
From insult to defend the Roman laws,
And midst their social bands to merit first applause.
Thus Aquilant and Gryphon took their leave
Of either dame, who, while they deeply grieve
At such resolve, yet could not here oppose
The glorious purpose which from virtue rose.

Ver. 652. *Dismiss'd a dove*—] This practice followed in Egypt of sending advices to distant parts, is described by Tasso.

These winged heralds thus the mandates bear
Of eastern nations through the fields of air.

B. xviii. ver. 350.

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But ere the warriors bent to France their way,
They turn'd aside their pious rites to pay
In sainted regions, with the presence blest
Of God himself, in human flesh confest.
The right they follow'd, though the left hand show'd
A path more pleasing, where the winding road
Close by the sea in easy journey lay:
Lonely the right, and horrid was the way;
But sooner this, by many tedious days,
To Palestine the traveller conveys.
Here streams were found and herbage cloath'd the plain
But every other good is sought in vain.
Hence, ere they parted, with foreseeing care
They due provisions for their use prepare,
And on the giant's shoulders place the freight,
Whose strength suffic'd to bear a castle's weight.
Soon as they reach'd the mountain's arduous height,
Lo! sudden stretch'd before their raptur'd sight
That holy land, where never-ending Grace
Cleans'd with his blood the sins of human race.
When now the warriors near the city drew,
They met a noble youth, whom well they knew,
Of Mecca, Sansonetto was his name,
His virtues great, and great his knightly fame:
In early prime of life, above his years
For prudence fam'd, and reverenc'd by his peers.
Orlando to our faith had brought the knight,
And with his hand bestow'd the Christian rite.

Ver. 690. *Sansonetto.*—] The name of this knight does not appear in the Innamorato.

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Him there employ'd in building forts they find,
Against th' Egyptian Calyph's bounds design'd;
And how he frames the walls, to enclose around
Mount Calvary, and fence the hallow'd ground.
From him such welcome every knight receives,
As the free soul to worth congenial gives.
He leads them to the gates with courteous grace,
And in his court assigns an honour'd place.
Those parts he rul'd; and there vicegerent made
By royal Charles, the empire justly sway'd.
To him Astolpho gave his conquer'd prize,
That captive giant of so huge a size,
With whose strong nerves enormous weights to bear,
Ten beasts of burthen scarcely could compare.
With him Astolpho on the knight bestow'd
The wondrous net to which he conquest ow'd.
From Sansonetto then the duke receiv'd
A costly belt with rich embroidery weav'd;
And two fair spurs, resplendent to behold,
Gold were the buckles, and the rowels gold,
Believ'd the champion's once, whose valiant deed
The holy virgin from the dragon freed:

Ver. 716. *Believ'd the champion's once, whose valiant deed*
The holy virgin from the dragon freed:] St. George, the tribune of Cappadocia, according to the legendary fable, travelling through Lybia, delivered a virgin, a king's daughter, who was on the point of being devoured by a dragon: but Ariosto seems rather to allude to the mystic sense of the story, by which the virgin is made the type of Faith or Religion, and the dragon her ancient enemy (the old serpent) subdued by holy Fortitude. Tasso has a passage, where he describes the mother of Clorinda paying her secret devotions to a picture of this kind, which seems to give the whole an allegorical turn.

Her pictur'd room a sacred story shows,
Where rich with life each mimic figure glows;

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With many a prize as rare were these obtain'd
By Sansonetto, when he Zaffa gain'd.
Their sins absolv'd, amidst a saintly band
Of fathers held in reverence through the land
For pious works, they visit every shrine,
To meditate on mysteries divine:
These shrines, which now the sacrilegious Moor
Has wrested from the Christians' waining power.
O foul disgrace! To arms is Europe fir'd,
But wars not where her arms are most requir'd.
While these with rites of pure devotion pour'd
Their souls in prayer, and Heaven's high grace implor'd,
A Grecian pilgrim came, who tidings brought
That deep distress in Gryphon's bosom wrought,
Absorb'd each calmer thought in black despair,
And scatter'd all his pious vows in air.
Much lov'd the knight, yet lov'd but to his shame,
A damsel, Origilla was her name;

There white as snow appears a lovely maid,
And, near, a dragon's hideous form display'd:
A champion through the beast a javelin sends,
And in his blood the monster's bulk extends:
Here oft the queen her secret faults confess'd—

Again—in her prayer—

Thou, heavenly Chief! whose arm the serpent brav'd, &c.
Jerusal. Del. B. ii. v. 173.

Ver. 728. *While these with rites of pure devotion*—] Sansonetto and Astolpho appear again, Book xviii. ver. 649.

Ver. 735. *A damsel, Origilla was her name*;] Orlando going in search of Angelica, came one day to a bridge, guarded by a knight, where he found this Origilla hanging by the hair of her head on a tree, and was prevented from releasing her by the interposition of the knight, who told him a long story of her wickedness; but Origilla denying the charge, and Orlando pitying her condition, overthrew four knights, and carried her away with him: she deceived

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With her but few could vie in charms of face,
And few like her of mind deprav'd and base.
Late, in the walls of Constantine behind
He left the fair, by sharp disease confin'd:
A fever's rage—and when return'd again
He hop'd to find her from her bed of pain
In charms restor'd, he heard the faithless dame
Had, with a new-found object of her flame,
To Antioch past,—perchance impatient grown
In prime of beauty's bloom to sleep alone.
From this sad moment Gryphon knows not rest,
By day, by night, sighs issue from his breast.
Let those that e'er have found Love's cruel smart,
Judge if he feels not now his keenest dart:
And more he suffers, doom'd the woes to feel,
Which conscious shame forbids him to reveal.
His brother Aquilant had oft reprov'd
His senseless passion; oft, with pity mov'd,
Strove from his heart to drive a worthless dame,
Who liv'd the scandal of the female name.
Yet, spite of truth, would Gryphon fain abuse
Himself unhappy, and her faults excuse.
At length he purpos'd to depart, unknown
Of Aquilant, and haste to Antioch's town;

---

him by a wile, and stole his horse Brigliadoro, which he afterwards recovered. She then betrayed Orlando into the hands of the Pagan king Monodant, on condition that Gryphon, whom she loved, and who, with Aquilant, was prisoner to the king, should be given up to her. Gryphon and Aquilant, being both set at liberty, the two knights, with Origilla, between whom and Gryphon a close attachment had been formed, pursued their journey, till Origilla being taken sick, was left behind on the way, at which part Ariosto takes up her story. See *Orl. Innam.* B. i. ii.

Ver. 738.—*the walls of Constantine*—] Byzantium, Constantinople.

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And thence recover to his longing arms
The dame who first enslav'd him with her charms;
To drag his rival forth, and make him prove
His dreadful vengeance for insulted love.

How this he wrought, and what in course befel
His purpos'd search, th' ensuing book shall tell.

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

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THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

THE meeting of Gryphon and his mistress Origilla. The siege of Paris continued. Rodomont, having leaped within the walls, makes a great slaughter. While Agramant, with his forces, is endeavouring to enter at a gate, Rinaldo, conducted by the Angel and Silence, comes to the assistance of the Christians. Speech of Rinaldo to his army. General battle described. Valour of Rinaldo. Zerbino signalizes himself. During the battle, Charles, who was engaged in a different quarter, in the defence of the city walls, hears the devastation made in the heart of the city by Rodomont, who was destroying all with fire and sword.

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THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

OF woes in love unnumber'd hearts complain,
And I with these an equal share sustain:
If then with speech or pen I should declare
What pains oppress, and what are light to bear,
Confide in him, who from himself can tell
Those sufferings which he oft has known so well.
Though from her lover's sight the fair-one flies,
Frowns on his sorrows, and his suit denies;
Condemns him still unrecompens'd to waste
The tedious moments; if his heart is plac'd
On virtuous beauty, let him cease to mourn,
Nor deem his state of every hope forlorn:
But let him weep, him wretched must we call,
Whom lovely locks and sparkling eyes enthrall,
Where beauty serves but as a treacherous blind
To hide each vice that taints the female mind.
He seeks to fly, but like a wounded hart,
Where'er he goes, he bears the fatal dart;
He blushes for himself, he feels his shame,
He knows no cure, nor dares avow his flame.

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Such was unhappy Gryphon's state, who views
His fault too well, and still that fault pursues,
He sees how ill his doting thoughts are plac'd
On Origilla, faithless and unchaste:
Yet Reason to controlling Love gives way,
And Passion over Will usurps the sway.
Her baseness, her ingratitude he knows,
And still pursues her steps where'er she goes.
Now to resume the pleasing tale:—Unknown
To all, he issu'd from the walls alone:
Nor to his brother durst his purpose move,
Whose better wisdom oft had check'd his love.
But turning to the left, without delay,
To distant Rome he takes the ready way.
Six days elaps'd, Damascus strikes his eyes,
And thence his course to Antioch's city lies:
When near Damascus' walls the knight he met
On whom his faithless dame had newly set
Her changeful heart, and well the pair agreed
As with the fetid flower the noisome weed.
Both fickle, base, and vers'd in every wile,
With courteous show concealing mutual guile.
Thus, as I said, the base deceiver rode,
And, arm'd in pomp, a stately steed bestrode,
With Origilla, richly to behold
Array'd in azure garments fring'd with gold.

Ver. 37. *When near Damascus' walls the knight he met*
On whom his faithless dame--] This intrigue of Origilla is not mentioned by Boyardo, but appears to be an incident naturally grafted on her story by Ariosto, and suitable to her character in the Orlando Innamorato.

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Two squires beside him pac'd along the field,
Who bore by turns his helmet and his shield.
For now he sought with every splendor shown,
To attend a tilting in Damascus' town.
It chanc'd the Syrian monarch then declar'd,
By trumpet's sound, a sumptuous feast prepar'd;
Hence, from afar (as candidates for fame)
Adorn'd with every cost the warriors came.
Soon as the dame beheld her injur'd knight,
Brave Gryphon near, she trembled with affright.
She knew her lover's force too weak to wield
His arms against him in an equal field.
But vers'd in fraud, each feature soon she clears,
No voice, no gesture tells her inward fears:
Now with her partner she concerts the guile,
Then hastes to Gryphon with a treacherons smile:
In well-dissembled joy her arms she throws
Around his neck, and to his bosom grows:
With honey'd words, with every soothing art
Of dalliance fond she melts his easy heart.
Then weeping thus—Is this, my long-lost lord,
Is this, alas! my constant love's reward?
Twelve tedious months neglected and alone,
Gryphon nor hears my sighs, nor heeds my moan;
And had I stay'd his wish'd return to see,
That day perchance had ne'er been seen by me!
When with impatience from Nicosia's court,
(Where many a knight and damsel made resort)
I hop'd thy swift return to me bereft
Of every joy, by thee unkindly left;
When the fell fever prey'd upon my life,
And death stood threatening in the dubious strife;

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I heard my Gryphon, (all his vows forgot)
Had Syria reach'd---How cruel then my lot!
Hopeless to follow—desperate thoughts suggest
With my own hand to pierce my wrethed breast.
But favouring Fortune's better care supply'd
That succour, which thy cold neglect deny'd:
She, in my brother sent a valu'd friend
From all mischance my honour to defend;
And now, a bliss above each blessing dear,
Gives me to meet my lord, my Gryphon here!
Sure but for this my soul had wing'd her flight
In fond impatience for thy much-lov'd sight!
So spoke the damsel fraudulent of mind,
Mistress of art and basest of her kind;
So well she knew her feign'd complaints to frame,
That all to Gryphon she transferr'd the blame;
And made him with such eyes her minion view,
As if their birth they from one parent drew;
And with such specious tales beguil'd the youth,
Not John nor Luke bore clearer marks of truth.
Thus she, as foul in heart as fair in look,
Disarm'd brave Gryphon of prepar'd rebuke:
Enough, that from himself he can remove
The heavy charge of her neglected love.
Th' impostor greeting now, with him he steer'd
His friendly way, and as they journey'd, heard
That Syria's wealthy king proclaim'd a court,
For splendid show, where knights of every sort,
Of Christian faith, or bred in Pagan laws,
Whom rumour to the festive meeting draws,
Without the walls, or in the town secure,
Remain, unquestion'd, while the jousts endure.

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Yet think me not so eager still to dwell
On Origilla, and her story tell,
(Whose life each lover, that her smiles believ'd,
A thousand times with female guile deceiv'd)
That here my muse forgets again to turn
Where warring squadrons throng'd on squadrons burn
With martial fury, while in arms they make
Proud Paris tremble, and her bulwarks shake.
I left where Agramant assail'd a gate
He vainly deem'd in weak defenceless state,
But not a part more strongly could oppose,
With chosen troops, th' incursion of the foes.
There Charles himself, with leaders well prepar'd,
There Otho and Avolio kept the guard:
Two Guidos, either Angelino there,
Avino, Angelero, Berlinger.
Each Pagan warrior to new fame aspires,
Nor less each Christian glows with generous fires:
All anxious in their sovereign's sight to gain
The meed and praise which loyal deeds obtain.
Nor yet the Moors with hardy feats of arms
Efface the stain of late inflicted harms;
While countless numbers, slaughter'd by the foe,
A dire example to the living show.
Thick from the walls, like hail, the arrows pour,
And whelm th' assailants with an iron shower.
From either host in deafening clamour rise
Tumultuous shouts, and mingle in the skies.
But leave we Charles and Agramant awhile,
And to the Mars of Afric turn our stile,

Ver. 111. *Yet think me not—*] The story of Origilla and Gryphon is continued, Book xvii. ver. 118.

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The dreadful Rodomont, who uncontroul'd
Rag'd thro' the city, who, as late we told,
Left in the dreadful trench his hapless powers
Where, dire to see! the flame each limb devours,
While o'er the fosse that girt the city round,
He safely lights within the hostile ground.
Soon was the fatal Saracen espy'd,
Known by his foreign arms and scaly hide;
Where weak old age and those unnerv'd with fear,
To catch each rumour lent a trembling ear.
They ring their hands, loud cries and groans ascend,
And shrill laments the starry region rend.
To houses some, and some to temples run;
Each seeks by flight his threaten'd death to shun.
But this to few the murderous falchion yields,
That whirling round the furious Pagan wields.
Here, on the ground, dissever'd limbs are spread,
Far from the trunk, there falls the bounding head:
Through one, with backward stroke, the steel he guides,
And one, down cleft, from head to breast divides:
Of all he wounded, kill'd, or held in chace,
Not one would turn to meet him face to face.

Ver. 147. *Soon was the fatal Saracen espy'd,* —] Thus Virgil describes Turnus when by chance shut within the walls of the enemy.

> Agnoscunt faciem invisam atque inmania membra
> Turbati subito Æneadæ.....*Æn.* ix. 735.
>
> ..... his blazing buckler they descry,
> The sparkling fires that shot from either eye,
> His mighty members and his ample breast,
> His rattling armour and his crimson crest.
>
> *Dryden.*

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As midst the harmless herds by Ganges' waves,
Or in th' Hircanian fields the tiger raves;
Or where, o'erwhelm'd by rocks, Typhæus lies,
On goats and lambs the wolf resistless flies:
The savage Pagan thus unpitying slew
Not martial squadrons, but a heartless crew:
Meer vulgar souls that ne'er in arms could vie,
Souls only worthy to be born and die.
Thence to St. Michael's bridge with eager haste
Fierce Rodomont the timorous people chas'd.
Alike with him the lord, the servant fares;
His ruthless hand nor saint nor sinner spares.
Religion to the priest is no defence;
Nor to the babe avails its innocence.
Nor dames nor virgins find relenting grace
For lovely eyes or for a blooming face:
Nor hoary age is safe—against the foes
Not more the Pagan proofs of valour shows
Than cruel thirst of blood—sex, rank, and age
Fall undistinguish'd by his fiend-like rage.
Nor this fell king, of impious kings the worst,
On human lives exhausts his wrath accurs'd:
Against the senseless domes his arm conspires,
The sacred fane, the stately roof he fires.
In Paris (fewel meet to feed the flame)
Of timber then was rais'd each ample frame;

Ver. 175. *Religion to the priest is no defence;*] Thus Statius in the 11th Book of his Thebaid.

..... non ullius ætas,
Non cultus, non forma movet, pugnantibus idem
Supplicibusque furit...

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And now, in many a street, as trav'llers tell,
Her citizens in wooden structures dwell.
Unsated yet while thus his hate he fed,
And round him wide the conflagration spread;
The strongest pillars in his grasp he took,
And from its base the nodding mansion shook!
Not Padua's engines, of the mightest size,
Thou e'er hast seen, with force that could suffice,
To o'erturn the piles which (terrible to view)
Dread Sarza's king in smoaking ruins threw.
While thus the tyrant sword and fire employ'd,
And burnt the town and lives on lives destroy'd,
Had Agramant without alike prevail'd,
Paris had sunk and all her glory fail'd!
But this the Paladin forbade, who came
From distant Albion to the field of fame,
Beneath whose care the Scotch and English spread
Their bands, by Silence and the Angel led.
Heaven will'd when Rodomont at first engag'd
In blood and slaughter through the city rag'd,
That Clarmont's leader*, with auxiliar powers,
Should near advance to Paris' suffering towers.
Above the town a bridge prepar'd he threw,
And to the left his winding forces drew,
That when he led them rang'd against the foes,
No crossing river might their march oppose.
Six thousand archers first, with banner spread,
He sent on foot, by gallant Edward led;
With these two thousand horse, whose chosen bands,
All lightly arm'd, brave Arimon commands;

* Rinaldo.

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Who near Saint Martin and St. Denis gate,
Might enter Paris and relieve her state.
He sends apart each car and loaded wain,
And every charge that might their speed detain;
While, higher up the Seine, with circling course,
Himself conducts the remnant of his force,
With barks and bridges fram'd to pass the tide,
Whose depth the eager troops to ford deny'd.
All safely past, and every bridge with care
Behind destroy'd, he forms in rank of war
His various powers, but first he summons all
The knights and barons: each obeys his call:
He mounts a height, whence every eye and ear
May view his gesture and his speeches hear.
Then thus—'Tis yours, O chiefs! to lift in praise
Your hands to Heaven, who now decrees to raise
Your favour'd names, one glorious labour o'er,
And give such wreaths as ne'er were given before.
Chase from yon sacred walls our impious foe,
Two princes shall to you their safety owe:
Your sovereign first, whose hopes on you depend
To guard his freedom and his life defend:
Then, royal Charles, whose virtues have excell'd
Whoe'er on earth has rule imperial held:
With these full many a king, and chief of fame,
Of various countries and of various name.
Thus while your arms preserve yon grateful town,
Not only Paris shall your succours own;

Ver. 238. *Two princes shall to you their safety owe:*
Your sovereign first,—] He here addresses himself particularly to the English: by their sovereign he means Otho king of England, father of Astolpho, then besieged in Paris with Charlemain and many others.

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Paris whose sons now stand a heartless train,
Less fearing for the woes themselves sustain,
Than for their helpless wives and children's sake,
Who equal danger with themselves partake;
And holy maids, whom cloister'd walls enclose,
This day perchance defrauded of their vows;
But every country far and near, whose laws
Submit to CHRIST and own his hallow'd cause:
For not a Christian town but sees expos'd
Some citizen in yonder gates enclos'd.
If once, by public voice, the ancients gave
A civic crown to him, whose arms might save
A single life—what honours must be yours,
Whose aid unnumber'd souls from death secures?
But if or fear or envy should impede
Th' achievement of so great, so just a deed,
Should hostile force destroy yon sacred wall,
Soon Italy and Germany may fall,
With every realm that worships him who sign'd
With blood a ransom for redeem'd mankind.
Nor hope the Moors will from your lands abstain,
(Your lands encircled by the roaring main)
If these could once from Zibelterra's strand,
Or Gades' confines, rush with daring hand
To waste your isles—how must their power increase,
When Gallia's conquer'd states their sway confess.
But grant, nor honour nor advantage rise
To crown our toils in this day's enterprise,
Yet duty bids us with their arms unite,
Who for one cause, for one religion fight!
Soon shall I lead your victor-bands to throw
In disarray the legions of the foe,

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That all unskill'd in labours of the plain,
Appear a weak, unarm'd and heartless train.
With words like these addrest Rinaldo fir'd
Th' attentive leaders, and his host inspir'd;
When, as the proverb speaks, was little need,
As with sharp spur to goad the willing steed.
His speech thus clos'd, his triple force he leads,
And up the stream with silent course proceeds,
Beneath their standards rang'd in fair array,
Nor drums, nor shouts, their wary march betray.
He gives Zerbino first the glorious post
T' attack with Scottish arms the Pagan host;
While bending round, far stretching o'er the plain,
He sends the warriors of Hibernia's train.
The duke of Lancaster his central bands,
Compos'd of English foot and horse, commands.
These orders given, the Paladin pursu'd
His eager course along the winding flood
Beyond Zerbino's troops—when now appear
Oran's huge king and king Sobrino near;
Who, first of Afric's sons, with dauntless air,
Their weapons to receive the foes prepare.
Soon as the Christian host, with banners spread,
By Silence and the heavenly Angel led,
Perceive the foe, no longer they suppress
That kindling warmth repeated shouts confess.
The skies re-echo to the trumpet's blast,
And every Pagan shrinks with fears aghast.
Rinaldo flies, with martial ardour prest,
His courser spurs, and bears his lance in rest:
No longer in the ranks remain'd confin'd,
ut leaves the Scots an arrow's flight behind.

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As when a whirlwind's rage resistless flies
Before a tempest gathering in the skies:
So, darting from the files, th' intrepid knight
Impell'd Bayardo to the wish'd-for fight.
Soon as the Paladin was seen in arms,
The conscious Moors presage approaching harms:
See in each hand the fearful javelin shake,
The trembling knee in every stirrup quake!
Alone king Puliano knows not fear,
Who little deem'd Rinaldo's arm so near;
Nor thinking here t' oppose such matchless force,
Incites his rapid steed to brave the course.
Firm o'er his spear he bends, and aiming just,
In all his strength collects him to the thrust:
With either spur he gores his fiery steed,
And all the reins abandons to his speed:
While he, whose blood in Amon's veins had run,
Whose deeds might speak him Mars' redoubted son,
Displays at full, what art or grace can yield
To crown the glory of the dreadful field.
Alike each chief his threatening spear address'd,
With skilful aim against the adverse crest,
But far unlike th' event!—one breathless lies,
Slain in the shock; one gains the victor's prize.
More proofs of valour must in arms appear
Than with a martial air to wield the spear;

Ver. 317. *See in each hand the fearful javelin shake,*
The trembling knee in every stirrup quake! Tasso has the same idea in the speech of Godfrey to his army before the last general battle.

The swords now tremble, trembles every shield,
Their fearful standards tremble on the field.
Jer. Del. B. xx. ver. 101.

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But Fortune's partial smiles o'er all prevail,
Without whose aid even Valour's self will fail.
His trusty lance the knight in rest replac'd,
And next Oran's gigantic sovereign fac'd,
Whose dastard mien bespoke his trembling heart,
Though large his bones and strong each nervous part.
No buckler could the fatal wound prevent,
Deep in his belly's rim the weapon went,
And holding on its course without controul,
From the vast body drove the little soul.
The steed inur'd long sultry hours to sweat
Beneath his giant lord's unwieldy weight,
To good Rinaldo seem'd his thanks to pay,
Who freed him from the burthen of the day.
His javelin broke, Rinaldo turns his steed
Swift as if wings impell'd his rapid speed,
And midst the thickest press with eager course,
He thunders on, resistless in his force.
With desperate sway Fusberta round he wields;
Before whose edge the brittle armour yields.
Not temper'd steel, nor scaly mail defends,
But to the quick the thirsty steel descends.
Shields lin'd with hides or fenc'd with plated wood,
Turbans and quilted vests distain'd with blood,
Confess his arm; where'er his stroke pursues,
Helm, cuirass, shield, he pierces, breaks, and hews,
Which such resistance to his sword oppose,
As grass against the scythe, or corn when Boreas blows.
The foremost band was now dispers'd and fled,
When to the fight his van Zerbino led:
First of the throng, with spear in rest, he flew:
Beneath his standard all his troops pursue

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With equal valour—not with greater rage
Lions and wolves with goats or sheep engage.
Each spurs his courser on the adverse host,
And soon the closing space between is lost.
They meet, they shock—but meet with chance unlike;
The Scots alone with conquering weapons strike.
The Pagans faintly strike, or breathless lie,
As if they sought the battle but to die.
A sudden chillness every Moor oppress'd;
A sudden ardour swell'd each Scottish breast.
The troops of Afric, struck with panic fear,
In every Christian think Rinaldo near.
Sobrino now to combat moves, while all
His troops obey, nor wait the herald's call.
This squadron o'er the rest might honour claim
For arms, for valour, and its leader's fame.
His Dardinello led, but ill secur'd
In tatter'd arms, and worse to fight inur'd;
While on his head a shining helm he plac'd,
And every limb in jointed armour cas'd.
The following squadron Isolero led;
Then Thraso, duke of Mar, his banner spread.
Now Ariodantes, adding to his name
Albania's dukedom, with his warriors came,
Where Isolero bravely he beheld
With forces of Navarre invade the field.
Shrill trumpets mix'd with many a barbarous sound
Join the hoarse drums: wheels clatter o'er the ground:

Ver. 395. *Shrill trumpets mix'd with many a barbarous sound Join the hoarse drums:* —] This passage may be adduced as an example of the fire of Ariosto's battles, the noise occa-

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Huge engines creak: stones rattle from the sling:
From twanging bows unnumber'd arrows sing;
While louder clamours seem to rend the skies,
Triumphant shouts, and groans, and dying cries.
Such is the din where falling Nilus roars,
And deafens, with his surge, the neighbouring shores!
From either army storms of arrows fly,
Whose dismal shadows intercept the sky;
While sultry vapours mix'd with dust ascend,
And black as night in clouds condens'd extend.
Now these, now those to fickle chance give way;
Lo! this pursues, and that deserts the day.
One breathless here is stretch'd, while near him slain
His foe beneath him there has press'd the plain.
When spent with toil one squadron seems to yield,
Another hastens to sustain the field.
Now here, now there, the throng of arms increas'd;
There thrust the foot, and here the horsemen press'd.
The earth on which they fought, impurpled grew,
And chang'd her green for robes of sanguine hue:
Where flowerets lately deck'd th' enamell'd way,
Now horse and man in mingled carnage lay.
First of the field Zerbino's might appears
Beyond the promise of his early years:

---

stoned by the encounter of the two armies is nobly compared to the cataracts of the Nile. Petrarch has a similar allusion.

..... come il Nil d'alto caggendo
Co'l gran suono i vicin d'intorno assorda.

Ver. 404. *Whose dismal shadows*—] Ariosto seems here to allude to the known answer made by Epaminondas, the Spartan general, to one who told him the arrows of the enemies were so numerous, that their flight would obscure the sun: "Then (replied the Spartan we shall fight in the shade."

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Fierce on the foes that near him thickening drew,
He rush'd, and round him wide destruction threw,
While to his band which newly here he sway'd
Brave Ariodantes deeds of worth display'd;
Dispersing chilling fear and wonder far
Amidst the ranks of Castile and Navarre.
Two bastards, Mosco and Chelindo, bred
In Arragon of Calabruno dead;
And one, who late from Barcelona came,
Calamidorus, not unknown to fame,
To seek Zerbino's death, around him press'd,
And to his courser's flank their spears address'd:
Pierc'd by their spears he fell, with him to ground
Zerbino fell, but fell without a wound.
When soon recovering on his feet he rose,
T' avenge his courser on th' exulting foes.
Through Mosco first (who rashly hop'd to take
The knight dismounted, and his prisoner make)
He thrust his blade with unabated force,
And laid on earth a pale and lifeless corse.
When now Chelindo saw his brother slain,
He rag'd, and 'gainst Zerbino spurr'd amain
His trampling steed, but heedful to the shock
Zerbino, as he pass'd, the bridle took,
And sent the beast to earth, no more to rise,
No more to need from generous corn supplies.
Zerbino with such force the stroke impell'd,
At once the courser and his lord he fell'd.
Calamidorus, who beheld them slain,
Scar'd at the blow, turn'd round his horse's rein.
Stay, traitor, stay—(enrag'd Zerbino cries)
And aims a stroke behind him as he flies.

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The sword fell short and miss'd the knight's intent,
Yet miss'd not far—behind the wretch it went,
A furious passage through the crupper found,
And brought the courser lifeless to the ground.
The rider quits his seat, in hopes to gain
On foot his safety, but he hopes in vain:
Duke Thraso passing by (so will'd his fate)
O'erturn'd and crush'd him with his courser's weight.
Now Ariodantes with Lurcanio drew
Where fought Zerbino in the thickest crew;
With these came lords and knights of great account,
Who brought their aid Zerbino to remount.
His falchion Ariodantes whirl'd around,
Which Attalico and Margano found.
But chief the strokes his deathful weapon dealt,
Etearchus and Cassimirus felt.
The former couple wounded left the plain:
The last, more luckless, by his arm were slain.
Alike Lurcanio marks of prowess show'd,
Who round confusion, death, and terror strow'd.
Deem not that less in field the conflict rag'd,
Than where the squadrons near the stream engag'd:
Nor think the army lagg'd behind, which brought
By Clarence' noble duke the battle sought:
This fierce the banner'd powers of Spain defy'd,
While equal Fortune paus'd on either side,
Alike in both, foot, horse, and chieftains wield
Their skilful weapons to dispute the field.
Oldrado first and Pharamond appear:
The valiant dukes of York and Glo'ster near.
With these bold Richard earl of Warwick shines,
And Henry, duke of Clarence, guides the lines.

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To these oppos'd (with each his martial band)
There Mattalista, Follicones stand;
With Baricondo—one Almeria sway'd,
Granada this, Majorca that obey'd.
Awhile with equal arms the battle rag'd,
Nor this, nor that with better chance engag'd.
By turns they chase, by turns are backward borne,
As to the breese of May quick shifts the standing corn;
Or as the sea, whose waters ne'er repose,
Plays on the strand with ceaseless ebbs and flows;
Till Fortune, that had held in equal scale
Each adverse host, bade Albion's arms prevail
Against the Moor—The duke of Glo'ster's force
Hurl'd Mattalista headlong from his horse;
While in his shoulder Pharamond a wound
Impress'd, and Follicones threw to ground:
Thus low on earth each hapless Pagan laid,
Was captive to the English camp convey'd;
And Baricondo in the fatal strife,
To noble Clarence yields his forfeit life.
Such terrors now each Pagan foe oppress'd,
Such courage swell'd in every Christian breast,
That those no longer wield their arms in fight,
But quit their ranks and turn their backs to flight:
While these advancing as their foes withdrew,
Press'd on their rear and unresisted slew:
And had not succour reach'd the fainting host,
That day had quell'd each Pagan's haughty boast.
  Ferrau, who distant thence till now engag'd,
On king Marsilius' side the battle wag'd,
Soon as the flying standards he beheld,
The slaughter'd troops and half his army quell'd,

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His foaming courser spurr'd, and instant flew
Amidst the thickest of the warring crew;
Where first he saw fall headlong to the plain,
Cleft through the head-piece, young Olympio slain:
Once was he skill'd in sweetest lays to sing
Soft notes responsive to the tuneful string;
And boasted with his harp and voice to move
The sternest breast to blandishment and love.
Well if contented with his humbler fame,
He ne'er had sought the warrior's dangerous name,
But loath'd the buckler, quiver, shield, and lance,
That wrought his downfall in the fields of France.
When now Ferrau, who priz'd him dear, beheld
The strippling pale, and bleeding on the field,
For this his ruthless bosom sorrow'd more
Than all the thousands that were slain before.
Against the victor swift his rage he bent,
Sheer through his casque the steel resistless went,
Sever'd between the brows his gasping head,
Cleft to the breast, and hurl'd him with the dead.
Nor thus appeas'd, he whirl'd around his blade,
Through helm and mail its edge a passage made.
Through face or breast the speeding steel he thrust:
There drops an arm; here rolls a head in dust.

Ver. 520.——*young Olympio slain:*] There is a great resemblance between the following passage describing the death of Olympio and the behaviour of Ferrau upon the occasion, with that of Tasso, in the ninth book of the Jerusalem, where Solyman sees his favourite page killed by Argellino. The circumstances are beautiful in each poet, nor can Tasso be accused of taking much more than the hint from Ariosto.

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Where late th' ignoble vulgar, fill'd with dread,
Dispers'd and broken from the battle fled;
Now here, now there he hew'd his bloody way,
And sudden chang'd the fortune of the day.
Meanwhile king Agramant advancing, came
To prove his valour in the field of fame;
He Baliverso, Ferrarantes brought;
With him king Prusio, Bambirago fought,
And Soridano—with a throng, whose blood
Might drench the meadows in an ample flood.
Their number such—'twere easier to explore
Th' autumnal leaves that strow the vallies o'er.
Now Agramant collects a chosen force
(Drawn from the walls) of mingled foot and horse;
These, guided by the king of Fez, he sent
To guard his camp that stretch'd in wide extent,
On which th' Hibernian chiefs their forces bent.
This task perform'd, the monarch summons all
The remnant powers; they thicken at his call.
These to the charge with rapid haste he leads,
Where near the stream the fight his presence needs:
And whence a message in Sobrino's name,
But late arriv'd, his sudden aid to claim.
Beneath him rang'd a vast innumerous throng,
(His army's better half) now pours along:
So loud their march, the Scots suspended hear,
They leave their ranks and stain their fame with fear.
Alone Zerbino and Lurcanio stay,
With Ariodantes, in the dreadful day.
Zerbino still unhors'd perchance had dy'd,
But that Rinaldo timely aid supply'd.

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The glorious Paladin had driven in flight
A hundred banners from the fatal fight,
When to his ear dispers'd by ready fame,
The tidings of Zerbino's danger came,
Whom single and on foot to death expos'd,
His troops had left by shouting Moors enclos'd.
He heard, and turn'd his steed with ire,
Where from the field he saw the Scots retire,
And thus aloud—Ah! whither would ye haste?
What shameful panic has your arms disgrac'd?
Shall this vile race your ancient honours scorn?
Behold the spoils that should your fanes adorn!
Great is your praise, from circling foes to run,
And leave unhors'd, alone, your monarch's son.
Then from his squire a mighty spear he took,
And Prusio king of Alvarecchia struck,
Who met the weapon on his breast, and left
His lofty steed, of seat and life bereft:
He Agricaltes slew, and, hurl'd to ground,
Stretch'd Bambirago with a mortal wound:
Brave Soridano next his spear had slain,
But with the stroke the weapon burst in twain.
His javelin broke, Fusberta next he drew,
And rushing fierce on Serpentino flew,
Who on his shield a star conspicuous bore,
And armour, forg'd by fatal magic, wore:
Yet fell the sword with such resistless sway,
That stunn'd and breathless on the plain he lay.
When the brave chief of Caledonia's band
Beheld the wish'd relief, his ready hand
A courser seiz'd from those that o'er the plains
Freed from their riders ran with loosen'd reins.

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In happy time the vacant seat he gain'd,
For lo! with many a gallant troop sustain'd,
Young Dardinel and Agramant appear,
The king Sobrino and Balastro near.
But fearless, from his courser he survey'd
The thickening crowd, and, whirling round his blade,
Now this, now that dispatch'd to shades of hell,
The lives, which mortals led on earth, to tell.
Rinaldo, who, with generous ardour fir'd,
To vanquish those of highest name aspir'd,
On Agramant, who tow'r'd in arms above
A thousand chiefs, Bayardo swift he drove
With sidelong shock, and sent, with thundering force,
To earth at once the horseman and the horse.

While thus without the walls the hosts engag'd,
Where mutual hatred, death, and horror rag'd,
In Paris Rodomont the people slew,
And fire amidst the domes and temples threw.
Imperial Charles who thence at distance fought,
Nor saw, nor heard what woes the Pagan wrought;
And now intent auxiliary force to gain,
Receiv'd within the gates the British train,
By Arimon and gallant Edward led:
When lo! a squire, his visage pale with dread,
Appears, and oft in undistinguish'd cries
Exclaims, ere breath his further speech supplies.

This day behold the Roman empire lost!
This day has Christ abjur'd the Christian host!
This day, some Demon 'scap'd from deepest hell,
Forbids us longer in these walls to dwell.
Satan (no less a fiend such rage can breathe)
Deforms the wretched town with woe and death.

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Ah! turn and see where blackening to the skies,
From crackling flames the smoky volumes rise!
He said, and while he spoke, th' Imperial chief
The mingled clamours heard that claim'd relief.
And saw the ruddy blaze—As one who hears
The sacred bells that tinkling in his ears,
Proclaim the fire, to others first reveal'd,
Though most his loss from him alone conceal'd:
So look'd the monarch when the truth he knew,
When the dire prospect rose before his view:
Around him he collects a chosen force,
And to the city's square with rapid course
His banner turns, for thence the tumult came,
There fierce the Pagan raves with sword and flame:
There Charles beholds with cruel carnage spread
Th' impurpled earth, the dying and the dead.

But here we pause—let those who would pursue
The tale, some future time the tale renew.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

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THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES and his Paladins go against Rodomont. Gryphon, Martano, and Origilla, arrive in the city of Damascus, where they are hospitably entertained by a knight, who relates to them the story of king Norandino and Lucina, and their adventure with the Orc: he declares that the king had instituted a tournament to be held in commemoration of the deliverance of himself and his queen. The knights agree to be present at this solemnity. The tournament described. Cowardice of Martano. Valour of Gryphon, who overcomes all opponents. Martano by fraud obtains the prize of the jousts, and Gryphon is openly put to shame.

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THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN, ripe for punishment, our sinful race
Have past the limits of supernal grace,
T' assert his justice on offending earth,
God gives to tyrants and to monsters birth;
Strengthens their power and rage t' afflict mankind:
Domitian, Scylla, Marius, hence design'd
The plagues of man, each Nero, Caius came,
And Antonine (the last that bore the name):
Hence, from the refuse of Plebeian clay,
He lifted Maximin to sovereign sway:
Creon he sent the Theban throne to fill:
Mezentius dire his people's blood to spill;

Ver. 6. *Domitian, Scylla, Marius,*—] The names of several Roman emperors and others, celebrated for acts of tyranny and cruelty.

Ver. 7.—*Caius*—] Caius Caligula.

Ver. 12. *Mezentius*—] A king of Tuscany, whose cruelty is thus mentioned by Virgil.

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And to the Huns, the Goths, and Lombards gave,
In later times, Italia to enslave.
How shall I speak of Attila? How dwell
On Roman Ezzellino's crimes, or tell
A thousand more, by God's high doom assign'd
His fearful ministers to scourge mankind?
This awful truth not ancient times alone
Declare, but well the present age has shown;
When us, his wandering and forsaken sheep,
His anger gives to ravenous wolves to keep;
Who not content to glut their cruel rage
And with their blood their horrid thirst assuage,
Invite from foreign woods a fiercer breed
Of Wolves more ravenous at their feast to feed.
Th' unbury'd heaps that Thrasymene beheld,
The blood that Cannæ's plain, or Trebbia swell'd,

Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora,
(Tormenti genus!) et sanie taboque fluentes
Complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat.
Æn. viii. ver. 485.

The living to the dead, at his command,
Were coupled face to face and hand to hand;
Till, choak'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
Dryden, ver. 630.

Ver. 15, 16.—*Attila?—Ezzellino—*] See notes to Book iii.

Ver. 21. *When us, his wandering and forsaken sheep,*] After the defeat at Ravenna, Pope Julius invited the Switzers and other nations into Italy, when many cities were taken, battles fought, and great slaughter made in different parts.

Ver. 27. *Th' unbury'd heaps that Thrasymene beheld,*
The blood that Cannæ's plain,—] Two memorable battles, in which the Romans were defeated by Hannibal. So great was the slaughter at Cannæ, that Hannibal is said to have sent to Carthage three bushels filled with rings taken from the dead Roman knights.

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Are little to the slaughter that imbru'd
Our fields, by many a passing river view'd.
For sins long past, perchance has Heav'n decreed
Our woes from them, whose crimes our own exceed:
But justice once fulfill'd, our happier bands
May turn hereafter on their hostile lands,
When healing pardon to our prayer is given,
And they in turn confess the wrath of Heaven.
What guilt must now the Christian cause debase,
To draw such suffering on their wretched race!
See in each part the Turk and Moor assail!
See pillage, insult, rape and death prevail!
But o'er the rest their complicated woes
From Rodomont's infernal fury rose.
And now imperial Charles, with grieving eye,
Beheld around his slaughter'd people lie;
His palace burning, and his fanes o'erthrown,
And desolation through the wretched town,
Spread wide and wider—Whither, heartless crew!
Is now your flight—does none his peril view?
What city else can save your trembling bands;
Should this be wrested from your dastard hands?
Say, shall one man, surrounded by his foes,
Whom, thus forbid to fly, your walls enclose;
Shall he, with single arm, your glory stain,
And 'scape unwounded while yourselves are slain?
So spoke indignant Charles, and nearer drew
To where the Saracen his subjects slew;
Where thronging crowds, by common danger brought,
Within the regal dome their safety sought;
That with strong walls secur'd, and well prepar'd
With needful stores, the bold assailant dar'd

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To lengthen'd siege—Meantime, with fury swell'd,
Fierce Rodomont the square triumphant held,
And scorn'd the world in arms—one dreadful hand
The falchion shook, one wav'd the blazing brand.
Now furious on the palace gates he struck;
The lofty gates resounded to the shock.
From the high roof the Christians hurl'd below
Huge broken fragments thundering on the foe.
None costly piles of ancient splendor spar'd:
Fair marble domes one common ruin shar'd;
Pillars and beams o'erlaid with fretted gold,
The stately works their fathers priz'd of old.
Before the gate the king of Sarza press'd,
In shining steel that arm'd his head and breast.
So when the serpent issuing from the brakes,
With spring return'd his squalid coat forsakes;
Proud of his new-gain'd spoils and youth renew'd,
He glides along with fresher strength indu'd;
Three tongues he darts, his eyes are red with fire,
And, where he moves, his fellow brutes retire.

Ver. 67. *From the high roof*—] The following passages are imitated from Virgil, Æn. ii.

> Auratasque tabes, veterum decora alta parentum
> Convellunt.....
>
> And gilded roofs came tumbling from on high,
> The marks of state and ancient royalty. *Dryden.*

Ver. 73. *Before the gate the king*—]

> Vestibulum ante ipsum, primoque in limine Pyrrhus,
> Exultat telis, et luce coruscus ahena.
>
> Before the gate stood Pyrrhus threat'ning loud,
> With glittering arms conspicuous in the crowd. *Dryden.*

Ver. 74. *In shining steel*—] *In chiaro acciar*—Ariosto, in the warmth of classic imitation, seems here to forget the serpent's hide with which he has represented Rodomont to have been armed.

Not beams, nor rafters, from the fabric rent,
Not stones, nor arrows on the Pagan sent,
Nor whirling slings his dreadful arm can stay:
The crashing portal to his stroke gives way,
While, from within, the pale and haggard crew
Through many a breach their dire besieger view!
The court is fill'd with death; loud clamours rise;
The shrieking females join the soldier's cries;
They beat their breasts, they fly from place to place,
The portals and the genial beds embrace;
Now threaten'd to receive a foreign race.

Such was their state, so near to ruin brought,
When, with his barons, Charles the palace sought,
And turning to the chiefs, whose might before
Had oft been seen in danger's direst hour:
Are ye not those, whose courage prov'd (he cry'd)
Once Agolant in Aspramont defy'd?
And say, shall aught that valour now repel
By which Troyano and Almontes fell,
With thousands more?—Will you, O dire disgrace!
Shrink from one man of that detested race?
No—let this infidel your prowess find,
This infidel who massacres mankind!
Be still yourselves—the brave can death despise,
And dies contented, if with fame he dies.
Your presence is my hope—whene'er you join
Your social arms, the victory is mine!

He said, and ceasing with his lance in rest,
Against the Saracen his courser press'd.
With him the Paladin Ugero came;
Namus and Olivero, chiefs of fame.

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With these Avino and Avolio dar'd,
Otho and Berlinger the glory shar'd.
All these on Rodomont their spears unite;
Some on his breast, some on his helmet light.

But let us cease, my lord, the deathful strain
That sings of raging arms and warriors slain;
Enough of Rodomont—Now turn the stile
Where, near Damascus, Gryphon, left e'erwhile
With Origilla, seems the verse to claim,
And he who falsely bore a brother's name.
Of wealthy cities on the eastern coast
Her numerous sons may proud Damascus boast:
A journey thence of seven succeeding days
The pilgrim to Jerusalem conveys.
On fruitful plains it stands in wholesome air,
Alike in winter as in summer fair:
Against the town a mountain's neighbouring height
Reflects the first faint blush of dawning light:
Two crystal rivers through the city glide,
And, branching, in a thousand rills divide;
That each its tribute to a garden pours,
To nourish odoriferous plants and flowers.
'Tis said the scented waters there might fill
A channell'd bed to speed th' industrious mill.

Ver. 118. *Enough of Rodomont—*] The poet returns to him in the xviiith book, ver. 55.

Ver. 119. *Where, near Damascus,—*] See book xvi. ver. 110.

Ver. 135.—*to speed th' industrious mill.*] Zatta tells us, that travellers at the time of Ariosto, made use of this hyperbolical expression, to give an idea of the great abundance of sweet or scented waters at Damascus, according to the vulgar phrase in use amongst us of the wind, "enough to turn a mill."

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O'er all the midmost street resplendent lie
Rich vests and tapestry of various dye.
Herbs of all hues and scents their smell dispense,
Whence soft perfumes delight the gentle sense.
Each gate, each window charms the stranger's sight,
With costly stuffs reflecting mingled light;
But chief, with many a fair and stately dame,
Whose garments gay with gold and jewels flame!
Here sprightly youths in tuneful measures lead
The various dance, there mount the manag'd steed.
Whate'er in India or Maremma shines,
(Their pearly stores, or treasure of their mines)
Damascus in refulgent pomp displays,
While lords, and knights, and squires with wonder gaze.
As Gryphon and his train their way pursue,
Devouring all they saw with greedy view;
A knight accosts, and courteous from their steeds
The train invites, and to his dwelling leads;
There with refreshing baths their toil relieves,
And at his board, with welcome smiles, receives.
He tells them how the mighty king, who held
The Syrian rule, and in Damascus dwell'd,
Next day by trumpets bade the jousts proclaim,
Where native knights or knights of foreign name
Might show their skill and right to knightly fame.
There, did their mien their courage truly speak,
His guests might prove their worth, nor further trial seek.

Though Gryphon came not thither with intent
Of tilts or combat, his high courage bent
On noble deeds, accepts the proffer'd field,
Nor shuns the palm that Fortune seems to yield.

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He asks what cause the festival ordain'd,
If every year in solemn rite maintain'd,
Or by the king now first decreed to try
How far his knights in deeds of arms may vie.
To whom the host—Each third revolving light
Of monthly Luna must renew the sight;
In memory of our king's escape, who led
Four tedious moons half number'd with the dead.
Then hear the tale—Our king, who bears the name
Of Norandino, lov'd a beauteous dame,
Whose royal father rul'd the Cyprian land:
At length the monarch won the virgin's hand,
And, many a knight and lady in his train,
Steer'd with his bride for Syria's fair domain.
While distant from the port, with canvas swell'd,
Our vessel through Carpathian billows held
Her rapid way, so fierce around us spread
A gathering storm, the pilot shook with dread.
Three days and nights uncertain where we past,
Heartless and pale, by mountain surges cast,
Weary'd and drench'd at length we reach'd the strand
Where riv'lets lav'd the hills and verdant land.
Our tents unshipp'd, we soon with gladsome cheer,
Between the trees the spread pavilions rear:
Some kindle fires, and some with busy care
On carpets tables for the meal prepare.
The Syrian king for Sylvan game explores
The neighbouring vallies and the secret bowers;
The browzing goat, the deer or stag to find;
And two attendants bear his bow behind.
While joyful on the turf ourselves we place,
To wait our lord returning from the chace,

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Along the shore we see, with looks aghast,
The dreadful orc to our pavilion haste.
Heaven guard you all from such a fearful sight,
Nor let so dire a fiend your souls affright!
'Tis better with the tale describ'd to quake,
Than, at his view, with freezing horror shake!
Such was his form, no language can suffice
To paint his bulk mishap'd and giant size.
Instead of eyes, upon his dreadful face
Two bones projecting fill'd each eyeless space.
He spy'd, and chas'd our trembling steps before,
And seem'd a mountain moving on the shore.
Like some wild boar's his spreading tusks appear'd,
Vast were his jaws, his hairy breast besmear'd
With filth obscene, he trail'd upon the ground
His nose, sagacious as the scenting hound.
All, that behold him, think destruction nigh,
Where'er our terror drives in heaps we fly.
His blindness nought avail'd our fear to quell,
His sense of smelling but supply'd too well
The want of eyes; his course like Eurus light,
That wings must be their aid who scape by flight.

Ver. 200. *The dreadful orc*—] The general idea of this story of the orc and Lucina is taken from Boyardo, but the particular incidents in both poets are evidently from the Polypheme of Homer, though it must be confessed that several circumstances introduced, are extremely puerile, in which I fear our poet will be found more liable to criticism and ridicule than in any part of his poem. This narrative will surely, more than once, recal to the reader's mind the extravagant tales of a garrulous old nurse for the amusement of children.

Ver. 205. *Such was his form*,—] Not unlike this passage is the description in Spenser, where a monstrous savage carries off Amoret. See *Fairy Queen*.

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Of forty, whom he chas'd around the plain,
Scarce ten by swimming could the bark regain.
In clusters some beneath his arm he bore,
Some at his bosom in his vest before:
With some he fill'd a wallet deep and wide,
That like a scrip hung dangling at his side.
The eyeless monster bears us to his cave,
Hewn in a rock, where near the dashing wave
On the bleak strand the lonely dwelling rose
Of purest marble white as falling snows.
With him a matron dwells, whose looks declare
Her anxious thoughts inur'd to grief and care;
With her were dames and virgins kept confin'd,
Deform'd and fair, of every age and kind.
Beside his dwelling, in the cavern'd rock
A stall, no less in size, contain'd his flock:
A troop innumerous; these his wont to keep
In every season, shepherd o'er his sheep.
By turns he folds them, or to pasture drives,
And pleasing solace from the charge derives.
But at each meal he makes his horrid food
Of human flesh—this soon, alas! we view'd,
When, entering in the cave, with bloody hand
Three youths he takes of our devoted band:
These, while in vain beneath his grasp they strive,
The giant in his maw devours alive!
And, lifting a huge stone, his woolly care,
He drives from covert, and secures us there.
Then to th' accustom'd meads his herd he tends,
And sounds a reed that from his neck depends.
Meantime our prince returning mark'd around
The tents forsaken and deserted ground,

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And knew his loss—where late his friends remain'd,
On every side a dreary silence reign'd.
What wrought the dire mischance he little knew,
But fill'd with terror to the shore he flew;
He saw the mariners their anchor weigh,
And to the wind their parting sail display.
Soon as they view him pacing o'er the strand,
The skiff they send to bear him from the land.
When wretched Norandino heard too late,
The orc's dire fury and his comrades' fate:
Whate'er ensu'd, he vow'd in every strife,
For dear Lucina's sake to risk his life,
And perish or redeem his ravish'd wife.
Where in the sands the traces he beheld
Of steps imprest, he ran, as love impell'd;
At length he reach'd the cavern where we lay
Half dead with fear, the orc's expected prey:
At every noise we think the monster near,
In every wind the direful glutton hear.
It chanc'd the king arriv'd, what time to roam
The prowling orc had left his wife at home:
Soon as she view'd a stranger—Fly (she cry'd)
Ah! wretched thou, if by the orc espy'd.
Then he—Let him espy, and save or slay—
Such threats of danger never can dismay
A soul resolv'd—by choice, not error led,
I come to perish by my consort dead—
If Heaven so wills!—He tidings then besought
Of those whom near the shore the monster caught,
But chief he ask'd of fair Lucina's fate,
If slain, or kept in wretched captive state.

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With courteous speech the matron comfort gives,
And tells the prince his lov'd Lucina lives;
She bids no needless fears distract his mind,
The hungry orc ne'er preys on womankind.
To prove this truth, behold myself (she cry'd)
And all these females that with me reside.
To me, nor them, he shews no signs of ill,
While here content we stay; but should our will
Once adverse prove—should any seek to fly,
On her his wrath would every torment try;
Bind her in chains, with earth alive enclose,
Or naked to the sun on burning sands expose.
When in this cavern he thy friends confin'd,
He drew not from the males the female kind,
But left them mingled here—his perfect smell,
Without the help of sight, each sex can tell.
The women scape unhurt: the men must die,
And four or six each day his meal supply.
To bear thy consort hence can I devise
No friendly means—let this alone suffice:
No fear of death need here attend the fair,
With us one common safety will she share—
But hence, my son, O fly this fatal shore
Ere yet surpris'd the orc thy life devour.
Soon as he comes, each place he searches well,
And not a cat escapes his piercing smell.

Ver. 287. *The hungry orc ne'er preys—*] Amorico Vespucci relates of certain savages that feed upon human flesh, but says that they never eat the women.

Ver. 309. *And not a cat escapes his piercing smell.*] An instance, among many, of the ludicrous vein of expression so often indulged by our author, and which cannot admit of elevation in an English version.

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The king reply'd, he ne'er would thence remove
Till her he view'd—dear object of his love:
Far rather would he by her side be slain,
Than banish'd from Lucina's sight remain.
When long the prudent dame had vainly try'd
To make him lay his rash design aside,
She to relieve his grief her thoughts apply'd.
Within the grotto many a carcase lay
Of sheep, or lambs, and goats, which day by day
Food for herself and all the household gave,
And various skins were hung around the cave.
She bids him from a goat's deep entrails take
The rancid fat, and hence an ointment make,
And to deceive the monster o'er him spread
The fetid unctuous grease from foot to head.
That done; she wraps the hairy goats-skin round
The monarch's limbs—thence grovelling on the ground
She leads him where a stone clos'd up the way,
And where confin'd his beauteous consort lay.
There Norandino near the entrance mourn'd,
Impatient till the goats and sheep return'd:
At evening tide he hears the sounding reed
At distance call them from the humid mead.
He sees the hairy goats and woolly train,
And close behind he sees the giant swain.
Judge if his heart confess'd a moment's fear,
When to the cavern's mouth the orc drew near:
But though short doubts at first his breast assail'd,
Soon constant love o'er every fear prevail'd.
The orc remov'd the stone that clos'd the rock,
And Norandino entered with the flock.

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Amidst our crew the dreadful orc descends,
But first the entrance with the stone defends:
Then, scenting round, he seizes two, decreed
With gory flesh his hungry maw to feed.
Still, still his tusks in my remembrance dwell,
Cold fear congeals me while the tale I tell.
The giant gone, the monarch cast aside
His goats-skin, and embrac'd his lovely bride:
While she, who shudders at his much-lov'd sight,
Now terror feels, where once she felt delight.
She sees him come self-offer'd there to fall,
Without the power to save herself from thrall.
Midst all my woes, my dearest lord! (she said)
One thought alone my greatest comfort bred;
That thou wert absent when that fatal day
Beheld us hither brought the monster's prey.
Howe'er condemn'd to this unhappy state,
Nature might tremble at approaching fate,
Yet should I but my single death bewail,
Nor tenfold fears for thee my breast assail.
For should'st thou perish here, thy death alone
Would claim my grief, forgetful of my own.
To her the king—I come in hopes to free,
From such dire hold, this wretched train and thee;
Ah! let me rather on destruction run,
Than let me live without thy light, my earthly sun!
The way I came consent with me to try;
To you, to all, the same may open lie.
If, like myself, you scorn not now to wear
This unctuous skin unclean and shaggy hair.
He said; and taught us what the dame before
Had taught, with skins our limbs to cover o'er.

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We hear instructed and his voice obey:
In number, equal to ourselves, we slay
The rankest goats, and with the fat besmear
Our limbs, and in the hairy spoils appear.
Soon as the sun his golden couch forsakes,
And from the east with beamy splendour breaks;
The giant, to his cave repairing, calls
With ready pipe the herd to quit the stalls.
But o'er the cavern's mouth his hand he holds,
Lest we, with these, should issue from the folds.
He felt us while we pass'd, and as he press'd
The hair and wool, dismiss'd us with the rest.
Thus males and females safe their freedom gain'd,
And, save Lucina, none behind remain'd.
But whether, less than need requir'd, the dame
Smear'd the foul unction o'er her lovely frame:
Or whether slow she mov'd, or fill'd with dread
Could imitate but ill the bestial tread;
Or whether, when he touch'd her as she pass'd,
Forgetful of her state she shriek'd aghast;
Or that her loosen'd hair dishevell'd fell:
He knew and dragg'd her backward to his cell.
Of this sad chance we nothing yet beheld,
Though of ourselves all other thoughts expell'd,
'Till turning at her cries, we saw the fair
Stripp'd from her rugged vest of goat-skin hair.
Meantime myself and all that left the rock,
Safe in our covering, mingled with the flock,
Pass'd on securely as the shepherd led,
Where clos'd with hills a smiling meadow spread.
When now beneath the wood's embowering shade,
We see the giant-orc in slumber laid,

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One seeks the shore; one climbs the mountain's height;
But Norandino joins not in our flight:
Once more affection urg'd him midst the train
Of sheep and goats to seek the cave again.
Nor ever more the dire abode forsake,
Unless his love from cruel bonds can take
His dear Lucina: when he late survey'd
His faithful wife again a captive made,
Despair impell'd him first himself to throw
A willing victim to his glutton-foe:
But hope soon bade him lurk amidst the fold,
Hope still to bear her from her cruel hold.
When to their stall at night the monster led
His following herds, and found his prisoners fled:
Robb'd of his meal on poor Lucina falls
His vengeful wrath, and her the cause he calls;
Then dooms her, fetter'd in a galling chain,
High on a rock for ever to remain.
The king beholds her suffer for his sake,
And raving begs in vain of Heaven to take
His wretched life: each morn and night he hears
Her groans and plaints resounding in his ears;
When with the flock at eve the cave he gains,
And when at morn he seeks with them the plains:
While she by every power that rules the sky,
With looks and voice implores him thence to fly;
Nor longer his all-valu'd life expose,
When nothing human can relieve her woes.
With her no less the prudent matron tries
To shake his purpose, but the king denies
To leave the place where all his treasure lies.

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At length it fortun'd Agricanes' heir*,
And king Gradasso to the coast repair,
Where, such their valorous arm and prudent aid,
They fair Lucina from the rock convey'd,
And safely bore her to the distant wave,
Where to her sire, at early dawn, they gave
His long-lost child; while yet within the rock
King Norandino stay'd amidst the flock.
But when the morn arose in beamy light,
He from the matron heard Lucina's flight.

* Mandricardo.

Ver. 436. *At length it fortun'd Agricanes' heir,*
And king Gradasso to the coast repair,—] Ariosto passes lightly over the account of Lucina's deliverance from the orc, that having been fully related by Boyardo with the following particulars.

After the adventure of the castle of the fairy, and the conquest of Hector's arms, Mandricardo and Gradasso travelled together till they came to a rock by the sea-shore, on the summit of which they perceived a lady in great affliction bound with a chain: she acquainted the knights that she was in the power of a cruel monster, called an orc, and warned them by flight to avoid the certain death that must attend their falling into his hands. The knights, upon hearing this, resolved to attempt her deliverance, and engaged in battle with the orc, when Gradasso was worsted and made prisoner in the cavern. Mandricardo continued the combat with the monster, but, having no sword, he threw at him huge pieces of the rock, though without effect: at last, the orc, pursuing Mandricardo from rock to rock, chanced to fall down a precipice, and Mandricardo, availing himself of this circumstance, ran to the cavern and released Gradasso, when both, taking off Lucina's chain, escaped with her safe to a vessel, on board which was her father the king of Cyprus. In the mean time the orc, having recovered from the fall, pursued the fugitives, and hurled a vast fragment of a rock after them into the sea; but the vessel being cleared from the land, continued her voyage till she was overtaken by a terrible storm: at length the crew landed safely on the coast of Acquamort, and found themselves among the forces of Agramant and Charles.

Orl. Inam. B. iii. C. iii. iv.

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His grateful thanks he paid to Heaven, that freed
The blooming dame from thraldom, or decreed
Her fate with those, whence arms, or wealth, or power,
Might to his love his soul's dear hope restore.
Then fill'd with joy, he issu'd with the train
Of sheep and goats returning to the plain;
There lurk'd secure till, on the grass repos'd,
The orc in sleep his heavy eyelids clos'd;
Then all the day and livelong night he went,
Till safe at distance from the monster's scent,
He reach'd a ship, and now three moons have wain'd
Since from Satalia's coast the Syrian realm he gain'd.
Through Rhodes, and Cyprus, every town and tower
In Asia, Turkey, and on Egypt's shore,
The king of fair Lucina tidings sought;
When yester's sun the welcome tidings brought,
That in Nicosia's court his niece receiv'd
The wand'ring fair from dangers great repriev'd.
When on th' unstable sea improsperous gales
Had many days oppos'd her lingering sails.
Hence, fill'd with joy, our king prepares the feast
In memory of himself and queen releas'd.
And every fourth returning month shall view
The jousts resum'd: four moons he saw renew
Their waining horns, while with the herds he lay
In hairy vestments, till the joyful day,
(Joyful as that to-morrow's sun may prove)
Had given him back to liberty and love.

Ver. 464.—*improsperous gales*] Alluding to the storm mentioned in the foregoing note.

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Part what myself so late beheld I tell,
Or speak from those who witness'd what befel
Our suffering king—then credit what ye hear,
Nor let another's tale deceive your ear.
Thus spoke the host—and thus to Gryphon told
The weighty cause for which the feast they hold:
In talk they waste the hours, and all approve
The monarch's truth and unexampled love:
Now, rising from the board to seek repose,
Their courteous host the downy couch bestows:
They sunk to rest, till with the morn they wake
When cheerful shouts their quiet slumbers break.
Timbrels and trumpets rouze to festive arms,
With eager crowds the wide piazza swarms:
The mingled sounds of cars and coursers rise,
And the streets echo with redoubled cries.
Now Gryphon o'er his limbs his armour wears,
(Such armour scarce another warrior bears)
Which with her fairy hand the white-rob'd maid
Temper'd impassive to the hostile blade.
With him, the seeming candidate for fame,
The stain of manhood, who from Antioch came,
Arms for the list. Their careful host supplies
Large store of spears the tilting to suffice;
And from his household brings a goodly train
His guests to honour and the pomp maintain:
Himself attends; and many a squire he leads;
Some march on foot, some rein the prancing steeds.

Ver. 492. *Which with her fairy hand the white-rob'd maid*
Temper'd impassive to the hostile blade.] This circumstance is borrowed from Boyardo.

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Now, at the lists arriv'd, apart they stand
Awhile spectators of the martial band:
With heedful gaze they mark each hardy feat,
Where two, or four, or six in jousting meet.
One to his dame with quaint devices shows
Such colours as his grief or joy disclose;
One by his crest, or painted shield, declares
If Love rejects his suit, or crowns his cares.
The valiant Syrians thus in days of yore,
Their ready arms in jousts and triumphs bore;

Ver. 510. *The valiant Syrians thus in days of yore,*
Their ready arms in jousts—] The poet here alludes to the custom observed by the Saracens at that time to exercise themselves in arms on account of the vicinity of the Franks, then in possession of Jerusalem. In his complaint of the degeneracy of the Christians in neglecting to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the Turks, he seems to follow Petrarch in his Triumph of Fame.

Poi venia solo il buon duce Geffredo,
Che fè l'impresa santa, e i passi giusti.
Questo, di ch'io mi sdegno, c'ndarno grido,
Fece in Gierusalem', con le sue mani
Il qual guardato, e già negletto nido:
Ne superbi, e miseri Christiani
Consumando l'un l'altro, è non vi caglia
Ch'el sepulchro di Christo è in man de' Cani.
Trionf. de Fam. Cap.

Next Godfrey came, whose righteous footstep trod
The hallow'd precincts of the Saviour God.
The chief, whose glorious warfare urg'd in vain
Enflames my breast and points th' indignant strain:
In fair Jerusalem the seat he gain'd,
Neglected long and now no more maintain'd:
Go, wretched Christians, to your race a shame,
With mutual slaughter wound the Christian name,
And leave the tomb of Christ in impious hands;
Resign'd to Mahomet's detested bands!

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Perchance against the neighbouring Franks prepar'd
That o'er those realms divided empire shar'd,
The hallow'd realms that once on earth survey'd
The Lord of life in human flesh array'd.
Behold, by Christians left, the sacred lands
Resign'd a prey to faithless Pagan hands:
While those that, in the pure religion bred,
Should couch the lance our holy faith to spread,
With mutual wounds their brethren's bosoms gore,
And kill the faithful few that truth adore!
Ye men of Spain! and ye of France! give ear;
And you, ye Switzers, and ye Germans hear.
O! hither turn to gain a nobler spoil;
Here CHRIST's own kingdom shall reward your toil.
If you the title of Most Christian claim;
And you of Catholic deserve the name;
Why do you thus the chosen race annoy,
Their substance pillage and their lives destroy?
Why do you not Jerusalem restore
By Renegados ravish'd from your power?
And why, so proudly o'er the world's domain,
Does the stern Turk in impious splendor reign?
See'st thou not, Spain! insulting Afric near,
Whose wasting pirates should thy vengeance fear?
And yet thou leav'st that righteous war, to make
The sons of Italy with terror shake.

After the conquest of Godfrey, Jerusalem remained eighty-two years in the hands of the Christians, till the time of the Soldan of Egypt, anno 1136, who took it from Guido Lusignan, since which it has continued in the power of the Turks.

For an account of the Crusades, see Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V. vol. i. and Mr. Mickle's Preface to his translation of the Lusiad.

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O Italy! thou sink of vice and shame!
Thou sleep'st forgetful of thy blasted fame,
By turns to these, by turns to those a prey,
That once were wont to tremble at thy sway.
If fear of famine in thy cavern'd lands
Drives thee, O Swiss! to seek from foreign hands
Thy needful food, or in some bloody strife
To end at once thy wretchedness and life:
Lo! where the Turk displays his neighbouring store—
Chase him from Europe or the Grecian shore,
So shalt thou every want at full supply,
Or in some nobler field with glory die.
Not less than thee, O Swiss! the muse incites
Thy German neighbours, where the wealth invites
Which once from Rome with every treasure fraught,
Great Constantine selecting thither brought.

Ver. 552.—*where the wealth invites*
Which once from Rome—] After the emperor Constantine the great had been baptized by Silvester, and had defeated Maxentius near Rome, he gave his palace of San Giovanni Laterano to the pope; he built many churches with large endowments, and then made war upon Licinius his kinsman, a great persecutor of the Christians. He afterwards removed the imperial seat from Rome to Byzantium, which city he rebuilt, and called after his name Constantinople. Hence the poet says, that in Constantinople were centered the riches which Constantine carried from Rome: all the rest he gave to the Roman church: of him Dante speaks in this remarkable manner.

Ahi, Constantin! di quanta mal fu madre
Non la conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te prese il primo ricco padre.

Ah! Constantine! from thee what ills we draw,
Not that thy soul abjur'd the Pagan law;
But for that gift the Christian world has griev'd,
Which our first wealthy sire from thee receiv'd.

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Pactolus, Hermus, rich with golden sands,
Mygdonia, Lydia, and the fertile lands,
In whose full praise such numerous poets vie,
Not far remov'd to crown your labours lie.
Thou, mighty Leo! to whose hand is given
The glorious charge to bear the keys of Heaven,
If thine the trust our Italy to keep,
Let her not perish in lethargic sleep:
Thou art her shepherd; GOD on thee bestows
The sacred crook, and Leo, thee he chose,
That thy loud roar might terror round extend,
And thy strong arm thy sheep from wolves defend.
But whither has my wandering genius led
Far from the path I first prepar'd to tread?
Yet not so far my muse has learnt to stray,
But well I trust she can resume her way.
In fair Damascus thus the list appears
All bright with breast-plates, helms, and bristled spears.
Soft blooming damsels on the champions shower
From roofs and windows every vernal flower;
Each knightly rival to the trumpet's sound
His courser spurs with many a sprightly bound,
All prove their best—some merit gifts and praise,
And some loud peals of scorn and laughter raise.
A suit of armour doom'd the victor's prize,
For that days jousts the Syrian king supplies:
Who late receiv'd it at a merchant's hand,
A merchant journeying from Armenia's land:
To this the monarch adds a scarf embost
With numerous pearls, and gems of rarest cost.

Ver. 558. *Thou, mighty Leo!* — This address is made to Pope Leo X.

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Of finest web the stuff with gold inwrought,
No vulgar price th' invalu'd treasure bought.
Had Norandino (well before advis'd)
This armour known, above all other priz'd
He this had held, nor had his generous mind
Such armour for the victor's meed assign'd.
'Twere long to tell who left it on the way;
For him that pass'd, a far too costly prey.
But let us now (this tale awhile dismiss'd)
To Gryphon turn, who, when he reach'd the list,
Already found the manly jousts begun,
Spears broke, and falchions flashing in the sun.
Eight youthful knights by Norandino held
Near to his person, who in arms excell'd,
In friendly league 'gainst all opponents stood,
Noble themselves, and sprung of noble blood:
These in the martial square that day had run
With all the listed warriors, one by one:
With lance, with sword or mace they wag'd the fight,
While the king view'd, and view'd them with delight.
Oft through the cuirass, in th' unpleasant strife,
The weapon pass'd endangering either's life:
Like foes they fought, but that the king could stay
At will their rage and bid surcease the fray.
Now he of Antioch, who with Gryphon came,
(Martano was the coward's hateful name)
Stept in, and with his looks the combat dar'd,
As if with Gryphon he in valour shar'd;
Then stood awhile beside, and earnest view'd
A dreadful fight that 'twixt two knights ensu'd.
Seleucia's lord, among the youthful train
Who came the general challenge to maintain,

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In single conflict with Ombruno strove:
At length his falchion through his face he drove
And reach'd his life: all mourn'd him as he fell,
Whose fame in arms could many a knight excel:
Nor could, thro' all the realm, a name be found
For courtesy and goodness more renown'd.
This seen, Martano trembled with affright,
Lest equal fortune on himself should light:
Nature prevailing, how he thence may fly
He meditates, but him with heedful eye
Brave Gryphon marks, and urging onward drives
Against a knight that in the list arrives.
Thus, when th' exerting voice of village-swains
A mungrel cur against the wolf constrains,
By turns he stops, and barking views his foe,
Whose teeth with anger gnash, whose eyes with fury glow.
Where princes sate the deeds of arms to see,
With ladies, knights, and lords of high degree,
Martano fearing in the list to run,
His courser turn'd aside the shock to shun.
Yet those who friendly wish'd to veil his shame
Might to his erring steed ascribe the blame.
But with his falchion next so ill he fought,
Demosthenes himself in vain had sought
To plead his cause: so much each stroke he fear'd,
His arms of brittle frame not forg'd of steel appear'd.

Ver. 634. *Martano fearing in the list to run,*
His courser turn'd aside the shock to shun.] Martano is undoubtedly the original of Spenser's Braggadocia. See the Fairy Queen, where the cowardice and the villany of the latter are painted exactly in the same colours: he steals away Sir Guyon's horse, and is disgraced at the tournament made by Satyrane.

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At length he fled, disturbing in his flight
The martial ranks: behind the recreant knight,
From scornful crowds loud peals of laughter rise,
Shouts, clamours, hisses, mingling in the skies.
Thus like th' insidious wolf, by shepherds chas'd,
Martano from the list retires disgrac'd;
While Gryphon stays, but thinks his better name
Defil'd, dishonour'd by his fellow's shame:
Rage swell'd his heart, his face with crimson glow'd
As his the guilt: meanwhile from him the crowd
Like deeds expect, and to the knight foretel
The same disgrace that on his comrade fell.
Behoves him now to strain each nerve, and raise
His wonted worth to shine with brighter blaze:
Each slip to those whose minds prejudge the cause,
Each venial fault the heaviest censure draws.
Now Gryphon on his thigh the spear address'd
(Who seldom held in vain his spear in rest)
And to the charge his foaming courser press'd.
The baron of Sidonia chanc'd to meet
The dreadful shock, which hurl'd him from his seat;
All gaze with wonder who his fall behold,
Far other chance than what they late foretold.
Again his spear unbroken Gryphon held,
And full on Lodicea's lord impell'd:
The weapon shiver'd on the bossy shield:
The champion near extended on the field,
Fell backward on his steed; but soon anew
Recovering, with his sword at Gryphon flew.
Gryphon, who sees him still his seat maintain,
With such a dreadful shock assail'd in vain,

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Thus to himself—Though here the spear might fail,
The sword, with aim repeated, shall prevail.
Then on his temples fell the furious steel:
He seem'd from Heaven the thundering force to feel.
Stroke following stroke was dealt with sweepy sway,
Till senseless on the ground the warrior lay.
Two brethren, Thyrsis and Corymbus nam'd,
Long o'er the rest for skill in tilting fam'd,
Their skill forgotten, headlong press'd the sand
Beneath the son of Olivero's hand:
This, from his steed the spear's first onset threw,
And that, the falchion from his saddle drew:
While with united voice the lists declare,
The stranger's arm that day the prize would bear.
Among the rest that to the tilting came,
Was Salenterno of redoubted name,
Who o'er the realm with rule despotic reign'd,
And first in jousts the gallant strife maintain'd.
He, fir'd to anger that a stranger's might
Should win the palm from every Syrian knight,
A lance arresting, loud to Gryphon cries,
And, proudly threatening, to the course defies.
Brave Gryphon answers with his spear in rest,
(A spear from ten selected for the best)
Full on the shield the well-aim'd point arrives,
Thro' shield, thro' cuirass, and thro' bosom drives;
And passing on, its cruel passage tears,
And at his back a palm behind appears.
All, save the king, with joy beheld his fate,
For all th' oppressive Salenterno hate.
Two of Damascus next his prowess own,
Carmondo and Ermophilus o'erthrown.

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One o'er the monarch's martial host presides,
And one, high-admiral, his navy guides.
This at the onset from his seat behold
Cast headlong; that, beneath his courser roll'd,
Lies overwhelm'd, nor could his courser stand
Against the shock of Gryphon's powerful hand.
Seleucia's lord, who still his place maintain'd,
The bravest champion of the eight remain'd;
Nor only brave: a steed the warrior bore
Of generous race, and arms of proof he wore.
Now rushing furious each his spear oppos'd
To where against the sight the vizor clos'd:
But Gryphon with such force the Pagan shook,
His left foot straight the stirrup's hold forsook.
Their broken lances now aside they threw,
And wheeling round their beaming falchions drew.
From Gryphon first a stroke the Pagan feels
That from his thundering arm the Christian deals;
Sheer through the shield's tough plate and bone it goes,
Which from a thousand shields the warrior chose:
His thigh had next receiv'd the biting blade,
But double folds of steel the fury stay'd.
Seleucia's lord at Gryphon's vizor drove
The weapon's edge, which falling from above
Had pierc'd through all, but that the warrior's arms
By potent spell secur'd each limb from harms;
While happier Gryphon, at each furious stroke
Cleft the tough mail and jointed armour broke.
All present now Seleucia's lord beheld
By noble Gryphon in the field excell'd;
And had not Norandino stay'd the fight,
That day had sunk him to eternal night!

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But to his guards the king a signal made
To part the combatants: the guards obey'd:
All view'd with joy the dreadful conflict cease,
And prais'd their gracious king who gave the peace.
Those gallant eight, who challeng'd all the list,
Too weak a single warrior to resist,
Were vanquish'd one by one; the rest who came
To meet their challenge found their hope of fame
In Gryphon lost, who thus unmatch'd had run,
And from the eight an easy conquest won.
Behold in one short hour the tilting ceas'd!
But Norandino, to prolong the feast
Till close of day, descends and gives command
To clear the square, then of the knightly band
Two troops he forms, where each by birth or deed
He mates in pairs, and bids the jousts proceed.
Meantime brave Gryphon to his home returns,
While indignation in his bosom burns,
Still more deprest with vile Martano's shame
Than joyful at his own well-purchas'd fame.
Martano every art industrious tries
His shame to palliate with unmanly lies;
While the foul partner of his guilt and wile
Each falsehood seconds, adding guile to guile.
Howe'er the youthful knight their tales believ'd,
He heard in silence and th' excuse receiv'd,
But deem'd it best to part in secret thence,
Lest, seen again, Martano should incense

Ver. 753.—*to his home returns,*] The poet must mean where he was first entertained at his arrival, though the passage seems rather obscure.

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The people's rage—Thus by a private way
They reach'd the gate through which their journey lay.
Then, whether Gryphon's courser needed rest,
Or heavy toil the champion's eyes oppress'd,
The nearest dwelling for repose he sought,
Two miles the warrior to a dwelling brought:
His helm he loos'd, his limbs from armour freed,
And from the reins and bit releas'd his steed,
Then in a room retir'd, the door he clos'd,
And on the couch in slumber deep repos'd.
Now Origilla and Martano, bent
On foulest treason, to the garden went,
And there the most unheard-of scheme design'd
That craft e'er whisper'd to the basest mind.
Martano means to seize the arms and vest
By Gryphon worn, the steed which late he press'd,
And thus before the king in borrow'd spoils,
Usurp the honour of another's toils.
Soon as resolv'd, he takes the warrior's weed,
The dazzling armour and the milk-white steed:
He grasps his buckler, and his crest he rears,
And a new Gryphon to the sight appears.
Then with the dame and squires he turn'd to where
The busy throng still fill'd the public square,
And came what time the martial rivals ceas'd
To wield the sword and place the lance in rest.
The monarch gives command to seek the knight
Whose lofty crest was deck'd with plumage white;
His courser white, and white the vest he wore,
Though yet unknown the name the warrior bore.
He, who from looks assum'd, deriv'd his pride
Like the vile ass beneath the lion's hide

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The summons heard and with unblushing face
To Norandino went in Gryphon's place.
Soon as the king the seeming knight espy'd,
He rose, embrac'd, and plac'd him at his side,
Nor deem'd enough, himself such praise to yield,
But will'd his worth to blazon o'er the field;
He bids the heralds to the lists around
Him glorious victor of the day resound.
With trumpets' sprightly notes, in loud acclaim
Wide spreads from tongue to tongue his worthless name;
And when the monarch to his palace rode,
He kept him near, and every honour show'd,
Such honours, as transcending mortal praise,
The deeds of Mars or Hercules might raise.
He gave him fair and stately rooms prepar'd
Within the court, where Origilla shar'd
An equal grace, on whom in royal state
A train of noble knights and damsels wait.
But let us now to Gryphon change the stile,
Who, little conscious of his comrade's guile,
Still unsuspecting lock'd in slumber lay,
Nor wak'd till low declin'd the light of day.
His sleep dispell'd, and blushing thus to waste
The fleeting hours, he quits his bed in haste,
And seeks (as yet unknowing of his shame)
The lying kinsman and deceitful dame
Whom late he left with all th' attendant train:
When these he finds no more, and seeks in vain
His arms and vesture, new suspicions rise,
Increasing when his comrade's arms he spies.
The host stept forth and all the truth display'd,
That he, whom now he sought, erewhile array'd

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In armour white, had with the dame and train
Of followers, to the list return'd again.
By slow degrees to Gryphon now reveal'd,
That truth appear'd which love had long conceal'd,
Soon to his grief he found a brother's name
But veil'd the partner of her lawless flame:
He now repents that e'er his mind was wrought
To slight the tidings by the pilgrim brought,
And lend an ear to her whose tears or smiles
Had oft betray'd him in her treacherous wiles.
What should he do? Impell'd by present need
He takes the base Martano's arms and steed,
But better had he gone unarm'd, than wear
The cuirass such a breast was wont to bear;
That hateful buckler on his arm embrace,
And on his head that scornful helmet place.
Yet eager to pursue th' adulterous pair,
His soul was lost to every other care:
The city now he reach'd, what time the day
Departing, Phœbus shone with evening ray.
Built near the gate to which the champion drew
High on the left a castle rose to view;
Not only strong in war to check the foe,
But rich in cost and pomp of peaceful show:
The king, assembling here a courtly band,
Lords, dames, and knights, the first of Syria's land,
Above the walls a splendid feast prepar'd,
And with his guests the social banquet shar'd;
Whence, from afar, beneath their wide survey,
The distant fields and open country lay.
As tow'rds the gate advancing Gryphon came,
Clad in the vestments of opprobrious shame;

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Ill chance for him! the king and festive train
Beheld him pacing o'er the verdant plain.
Esteem'd the same he look'd by outward port,
He mov'd the dames and knights to scornful sport;
Where next the king, amid the nobles plac'd,
Martano sate with highest favour grac'd;
And near, the worthy partner of his guile:
Of these the king inquir'd, with gracious smile,
What wretch was that who lately to his cost
Essay'd the jousts, who every honour lost,
Could thus return—'Tis wondrous strange (he cry'd)
That you, a knight so brave in combat try'd,
Should join with one, to knighthood such disgrace,
That all our east scarce knows a name so base;
Unless you seek perchance to' exalt your praise,
And with his deeds compar'd your glory raise.
But, by yon Heaven! and all its powers, I swear,
Did not your worth my warmest friendship share,
Such public penance should the dastard find,
Such as my hatred to his coward kind
Might tell to all—and if he 'scape the shame,
He owes his thanks to you with whom he came.
Then he, the sink of every vice, reply'd:
Great king! the man whose acts his mien bely'd,
Near Antioch's town but late (nor can I tell
His name or birth) with me in converse fell:
I deem'd him worthy by his martial air
With me the trial of the lists to share,
But ne'er beheld him in the field display
His craven arms till that disgraceful day;
When far incens'd to see so deep a stain
On knighthood cast, I scarcely could refrain

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That hour to teach him such a fatal dance,
He never more should wield the sword or lance.
But due respect for such a noble band,
And reverence to your presence held my hand.
Yet let not those short days with me he pass'd,
O'er his demerits now oblivion cast,
Since from those days recall'd methinks I find,
And ever shall, disgrace oppress my mind,
If, to their shame who bear the name of knight,
He goes dismist unquestion'd from your sight.
Far rather let me view, with well-pleas'd eye,
The wretch suspended quivering in the sky:
A sentence that may future warning give
To all such dastards that unpunish'd live.
Martano thus; when Origilla took
The word, to second what her minion spoke.
To whom the king—Not so his deeds I view,
Or think that death to such a crime is due:
But we in judgment for his great offence,
Will to the crowd another feast dispense.
He said; and to a baron gave in charge
His royal will: instructed now at large,
The baron with a trusty guard, descends,
And silent near the city walls attends
In secret ambush, Gryphon there to wait:
Him, 'twixt two bridges, entering at the gate,
He seizes unawares, and, bound in chains,
Clos'd in a gloomy cell till morn detains.
Now had the sun above the watery bed
Of hoary Tethys rais'd his golden head,
From Alpine plains began to chase the night,
And shed on Alpine hills his tremblin & light;

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When vile Martano fearing Gryphon bold
Might to the king at length the truth unfold,
And on himself revenge the treason, took
A hasty farewel, and the town forsook:
Excuse he pleaded that th' unfinish'd feast
He left, and seem'd to slight the king's request,
Who urg'd his stay, and gifts bestow'd to crown
The glorious deeds of knighthood not his own,
But let him go, and trust, some future time
Shall give such punishment as fits his crime.
Now near the throng'd piazza Gryphon came,
By guards conducted to the place of shame:
They stript him of his arms and plumy crest,
And left dishonour'd in an humble vest,
Then led him thus amidst the shouting train
High plac'd to view upon a rolling wain,
Which with slow step two lagging oxen drew,
By hunger lean and of ill-favour'd hue.
Around th' ignoble car a mingled throng,
Dotards and shameless women pour'd along:
Now this, now that supply'd the driver's place,
And all with vulgar rage the knight disgrace.
Above the rest the childish route prevail'd,
Who not alone his name with taunts assail'd,

Ver. 933. *But let him go—*] He returns to Martano and Origilla, Book xviii. ver. 520.

Ver. 935. *Now near the throng'd piazza Gryphon came,*] "Cowards in the lists were proclaimed false and perjured, their armour was taken from them, beginning from the heel upwards, and then ignominiously flung piece by piece over the barriers: they were likewise dragged out of the lists and punished as the judges decreed."

See *Upton's* Notes on Spenser.

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But, that the wiser could their hands restrain,
With stones in boyish rage the knight had slain,
Those arms to which his evil chance he ow'd,
Those arms, whose make misled th' ill-judging crowd,
Trail'd at the car behind, along the ground
In sordid filth their rightful penance found.
The wheels now stay'd before the judgment seat,
And there he heard the herald's voice repeat
Another's deeds, and with Martano's shame
By trumpet's sound his own great deeds defame.
Thus through the streets, to all a public sight,
By houses, temples, shops, they led the knight,
Where not a name that insult e'er apply'd,
Was then unheard; at length the car they guide
Without the walls, and thence, in foul disgrace
They mean with blows to drive him from the place;
But scarce they from his feet the gyves unbound,
And loos'd the chains that clasp'd his arms around,
When, lo! he drew the sword and seiz'd the shield
That late were useless dragg'd along the field:
While near him press'd unarm'd th' ignoble crew,
Whose hands nor held the spear, nor falchion drew.

Th' ensuing book, my lord, the sequel shows,
For time requires the story here to close.

END OF VOL. II.

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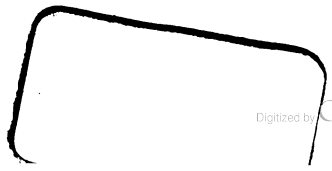

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